FRONTISPIECE

R. Cooper Sculp.

FRONTISPIECE

R. Cooper Sculp.

1485 b 14

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES,

WRITTEN BY

The Archbiſhop of CAMBRAY:

A NEW TRANSLATION.

Salignac de la M. Sto Fenelon (F de)

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

GLASGOW:

Printed by ROBERT URIE, MDCCLV.

BRITISH MUSEUM
11
56
OCT

A *DISCOURSE OF EPIC POETRY, AND OF THE EXCELLENCE Of the POEM of TELEMACHUS.

IF we could reliſh naked truth, ſhe would not want the ornaments which imagination lends her, to gain our love; but her pure and delicate light does not ſufficiently ſoothe the ſenſes of man; ſhe requires an attention which is too great a conſtraint upon his natural levity. To inſtruct him, it is neceſſary to give him not only pure ideas which may enlighten his mind, but alſo images which may ſtrike his ſenſes, and keep his eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on the truth. This is the ſource of eloquence, poetry, and all the ſciences which belong to the imagination; it is the weakneſs of man which makes theſe ſciences neceſſary. The plain and unchangeable beauty of virtue does not always affect him; it is not ſufficient to ſhew him truth; ſhe muſt be painted in amiable colours *(a)*. The origin and end of poetry.

We ſhall examine the poem of Telemachus in theſe two views, of inſtructing and pleaſing; and ſhall endeavour to ſhew that the author has inſtructed more

* This diſcourſe has been reviſed, altered and improved in many places, according to corrections communicated by the Chevalier Ramſay, who is the author of it.

(a) Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

HOR. ART. POET.

than the ancients by the ſublimity of his moral, and that he has pleaſed as much as they, by imitating all their beauties.

Two ſorts of heroic poetry.

There are two ways of inſtructing men in order to render them good. The firſt, by ſhewing them the deformity of vice, and its fatal conſequences, which is the chief deſign of tragedy: The ſecond, by diſcovering the beauty of virtue and its happy end, which is the proper character of the Epopœa or epic poem. The paſſions which belong to the former, are terror and pity; thoſe which agree to the latter, are admiration and love. In one, the actors ſpeak; in the other, the poet makes the narration.

The definition and diviſion of epic poetry.

The epic poem may be defined thus: *A fable related by a poet to raiſe admiration, and inſpire the love of virtue, by the repreſentation of the action of a hero favoured of heaven, who executes a great deſign by triumphing over all obſtacles that oppoſe him.* There are therefore three things in the Epopœa, the *action*, the *moral*, and the *poetry*.

I. Of the EPIC ACTION.

The qualifications of the epic action.

The action muſt be *great*, *one*, *intire*, *marvellous*, but yet *probable*, and *of a certain length*. Telemachus has all theſe qualifications. Let us compare it with the models of epic poetry, Homer and Virgil, and we ſhall be convinced of it.

The deſign of the Odyſſey.

We ſhall only ſpeak of the Odyſſey, whoſe plan has a greater reſemblance of this of Telemachus. In that poem Homer introduces a wiſe king returning from a foreign war, wherein he had given ſignal proofs of his wiſdom and valour. Tempeſts ſtop him by the way, and caſt him on divers countries, whoſe manners, laws and politics he learns. Hence naturally ariſe an infinite number of incidents and dangers. But knowing

how many diſorders his abſence occaſions in his kingdom, he ſurmounts all obſtacles, deſpiſes all the pleaſures of life, and is unmoved even by immortality itſelf: he renounces every thing in order to relieve his people, and to ſee his family again (*a*).

The ſubject of the Æneid.

(*b*) In the Æneid, a pious and valiant hero, having eſcaped from the ruins of a powerful ſtate, is deſtined by the gods to preſerve its religion, and to found an empire more great and more glorious than the firſt. This prince, being choſen king by the unfortunate remains of his fellow-citizens, wanders a long while with them in ſeveral countries, where he learns every thing that is neceſſary to a king, a legiſlator, and a pontiff. He at laſt finds an aſylum in a remote country, from whence his anceſtors came. He defeats ſeveral powerful enemies who oppoſe his ſettlement, and lays the foundations of an empire, which was afterwards to be the maſter of the univerſe.

The plan of Telemachus.

The action of Telemachus comprehends all that is great in both theſe poems. We there ſee a young prince animated by the love of his country, going in queſt of his father, whoſe abſence cauſed the misfortunes of his family and kingdom. He expoſes himſelf to all ſorts of dangers; he ſignalizes himſelf by his heroic virtues; he rejects the offer of kingdoms and crowns more conſiderable than his own; and paſſing through ſeveral unknown countries, learns every thing that is neceſſary to govern afterwards according to the wiſdom of Ulyſſes, the piety of Æneas, and the valour of both; like a wiſe politician, a religious prince, and an accompliſhed hero.

The action ought to be one.

The action of the Epopœa ought to be *one*. The epic poem is not a hiſtory, like the Pharſalia of Lucan, and the Punic war of Silius Italicus; nor the entire life of an hero, like the Achilleid of Statius: the unity of the he-

(*a*) See father Boſſu, B. I. c. 10. (*b*) Ibid. c. 11.

ro does not make the unity of the action. The life of man is full of inequalities; he is continually changing his deſigns, either through the inconſtancy of his paſſions, or the unforeſeen accidents of life. Whoever ſhould deſcribe the whole man, would draw but a fantaſtical picture, a contraſt of oppoſite paſſions, without coherence or order. It is for this reaſon that the Epopœa is not the panegyric of an hero who is propoſed for a pattern, but the recital of a great and illuſtrious action which is exhibited for imitation.

Of Epiſodes.

It is in poetry as in painting; the unity of the principal action does not hinder the inſerting of many particular incidents. The deſign is formed in the beginning of the poem, and the hero accompliſhes it by ſurmounting all difficulties. It is the recital of theſe obſtacles which makes the epiſodes; but all theſe epiſodes depend on the principal action, and are ſo interwoven in it, and ſo connected together, that the whole preſents but one ſingle picture, compoſed of ſeveral figures in a beautiful diſpoſition and a juſt proportion.

The unity of the action of Telemachus, and the continuity of the epiſodes.

I ſhall not here inquire, if it is true that Homer ſometimes drowns his main action in the length and number of his epiſodes; if his action is double, and if he often loſes ſight of his principal perſonages. It is ſufficient to remark, that the author of Telemachus has every where imitated the regularity of Virgil, by avoiding the faults which are imputed to the Greek poet. All our author's epiſodes are connected, and ſo artfully interwoven into each other, that the former brings on that which follows. His chief perſonages never diſappear, and his tranſitions from the epiſode to the principal action, always make the reader ſenſible of the unity of the deſign. In the firſt ſix books, Telemachus ſpeaks, and makes a recital of his adventures to Calypſo, and yet this long epiſode, in imitation of that of Dido, is related with ſo much art,

that the unity of the principal action remains imperfect. The reader is there in ſuſpence, and perceives from the beginning, that the abode of the hero in that iſland, and what paſſes there, is only an obſtacle that is to be ſurmounted. In the thirteenth and fourteenth books, where Mentor gives inſtructions to Idomeneus, Telemachus is not preſent, being at that time in the army: but then it is Mentor, one of the principal perſonages of the poem, who does every thing with a view to Telemachus, and for his inſtruction after his return from the camp. It is alſo great art in our author to introduce epiſodes into his poem which do not ariſe from the principal fable, without breaking either the unity or continuity of the action. Theſe epiſodes are placed there not only as important inſtructions for a young prince, (which is the great deſign of the poet) but becauſe they are recounted to his hero during a time of inaction, to fill up a vacuity. Thus Adoam informs Telemachus of the manners and laws of Betica, during the calm of a voyage; and Philoctetes relates his misfortunes to him, while that young prince is waiting, in the confederate camp, for the day of battle.

The action ought to be *intire*. This integrity ſuppoſes three things, the cauſe, the intrigue, and the unravelling. The action ought to be intire.

The cauſe of the action ought to be worthy of the hero and conformable to his character. Such is the deſign of Telemachus, as we have ſeen already.

The intrigue muſt be natural, and ariſe from the action itſelf. In the Odyſſey Neptune forms it; in the Æneid, it is the anger of Juno; and in Telemachus, the hatred of Venus. The intrigue in the Odyſſey is natural, becauſe there is naturally no obſtacle more to be dreaded by thoſe who go to ſea, than the ſea itſelf (a). The oppoſition of Juno in the Æneid, as an enemy of the Trojans, is a The intrigue.

(a) See father Boſſu, B. II. chap. 13.

beautiful fiction. But the hatred of Venus againſt a young prince who deſpiſes pleaſure through a love of virtue, and ſubdues his paſſions by the aſſiſtance of wiſdom, is a fable which is drawn from nature, and at the ſame time includes a ſublime moral.

The unravelling.

The unravelling muſt be as natural as the intrigue. In the Odyſſey, Ulyſſes arrives among the Phæacians, relates to them his adventures; and thoſe iſlanders, who were fond of the marvellous and charmed with his ſtories, furniſh him with a ſhip to return home: the unravelling is plain and natural. In the Æneid, Turnus is the only obſtacle to the ſettlement of Æneas. This hero, to ſave the blood of his Trojans, and that of the Latins, whoſe king he was ſoon to be, puts an end to the quarrel by a ſingle combat (*a*). This unravelling is noble. That of Telemachus is both natural and great. This young hero, in obedience to the commands of heaven, conquers his love for Antiope, and his friendſhip for Idomeneus, who offered him his crown and his daughter. He ſacrifices the moſt violent paſſions, and even the moſt innocent pleaſures, to the pure love of virtue. He embarks for Ithaca on ſhips with which he is furniſhed by Idomeneus, for whom he had performed many ſignal ſervices. When he is near his own country, Minerva cauſes him to put in at a little deſert iſland, where ſhe diſcovers herſelf to him. Having accompanied him, without his knowing who ſhe was, through ſtormy ſeas, unknown countries, bloody wars, and all the evils that can try the heart of man, Wiſdom at length conducts him to a ſolitary place, where ſhe ſpeaks to him, informs him of the end of his labours, and of his future good fortune, and then leaves him. As ſoon as he is going to enjoy happineſs and repoſe, the Divinity withdraws, the marvellous ceaſes, and the epic action is at an end. It is in adverſity that man

(*a*) See father Boſſu, B. II. chap. 13.

ſhews himſelf a hero, and needs a divine ſupport. He muſt ſuffer, in order to walk alone, to conduct himſelf, and to govern others. In the poem of Telemachus the obſervation of the minuteſt rules of art is accompanied with a profound moral.

The general qualifications of the intrigue and unravelling of the epic poem.

Beſides the plot and general ſolution of the main action, each epiſode has its own plot and ſolution, which ought to have all the ſame qualities. In the Epopœa, we do not look for the ſurpriſing intrigues of modern romances: ſurpriſe alone raiſes but a very imperfect and tranſitory paſſion. The ſublime is to imitate ſimple nature, to prepare the incidents in ſo delicate a manner that they may not be foreſeen, and to conduct them with ſuch art that the whole may appear natural. We are not uneaſy, in ſuſpenſe, and diverted from the chief end of heroic poeſy, which is inſtruction, by an attention to a fabulous unravelling, and an imaginary intrigue. This is allowable, when the ſole deſign is to amuſe; but in an epic poem, which is a kind of moral philoſophy, theſe intrigues are only witty conceits beneath its gravity and dignity.

As the author of Telemachus has avoided the intrigues of modern romances, ſo has he not fallen into the marvellous with which ſome reproach the ancients; he neither makes horſes ſpeak, nor tripods walk, nor ſtatues work: not that this kind of the marvellous ſhocks reaſons, when it is ſuppoſed to be the effect of a divine power that can do every thing.

The action muſt be marvellous.

The ancients introduced the gods in their poems, not only to bring about great events by their interpoſition, and to unite the probable and the marvellous; but to teach men, that the moſt valiant and moſt wiſe can do nothing without the aſſiſtance of the gods. In our poem, Minerva continually conducts Telemachus. Thereby the poet makes every thing poſſible to his hero, and inti-

mates that man can do nothing without the aſſiſtance of divine wiſdom. The ſublime conſiſts in the concealing the goddeſs under an human form. Not only the probable, but the natural alſo, is here united to the marvellous. All is divine, and yet all appears to be human. And this is not all: Had Telemachus known that he was conducted by a Divinity, his merit would have been leſs, as he would have had too great a ſupport. Homer's heroes almoſt always know what the gods do for them. Our poet, by concealing the marvellous part of his fiction from his hero, exerciſes his virtue and courage.

Though the action muſt be probable, it is not neceſſary that it be true; becauſe the end of the epic poem is not to make a panegyric or ſatire upon any particular man, but to inſtruct and pleaſe by the recital of an action which leaves the poet at liberty to feign whatever characters, perſonages, and epiſodes he pleaſes, which are proper to the moral he deſigns to inſinuate.

The truth of the action is not contrary to the nature of the epic poem, provided it does not hinder the variety of the characters, the beauty of the deſcriptions, the enthuſiaſm, fire, invention, and other parts of the poetry; and provided that the hero be made for the action, and not the action for the hero. An epic poem may be built on a true as well as on a fabulous action.

The nearneſs of times ſhould be no check upon the poet in the choice of his ſubject, provided he ſupplies this defect by the diſtance of places, or by probable and natural events, the detail of which has eſcaped the hiſtorians, and which it is ſuppoſed could not be known but by the perſonages who are actors in them. Thus an epic poem and an excellent fable may be built on an action of Henry IV. or of Montezuma, becauſe it is not eſſential to the epic action, as F. Boſſu obſerves, that it be true or falſe, but that it be moral, and teach important truths.

Of the duration of the epic poem.

The duration of the epic poem is longer than that of tragedy. In the former, the poet relates the continued triumph of virtue: in the latter, he ſhews the unexpected miſchiefs which ariſe from the paſſions. The action of the one ought conſequently to have a greater length than that of the other. The Epopœa may take in the actions of ſeveral years; but, according to the critics, the time of the principal action from the place where the poet begins his narration, cannot exceed a year; as the time of the tragic action ought at moſt to be but one day. However, Ariſtotle and Horace ſay nothng about it, and Homer and Virgil have obſerved no certain rule as to this particular. The action of the Iliad in all its parts takes up but fifty days; that of the Odyſſey, from the place where the poet begins his narration, but about two months; that of the Æneid, one year; and a ſingle campaign ſuffices Telemachus, from his departure from the iſland of Calypſo to his return to Ithaca. Our poet has choſen the mid-way between the impetuoſity and vehemence with which the Greek poet runs towards his end, and the majeſtic and even pace of the Latin poet, who ſometimes ſeems to flag, and to lengthen out his narration too much.

Of the epic narration.

(*a*) When the epic action is long and not continued, the poet divides his fable into two parts; in the former, the hero ſpeaks, and relates his paſt adventures; in the latter, the poet only makes a relation of what afterwards happens to his hero. Thus Homer does not begin his narration, till after Ulyſſes is departed from Ogygia; nor Virgil his, till Æneas is arrived at Carthage. The author of Telemachus has perfectly imitated theſe two great models. He divides his action like them into two parts. The principal contains what he himſelf relates, and begins where Telemachus concludes the recital of his ad-

(*a*) See F. Boſſu, B. II. chap. 18.

ventures to Calypso. He takes only a little matter, but he treats it at large: Eighteen books are employed upon it. The other part is much more extended as to the number of the incidents and the time; but it is much more contracted as to the circumstances: it contains only the six first books. By this division of what our poet relates himself, and of what he makes Telemachus relate, he recalls the whole life of the hero, and collects all the events of it together, without prejudicing the unity of the principal action, and without giving too great a duration to his poem. He joins variety and continuity of adventures together: all is motion, all is action in his poem. One never sees his personages idle, nor does his hero ever disappear.

II. Of the MORAL.

Virtue may be recommended by examples and by instructions, by manners and by precepts. In this our author greatly excells all other poets.

Of the manners.

We are indebted to Homer for the noble invention of personalizing the divine attributes, human passions, and physical causes; a fruitful source of beautiful fictions which animate and enliven every thing in poetry. But his religion is reduced to a texture of fables which represent the divine nature under images that are by no means proper to make it beloved and revered.

Every body knows the taste which all antiquity, sacred and profane, Greek and Barbarian, had for similitudes and allegories. The Greeks derived their mythology from Egypt. Now Hieroglyphic characters were the chief, not to say the most ancient way of writing among the Egyptians. These Hieroglyphics were figures of men, birds, animals, reptiles, and the various productions of nature, which denoted, as emblems, the divine attributes and the qualities of spirits. This symbolical stile was founded upon a very ancient opinion, that the universe is only a picture that repre-

ſents the divine perfections; that the viſible world is an imperfect copy of the inviſible; that there is conſequently a hidden analogy between the original and the pictures, between ſpiritual and corporeal beings, between the properties of one and thoſe of the other.

This manner *of painting words, and of giving body to thoughts*, was the true ſource of mythology and of all poetic fictions: but in proceſs of time, eſpecially when the hieroglyphical ſtile was turned into the alphabetical and vulgar, men having forgotten the primitive meaning of theſe ſymbols, fell into the groſſeſt idolatry. The poets debaſed every thing by giving a looſe to their imagination. By their appetite for the marvellous, they turned theology and the ancient traditions into a real chaos, and a monſtrous jumble of fictions and all the human paſſions. The hiſtorians and poets of after-ages, as Herodotus, Diodorus the Sicilian, Lucian, Pliny, Cicero, who did not go back to the original deſign of this allegorical theology, underſtood every thing according to the letter, and equally derided the myſteries of their religion and the fable. But when we conſult among the Perſians, Phœnicians, Greeks and Romans, thoſe who have left us ſome imperfect fragments of the ancient theology, as Sanconiathon and Zoroaſter, Euſebius, Philo and Manetho, Apuleius, Damaſcius, Horus Apollo, Origen, St. Clement of Alexandria, they all tell us that theſe hieroglyphic and ſymbolical characters denote the myſteries of the inviſible world, the doctrines of the moſt profound theology, *the heavens and the faces of the gods*.

The Phrygian fable invented by Æſop, or according to ſome by Socrates himſelf, gives us at firſt ſight to underſtand that we muſt not adhere to the letter, ſince the actors who are made to ſpeak and reaſon, are animals void of ſpeech and reaſon: why then ſhould we adhere to the letter only in the Ægyptian fable and the mythology of Homer? The Phrygian fable exalts the nature of the brute, by giving him underſtanding and virtues. The Ægyptian fable ſeems indeed to

degrade the divine nature, by giving it body and paſſions. But one cannot read Homer with attention, without being convinced that he underſtood many great truths, which are diametrically oppoſite to the ſenſeleſs religion with which the letter of his fiction preſents us. This poet lays it down as a principle in ſeveral places of his poems, (*a*) that it is a weakneſs to believe that the gods reſemble men, that they are inconſtant, and paſs from one paſſion to another; (*b*) that all the gods enjoy is eternal, and that all we poſſeſs paſſes away and periſhes; (*b*) that the ſtate of ſouls after death, is a ſtate of puniſhment, ſuffering, and expiation; but that the ſoul of heroes does not remain in hell; that it takes its flight to the ſtars, and ſits down at the table of the gods, where it enjoys a happy immortality; that there is a continual intercourſe between men and the inhabitants of the inviſible world; that without the Deity, mortals can do nothing; (*d*) that true virtue is a divine power that comes from heaven, transforms the moſt cruel and paſſionate men, and makes them humane, tender and pitiful. When I ſee theſe ſublime truths in Homer, and that he inculcates and is particular in his accounts of them, and inſinuates them by a thouſand different examples and a thouſand various images, I cannot believe that this poet is to be underſtood according to the letter in other places, where he ſeems to attribute to the ſupreme Deity, prejudices, paſſions and vices.

I know that ſeveral moderns, in imitation of Pythagoras and Plato, have cenſured Homer for having thus debaſed the divine nature, and have declaimed with much wit and force againſt the abſurdity of repreſenting the myſteries of theology by attributing impious actions to the celeſtial powers, and of teaching morality by allegories whoſe letter preſents nothing but vice. But without any breach of the regard due to the judgment and taſte of theſe critics, may we not reſpectfully repreſent

(*a*) Odyſſ. B. 3. (*b*) Ibid. B. 4. (*c*) Ibid. (*d*) Iliad B. 24.

to them, that their anger againſt the allegorical taſte of antiquity may be carried too far?

However, I do not pretend to juſtify Homer in the extravagant ſenſe of his blind admirers; he lived in a time when the ancient traditions concerning the oriental theology began to be forgotten. Our moderns therefore have ſome reaſon to ſhew no great regard for Homer's theology; and they who endeavour to vindicate him under pretence of a perpetual allegory, diſcover that they are not ſufficiently acquainted with the ſpirit of theſe true ancients, in reſpect of whom, the bard who ſings of Troy is himſelf but a modern.

But without continuing this diſcuſſion any longer, I ſhall content myſelf with remarking that the author of Telemachus, in imitating what is beautiful in the fables of the Greek poet, has avoided two great faults which are imputed to him. Like Homer he perſonalizes the divine attributes, and makes ſubordinate Deities of them; but he never employs them but on occaſions that deſerve their preſence. He never makes them ſpeak or act but in a manner that is worthy of them. He artfully joins together *the poetry of Homer and the philoſophy of Pythagoras*. He ſays nothing but what the pagans might have ſaid, and yet he puts into their mouth what there is of moſt ſublime in the Chriſtian morality, and has thereby ſhewn that this morality is written in indelible characters in the heart of man, and that he would infallibly diſcover them there, if he followed the voice of pure and ſimple reaſon, in order to give himſelf wholly up to that ſovereign and univerſal truth, which enlightens all ſpirits, as the ſun enlightens all bodies, and without which the reaſon of every particular man is nothing but darkneſs and error.

The ideas our poet gives us of the Deity are not only worthy of him, but infinitely amiable with regard to man. All inſpires confidence and love; a gentle piety, a noble and free adoration, due to the abſolute perfection of the infinite being; and not a ſuperſtitious, gloo-

my, ſlaviſh worſhip, which oppreſſes and dejects the heart, when God is conſidered only as a powerful legiſlator, who puniſhes with rigour the violation of his laws.

His ideas of the Deity.

He repreſents God as a lover of men: but then his love and goodneſs towards us are not directed by the blind decrees of a fatal deſtiny, nor merited by the pompous ſhow of an exterior worſhip, nor ſubject to the whimſical caprice of the pagan Deities; but always regulated by the immutable law of wiſdom, which cannot but love virtue, and treat men, not according to the number of the animals which they immolate, but of the paſſions which they ſacrifice.

Of the manners of Homer's heroes.

We may more eaſily vindicate the characters which Homer gives to his heroes than thoſe which he gives to his gods. It is certain that he paints men with ſimplicity, ſtrength, variety and paſſion. Our ignorance of the cuſtoms of his country, of the ceremonies of his religion, of the genius of his language; the fault whereof moſt men are guilty, of judging of every thing by the taſte of their age and nation; the love of pomp and falſe magnificence, which has corrupted pure and primitive nature; all theſe things, I ſay, may miſlead us, and give us an unreaſonable diſguſt of things that were moſt eſteemed in ancient Greece.

There are, according to Ariſtotle, two ſorts of Epopœas, one *pathetic*, the other *moral*; one, where the great paſſions reign; the other, where the great virtues triumph. The Iliad and Odyſſey afford examples of both theſe kinds. In the former, Achilles is naturally repreſented with all his faults; ſometimes ſo tranſported, as to preſerve no dignity in his anger; ſometimes ſo furious as to ſacrifice his country to his reſentment. Tho' the hero of the Odyſſey be more regular than the young, hot, and impetuous Achilles, yet the wiſe Ulyſſes is often falſe and deceitful: And the reaſon is, becauſe the poet paints men with ſimplicity, and ſuch as they gene-

rally are. Valour is often allayed with a furious and brutal violence. Policy is almoſt always joined with lying and diſſimulation. To paint after nature, is to paint like Homer.

Without pretending to make a criticiſm on the different views of the Iliad and Odyſſey, theſe remarks, by the bye, on their different beauties are ſufficient to make us admire the art with which our author unites, in his poem, theſe two ſorts of Epopœas, the pathetic and the moral. There is an admirable mixture and contraſt of virtues and paſſions in this wonderful picture. It ſhows nothing too great; but equally repreſents to us the excellence and meanneſs of man. It is dangerous to ſhew us one without the other, and nothing is more uſeful than to let us ſee them both together; for perfect juſtice and virtue require that we ſhould eſteem and deſpiſe, that we ſhould love and hate ourſelves. Our poet does not raiſe Telemachus above humanity: he makes him fall into the weakneſſes which are compatible with a ſincere love of virtue; and his weakneſſes ſerve to reclaim him, by inſpiring him with a diffidence of himſelf and his own ſtrength. He does not make the imitation of him impoſſible, by giving him a ſpotleſs perfection; but he excites our emulation, by ſetting before our eyes the example of a young man, who, with the ſame imperfections which every one feels in himſelf, performs the moſt noble and the moſt virtuous actions. He has joined together, in the character of his hero, the courage of Achilles, the wiſdom of Ulyſſes, and the tender diſpoſition of Æneas. Telemachus is wrathful like the firſt, without being brutal; politic like the ſecond, without being deceitful; and tender like the third, without being voluptuous.

I own that there is a great variety in Homer's characters. The courage of Achilles and that of Hector, the valour of Diomed and that of Ajax, the wiſdom of Neſtor and that of Ulyſſes, the love of Helen and that of Briſeis, the fidelity of Andromache and that of Pene-

lope, are by no means alike. There is wonderful judgment and nicety in the characters of the Greek poet. But what is there of this kind which we do not find in the poem of Telemachus, in the ſo various and the always ſo well ſupported characters of Seſoſtris and Pygmalion, of Idomeneus and Adraſtus, of Proteſilaus and Philocles, of Calypſo and Antiope, of Telemachus and Bocchoris? I even dare to affirm that there is in this inſtructive poem not only a variety in the colouring of the ſame virtues and paſſions, but ſo great a diverſity alſo of oppoſite characters, that we find in this work the entire anatomy of the human mind and heart: for the author knew *man and men*. He had ſtudied one within himſelf, and the other amidſt a flouriſhing court. He divided his life between ſolitude and ſociety; he lived continually attentive to the truth which inſtructs us within, and never went out of himſelf but to ſtudy characters, in order to cure the paſſions of ſome, and to perfect the virtues of others. He knew how to ſuit himſelf to all men in order to ſound them, and to aſſume all ſorts of forms without ever departing from his real character.

Of moral precepts and inſtructions.

Another way of inſtructing is by precepts. The author of Telemachus joins the moſt important inſtructions with heroic examples, the morality of Homer with the manners of Virgil. His morality however has three qualifications, which are not found in the ſame degree in any of the ancients, whether poets or philoſophers. It it *ſublime* in its principles, *noble* in its motives, and *univerſal* in its uſes.

The qualities of the morality of Telemachus.

1. Sublime in its principles. It is derived from a profound knowlege of man. The poet lets him into his own heart; he ſhews him the ſecret ſprings of his paſſions, the latent windings of ſelf-love, the difference between falſe and ſolid virtues. From the knowlege of man he aſcends to that of God himſelf. He every where makes us ſenſible, that the infinite Being is inceſſantly working in us, in order to make us good and happy;

that he is the immediate ſource of all our knowlege and of all our virtues; that we are not leſs indebted to him for reaſon than for life; that his ſovereign truth ought to be our only light, and his ſupreme will the rule of all our affections; that for want of conſulting this univerſal and unchangeable wiſdom, man ſees nothing but ſeducing phantoms, and for want of hearkening to it, hears nothing but the confuſed noiſe of his paſſions; that ſolid virtues are ſomething foreign, as it were, that is infuſed into us; that they are not the effects of our own endeavours, but of a power ſuperior to man, which works in us when we do not obſtruct it, and of whoſe working we are not always ſenſible, by reaſon of its delicacy. He at length ſhews us, that without this firſt and ſovereign power, which raiſes man above himſelf, the moſt ſhining virtues are only the refinements of ſelf-love, which makes itſelf the ſpring of its happineſs, becomes its own Deity, and is at the ſame time the idolater and the idol. Nothing is more admirable than the picture of this philoſopher, whom Telemachus ſees in hell, and whoſe only crime was his having been enamoured of his own virtue.

It is thus that the morality of our author tends to make us forget ourſelves, to refer every thing to the ſupreme Being, and to make us adore him: as the end of his politics is to make us prefer the good of the public to private advantage, and to induce us to love the human race. The ſyſtems of Machiavel, Hobbes, and the two more moderate authors, Puffendorf and Grotius, are well known. The two firſt lay down, as the only maxims in the art of government, ſubtilty, artifice, ſtratagem, deſpotic power, injuſtice and irreligion. The two laſt built their politics upon maxims of government which are not even equal to thoſe of Plato's Republic, or Tully's Offices. Theſe two modern authors laboured indeed with a view of being uſeful to ſociety, and have referred almoſt every thing to the happineſs of man conſidered in a civil capacity. But the author of

Telemachus is an original, in that he has joined the moſt perfect politics to the ideas of the moſt conſummate virtue. The grand principle on which the whole turns, is that all the world is but one and the ſame republic, of which God is the common father, and every nation as it were one great family. From this beauteous and lightful idea ariſe what politicians call *the laws of nature and nations*, equitable, generous, full of humanity. Each country is no longer conſidered as independent on others; but the human race as an indiviſible whole. We are no longer limited to the love of our country; the heart is enlarged, grows immenſe, and by a univerſal friendſhip embraces all mankind. Hence ariſe a love for ſtrangers, a mutual confidence between neighbouring nations, integrity, juſtice and peace between the princes of the univerſe as well as between the private men of every ſtate. Our author alſo ſhews us, that the glory of royalty is to govern men, in order to render them good and happy; that the authority of the prince is never better eſtabliſhed, than when it is founded on the love of the people; and that the true riches of a ſtate conſiſt in retrenching all the imaginary wants of life, and in being ſatisfied with neceſſaries and ſuch pleaſures as are ſimple and innocent. He hereby ſhews that virtue not only prepares men for a future ſtate of felicity, but that it actually renders ſociety as happy as it can be in this life.

The morality of Telemachus is noble in its motives.

2. The morality of Telemachus is noble in its motives. Its grand principle is, that the love of *beauty* ought to be preferred to the love of *pleaſure*, as Socrates and Plato expreſs themſelves: *the honeſt to the agreeable*, according to the expreſſion of Cicero. Lo! the ſource of noble ſentiments, greatneſs of ſoul, and all heroic virtues. It is by theſe pure and elevated ideas, that he deſtroys, in a manner infinitely more affecting than by diſpute, the falſe philoſophy of thoſe *who make pleaſure the only ſpring of the human heart*. Our poet ſhews by the excellent morality which he puts in

the mouth of his heroes, and the generous actions which he makes them perform, what an effect the pure love of virtue may have on a noble heart. I know that this heroic virtue paſſes among vulgar ſouls for a phantom, and that men of a lively imagination have inveighed againſt this ſublime and ſolid truth by many frivolous and deſpicable witticiſms: For finding nothing in themſelves that may be compared to theſe noble ſentiments, they conclude that humanity is not capable of them: They are dwarfs, that judge of the ſtrength of giants by their own. Minds that continually grovel within the bounds of ſelf-love, will never comprehend the power and extent of a virtue which raiſes a man above himſelf. Some philoſophers, who in other reſpects have made fine diſcoveries in philoſophy, have been ſo far carried away by their prejudices, as not ſufficiently to diſtinguiſh between the love of order and the love of pleaſure, and to deny that the will may be as ſtrongly moved *by the clear view of truth*, as *by the natural taſte of pleaſure*.

A man cannot read Telemachus with attention without getting over theſe prejudices. He there ſees the generous ſentiments of a noble ſoul whoſe conceptions are all great; of a diſintereſted heart that continually forgets itſelf; of a philoſopher who does not confine his views to himſelf, nor to his own country, nor to any thing in particular, but refers every thing to the common good of mankind, and all mankind, to the ſupreme Being.

3. The morality of Telemachus is univerſal in its uſes, extenſive, fruitful, ſuited to all times, to all nations, and all conditions. We there learn the duties of a prince, who is at the ſame time a king, a warrior, a philoſopher and legiſlator. We there ſee the art of governing different nations, the way to maintain peace abroad with our neighbours, and yet always to have in our own kingdom a warlike youth that is ready to defend it; to enrich our dominions without falling into luxury; to find the medium between the

3. The morality of Telemachus is univerſal in its uſes.

exceſs of deſpotic power and the diſorders of anarchy. Here are given precepts for agriculture, trade, arts, government and the education of children. Our author brings into his poem not only heroic and royal virtues, but thoſe alſo which are ſuitable to all ſorts of conditions. While he is forming the heart of his prince, he no leſs teaches every private man his duty.

The deſign of the Iliad is to repreſent the fatal conſequences of diſcord among the commanders of an army. The Odyſſey ſhews us what prudence and valour in a king may do. In the Æneid the actions of a pious and valiant hero are deſcribed. But all theſe particular virtues do not conſtitute the happineſs of mankind. Telemachus goes far beyond all theſe plans, by the greatneſs, number and extent of his moral views; ſo that one may ſay with the philoſophical critic upon Homer, * *The moſt uſeful preſent which the Muſes ever made to men, is Telemachus; for if the happineſs of mankind could ariſe from a poem, it would ariſe from that.*

Of the POETRY.

It is a fine remark of Sir William Temple, *that in poetry are aſſembled all the powers of eloquence, of muſic, and of picture.* But as poetry only differs from eloquence, in that it paints with enthuſiaſm; we rather chuſe to ſay that poetry borrows its harmony from muſic, its paſſion from painting, its force and juſtneſs from philoſophy.

The harmony of the ſtile of Telemachus.

The ſtile of Telemachus is polite, clear, flowing, magnificent; it has all the richneſs of Homer, without his redundancy of words. Our author is never guilty of repetitions; when he ſpeaks of the ſame things, he does not recall the ſame images. All his periods fill the ear by their numerouſneſs and cadence; there is nothing ſhocking, no hard words, no abſtruſe terms, nor affected turns. He never ſpeaks for the ſake of ſpeaking, nor even barely to pleaſe: all his words make us think, and all his thoughts tend to make us virtuous.

* *L'Abbe Terraſſon Diſſ. on the* ILIAD.

The images of our poet are as perfect as his ſtile is harmonious. To paint is not only to deſcribe things, but to repreſent the circumſtances of them in ſo lively and affecting a manner, that we may imagine we ſee them. The author of Telemachus paints the paſſions with art: he had ſtudied the heart of man, and knew all its ſprings. When we read his poem, we ſee nothing but what he ſhows us, nor do we hear any body but thoſe whom he makes to ſpeak: he warms, he moves, he tranſports; we feel all the paſſions he deſcribes.

The excellence of the painting of Telemachus.

The poets uſually make uſe of two ſorts of painting, ſimiles and deſcriptions. The ſimiles of Telemachus are juſt and noble. The author does not raiſe the mind too much above his ſubject by extravagant metaphors, nor does he perplex it by too great a croud of images. He has imitated all that is great and beautiful in the ancients in their deſcriptions of battles, games, ſhipwrecks, ſacrifices, *etc.* without expatiating on trifling particulars that make the narration languiſh, and without debaſing the majeſty of the epic poem by the deſcription of things that are low and beneath the dignity of the work. He ſometimes deſcends to particulars; but he ſays nothing that does not merit attention, and that does not contribute towards the idea which he deſigns to give. He follows nature in all her varieties. He knew that all diſcourſes ought to have their inequalities, and be ſometimes ſublime without ſwelling into bombaſt, and ſometimes plain without being low. It is a falſe taſte, always to aim at embelliſhment. His deſcriptions are magnificent, but natural; ſimple, and yet agreeable. He joins the truth of deſign to the beauty of colouring; the fire of Homer to the dignity of Virgil. But this is not all: the deſcriptions of this poem are not deſigned only to pleaſe; for they are all inſtructive. If the author ſpeaks of the paſtoral life, it is to recommend an amiable ſimplicity of manners. If he deſcribes games and combats, it is not only to celebrate

Of the compariſons and deſcriptions of Telemachus.

the funeral rites of a friend or a father; it is to chuſe a king who excells all others in ſtrength of mind and body, and who is equally capable of bearing the fatigues of both. If he repreſents to us the horrors of a ſhipwreck, it is to inſpire his hero with firmneſs of ſoul, and reſignation to the gods, in the greateſt dangers. I could run through all his deſcriptions, and find like beauties in them: But I ſhall content myſelf with obſerving, that in this new edition the ſculpture of the formidable Ægis, which Minerva ſent to Telemachus, is full of art, and includes this ſublime moral: That good manners, ſciences, and agriculture are the ſhield of the prince, and the ſupport of the ſtate: That a king armed by wiſdom, always ſeeks for peace, and finds fruitful reſources againſt all the evils of war, in a well-diſciplined and laborious people, whoſe minds and bodies are equally inured to labour.

The philoſophy of Telemachus.

Poetry derives its ſtrength and juſtneſs from philoſophy. In Telemachus, we every where ſee a rich, a lively, an agreeable imagination, and yet a juſt and a profound judgment: two qualifications which are rarely found in the ſame author. The ſoul muſt be in an almoſt continual motion, to invent, to raiſe the paſſions, to imitate; and at the ſame time in a perfect tranquillity, to judge as it produces, and to ſelect out of a thouſand thoughts which offer themſelves, the moſt proper. The imagination muſt undergo a kind of rapture and enthuſiaſm; while the mind, at peace in its empire, checks it and turns it where it pleaſes. Without this paſſion which animates the whole, the diſcourſe is cold, languid, abſtracted, hiſtorical; without this judgment which regulates the whole, it has no juſtneſs nor true beauty.

The poetry of Telemachus compared with that of Homer and Virgil.

The fire of Homer, eſpecially in the Iliad, is impetuous and violent like a flaming whirlwind that ſets every thing in a blaze. The fire of Virgil has more light than heat, and always ſhines in an uniform and equal manner. That of Tele-

machus warms and enlightens all at once, according as it is neceſſary to perſuade, or to move the paſſions. When this flame enlightens, it makes us feel a gentle heat, that gives no uneaſineſs. Such are the diſcourſes of Mentor upon politics, and of Telemachus on the ſenſe of the laws of Minos, *etc.* Theſe pure ideas fill the mind with their gentle light. There the enthuſiaſm and poetic fire would be hurtful, like the too fierce rays of the ſun which dazzle the eye. When the buſineſs is not to reaſon but to act; when a man has clearly ſeen the truth, and his arguments only ariſe from irreſolution, then the poet raiſes a fire and paſſion which determine and bear away the enfeebled ſoul, which has not the courage to yield to the truth. The epiſode of Telemachus's amour in the iſland of Calypſo, is full of this fire.

This mixture of light and heat diſtinguiſhes our poet from Homer and Virgil. The enthuſiaſm of the former ſometimes makes him forget art, neglect order, and paſs the bounds of nature. The ſtrength and flight of his great genius bore him away in ſpite of himſelf. The pompous magnificence, the judgment and conduct of Virgil ſometimes degenerate into too formal a regularity, and he then ſeems rather an hiſtorian than a poet. The latter pleaſes philoſophical and modern poets much more than the former. Is it not becauſe they are ſenſible that they can more eaſily imitate by *art* the great judgment of the Latin poet, than the noble fire of the Greek, which *nature* alone can beſtow?

Our author muſt needs pleaſe all ſorts of poets, as well thoſe who are philoſophers, as thoſe who admire nothing but enthuſiaſm. He has united the knowleges of the mind with the charms of the imagination. He proves the truth like a philoſopher, and he forces us to love the truth he has proved, by the ſentiments he excites. All is ſolid, true, proper to perſuade; no points of wit, no glittering thoughts, whoſe only deſign is to make the author admired. He has followed this

great precept of Plato, which ſays, That a writer ought always to be concealed, to keep out of ſight, and make himſelf forgotten, in order to produce nothing but the truths he deſigns to inculcate, and the paſſions he deſigns to purify.

In Telemachus all is reaſon, all is paſſion. It is this which makes it a poem for all nations and all ages. All foreigners are equally affected with it. The tranſlations which have been made of it into languages leſs delicate than the French, have not disfigured theſe original beauties. The * learned lady, who apologizes for Homer, aſſures us that the Greek poet is an infinite loſer by a tranſlation; that it is not poſſible to transfuſe into it the ſtrength, dignity and ſoul of his poetry. But one may venture to affirm that Telemachus will always preſerve, in all languages, its ſtrength, dignity, ſoul and eſſential beauties. And the reaſon is becauſe the excellence of this poem does not conſiſt in the happy and harmonious arrangement of words, nor even in the charms which it borrows from the imagination; but in a ſublime taſte of the truth, in noble and elevated ſentiments, and in the natural, delicate and judicious manner of treating them. Such beauties are of all languages, of all times, of all countries, and equally ſtrike thoſe who have a ſound judgment and a great ſoul throughout the world.

First objection againſt Telemachus.

Several objections have been made againſt Telemachus. 1. That it is not in verſe. Verſification, according to Ariſtotle, Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, and Strabo, is not eſſential to the Epopœa. It may be written in proſe, as ſome tragedies are written without rhyme. A man may make verſes without poetry, and be very poetical without making verſes according to the rules of art: but he muſt be born a poet. What conſtitutes poetry, is not the fixed number and regular cadence of the ſyllables;

* Madam DACIER.

but the ſentiment which animates the whole, the lively fiction, the bold figures, the beauty and variety of the images. It is the enthuſiaſm, the fire, the impetuoſity, the energy; and I know not what in the words and thoughts, which nature alone can give. All theſe qualifications are found in Telemachus. The author has therefore performed what Strabo ſays of Cadmus, Pherecides and Hecateus: *He has perfectly imitated poetry; he has indeed broken the meaſure of it, but he has preſerved all the other poetical beauties.*

Lo! Homer lives and ſings again
In Cambray's more inſtructive ſtrain,
Which glowing virtue warms.
Nor clog'd with jingling chains the nine
The ſoaring bard, that truth might ſhine
In all her native charms (a).

And indeed I know not whether the conſtraint of rime and the ſcrupulous regularity of our European conſtruction, together with the fixed and ſtudied number of feet, would not very much lower the flight and paſſion of heroic poeſy. To move the paſſions ſtrongly, we muſt often neglect order and connection. It was for this reaſon that the Greeks and Romans, who painted every thing with life and taſte, uſed to invert their phraſes; their words had no certain place; they ranged them as they pleaſed. The languages of Europe are a compoſition of Latin and of the jargon of all the barbarous nations which ſubverted the Roman empire. Theſe northern people, like their climate, froze every thing by a cold regularity of ſyntax. They knew nothing of that beautiful variety of long and ſhort ſyllables, which ſo well imitates the delicate motions of the ſoul; they pronounced every thing with the ſame coldneſs, and knew at firſt no other harmony in their words, than a vain jingling of final ſyllables of the ſame ſound.

(a) *Ode to the gentlemen of the academy, by Mr. de la Motte.* Firſt Ode.

Some Italians and Spaniards have endeavoured to free their verſe from the conſtraint of rime. An Engliſh poet * has done it with wonderful ſucceſs, and has even happily introduced inverſions of phraſes into his language. Perhaps the French in time may reſume the noble freedom of the Greeks and Romans.

Second objection againſt Telemachus.

Some, through a groſs ignorance of the noble liberty of the epic poem, have reproached Telemachus with being full of anachroniſms.

ANSWER.

The author of this poem has only imitated the prince of the Latin poets, who could not but know that Dido was not contemporary with Æneas (*a*). The Pygmalion of Telemachus, the brother of this Dido; Seſoſtris, who is ſaid to have lived about the ſame time, etc. are no more faults than the anachroniſm of Virgil. Why ſhould we cenſure a poet for ſometimes breaking through the order of time, ſince it is ſometimes a beauty to break through the order of nature? It would not indeed be allowable to contradict an hiſtorical fact that happened not long ſince; but in remote antiquity, whoſe annals are ſo incertain and involved in ſo much obſcurity, a poet may adapt ancient traditions to his ſubject. This is Ariſtotle's opinion, and Horace confirms it. Some hiſtorians have written, that Dido was chaſte, and that Penelope was not ſo; that Helen never ſaw Troy, nor Æneas Italy: And yet Homer and Virgil made no ſcruple to depart from hiſtory, to make their fables more inſtructive. Why ſhall not the author of Telemachus be allowed, for the inſtruction of a young prince, to bring the heroes of antiquity together, Telemachus, Seſoſtris, Neſtor, Idomeneus, Pygmalion, Adraſtus, in order to unite in the ſame picture the different characters of good and bad princes, whoſe virtues were to be imitated and vices avoided?

* MILTON, and many others ſince.

(*a*) According to the chronology of the famous Sir ISAAC NEWTON, they were contemporary.

Some cenſure the author of Telemachus for having inſerted the loves of Calypſo and Eucharis in his poem, and ſeveral other deſcriptions of the ſame kind, which ſeem, they ſay, too full of paſſion. Third objection againſt Telemachus.

The beſt anſwer to this objection is the effect which Telemachus produced in the heart of the young prince for whom it was written. Perſons of a lower rank have not the ſame need to be cautioned againſt the dangers to which elevation and authority expoſe thoſe who are deſtined to reign. Had our poet written for a man who was to have paſſed his life in obſcurity, theſe deſcriptions would have been leſs neceſſary. But for a young prince, in the midſt of a court where gallantry paſſes for politeneſs, where every object infallibly awakens a taſte of pleaſure, and where all that ſurrounds him is imployed to ſeduce him; for ſuch a prince, I ſay, nothing was more neceſſary than to repreſent to him with that amiable modeſty, innocence and wiſdom which is found in the poem of Telemachus, all the ſeducing wiles of love; than to paint this vice in its imaginary beauty, in order afterwards to make him ſenſible of its real deformity; and to ſhew him the whole depth of the abyſs, to prevent his falling into it, and even to remove him far from the brink of ſo dreadful a precipice. It was therefore wiſe and worthy of our author, to caution his pupil againſt the extravagant paſſions of youth by the fable of Calypſo; and to give him, in the hiſtory of Antiope, an example of chaſte and lawful love. By thus repreſenting this paſſion to us, ſometimes as a weakneſs unworthy of a great ſoul, ſometimes as a virtue worthy of a hero, he ſhews us that love is not beneath the majeſty of the Epopœa, and thereby unites in his poem the tender paſſions of modern romances, and the heroic virtues of the ancient poetry. ANSWER.

Fourth objection against Telemachus.

Some think that the author of Telemachus too much exhausts his subject, by the fertility and richness of his genius. He says every thing, and leaves nothing to the thoughts of others. Like Homer, he sets all nature before our eyes. They are better pleased with an author who like Horace includes a great deal in a few words, and gives them the pleasure of unfolding the thoughts.

It is true that the imagination can add nothing to the pictures of our poet; but the mind by pursuing his ideas opens and extends itself. When his business is to paint, his pictures are perfect, and want nothing; when it is to instruct, his instructions are fruitful, and we discover in them a vast extent of thoughts. He leaves nothing to the imagination, but he furnishes infinite matter for thinking. This was suitable to the character of the prince for whom alone the work was written. He discovered in his infancy a happy and fruitful imagination, an elevated and extensive genius, which made him relish the beautiful parts of Homer and Virgil. It was this which suggested to our author the design of a poem which might equally contain the beauties of both those poets. This plenty of beautiful images was necessary, to imploy the imagination and form the taste of the prince. It is evident that these graces might have been as easily suppressed as produced, and that they arise as much from design as fecundity, in order to answer the wants of the prince and the views of the author.

Fifth objection against Telemachus.

It has been objected, that the hero and fable of this poem have no relation to the French nation; whereas Homer and Virgil have interested the Greeks and Romans, by making choice of actions and actors in the histories of their countries.

Answer.

If the author has not interested the French in particular, he has done more; he has interested all mankind. His plan is more extensive than

that of either of the two old poets. It is greater to inſtruct all mankind at once, than to confine one's precepts to a particular country. Self-love bids us refer every thing to ourſelves, and enters even into the love of our country; but a generous ſoul ought to have more extenſive views.

Beſides, was not France greatly intereſted in a work, which had formed a prince ſo capable to govern her according to her wants and deſires, like a father of the people and a Chriſtian hero? What was ſeen of this young prince gave hopes and was the firſt fruits of this future happineſs; the neighbours of France began to partake of them as of an univerſal bleſſing, and the fable of the Greek became the hiſtory of the French prince.

The author had a greater deſign than that of pleaſing his own country; he deſigned to ſerve it, without its knowlege, by helping to form a prince, who even in the ſports of his infancy ſeemed to be born to crown it with happineſs and glory. This auguſt child loved fables and mythology; it was neceſſary to make an advantage of his taſte, and to ſhew him in what he was fond of, the ſolid and the beautiful, the ſimple and the great, and to imprint upon his mind by affecting actions generous principles, which might caution him againſt the dangers of the higheſt birth and ſupreme power. With this view, a Greek hero, and a poem in imitation of Homer and Virgil, the hiſtories of foreign countries, times and actions, were extremely proper, and perhaps the only means of ſetting the author fully at liberty to paint with truth and force all the rocks which threaten princes in all ages.

It happens by a natural and neceſſary conſequence, that theſe univerſal truths muſt ſometimes ſeem to relate to the hiſtories of the preſent time, and the actual ſtate of things; but theſe are only general relations, and have no particular applications; it was neceſſary that the fictions which were deſigned to form the infancy of the

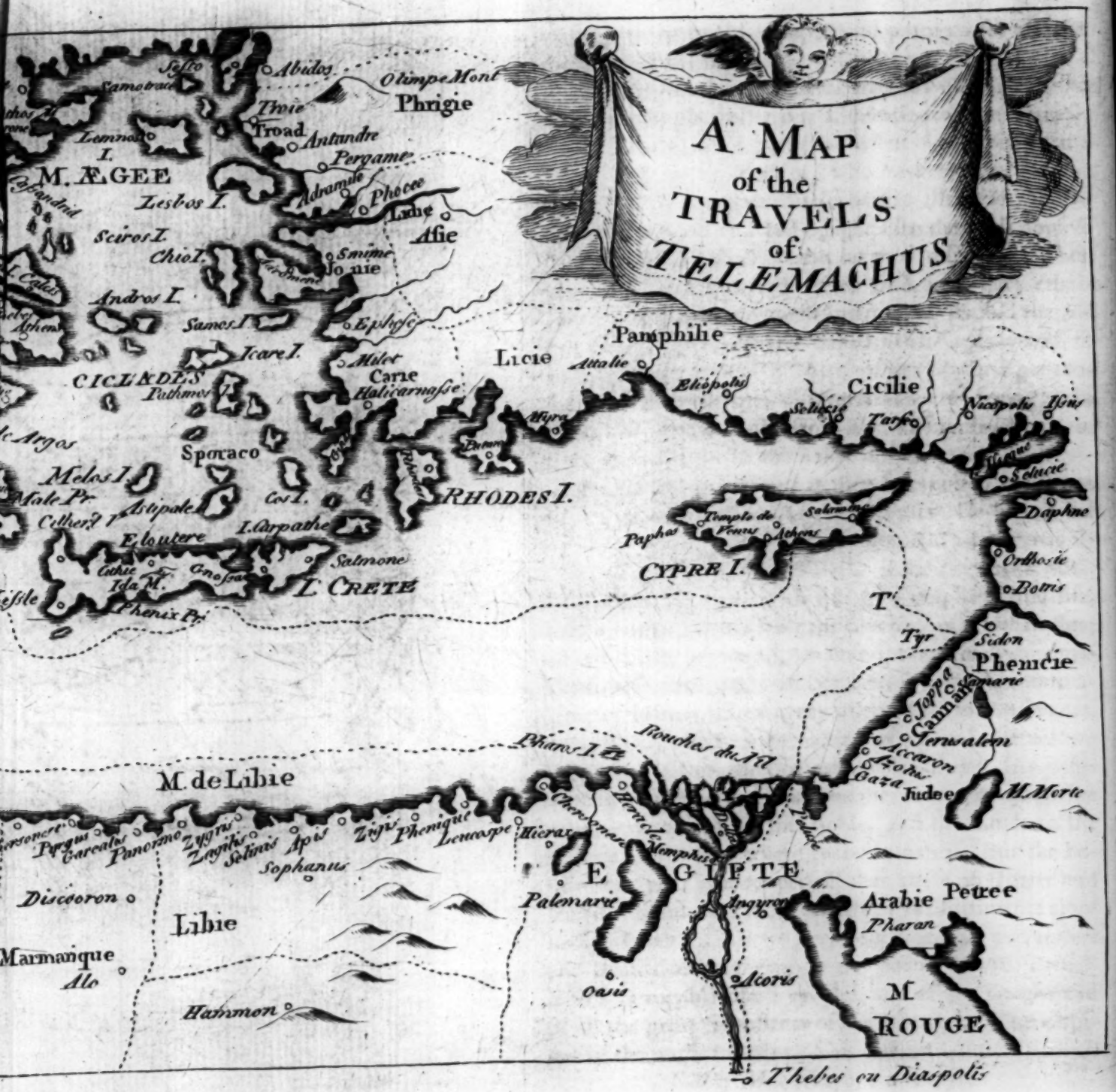
young prince, ſhould comprehend precepts for all the moments of his life.

This conformity of general maxims of morality to all circumſtances, raiſes our admiration of the fertility, depth and wiſdom of the author; but it does not excuſe the injuſtice of his enemies, who have endeavoured to find in his Telemachus certain odious allegories, and to pervert the wiſeſt and beſt deſigns into the moſt abuſive ſatires againſt all thoſe whom he moſt reſpected. They have inverted the characters, to find imaginary relations, and to poiſon the pureſt intentions. Should the author have ſuppreſſed theſe fundamental maxims of ſo inſtructive and ſo good a ſcheme of morality and government, becauſe the moſt diſcreet manner of ſaying them could not ſhelter them from the miſconſtructions of thoſe who delight in the baſeſt malice?

Our illuſtrious author has therefore united in his poem the greateſt beauties of the ancients. He has all the enthuſiaſm and profuſion of Homer, and all the magnificence and regularity of Virgil. Like the Greek poet, he paints every thing with ſtrength, ſimplicity and life, and has variety in his fable and diverſity in his characters; his reflections are moral, his deſcriptions lively, his imagination fruitful, and that beautiful fire which nature alone can beſtow, ſhines every where. Like the Latin poet, he perfectly obſerves the unity of action, the uniformity of character, the order and rules of art. His judgment is profound and his thoughts elevated; while the natural is united to the noble, and the ſimple to the ſublime. Art every where becomes nature. But the hero of our poet is more perfect than thoſe of Homer and Virgil, his morality more pure, and his ſentiments more noble. From all this we may conclude, that the author of Telemachus has ſhewn by this poem, that the French nation is capable of all the delicacy of the Greeks and of all the great ſentiments of the Romans. The elogium of the author is that of his nation.

End of Mr. Ramſay's diſcourſe.

Rome
Ostie
ITALIE
Sammites
Apeneste
Teracine
Capoue
Naples
Acherontia
Salerne
Parthenope I.
Capree I.
Rusuni
Pouille
Danni
Terente
Brinde
Calabre
Lametie
Vulcanies
Pelore Pr.
Ippo
Locre
Calypso I.
Dioscore I.
Salente V. Pr.
Epidaure
Thessalonique
Horma
Beree
Dirachium
Apollonie
Aulon
Chanie
Butroton
Epire
Larisse
Thesalie
Cenes
GREECE
Boetie
Ellas
Phocide
Vicopolis
Ambracie
Locrie
Itaque
Patrias
Argos
PELOPONESE
Cesalonia IV.
Zacinth IV.
Messine
Eryx
Panorme Pr.
Etna
Aegesta
Lilybee
Acragas
SICILE I.
Syracuse V. P.
Cosyre I.
Pachin Pr.
R. des Egyptiens
Ethuse
Malthe ou Milite I.
R. des Boyens
Lampaduze I.
Telemaque perd ici son vaisseau T.
M. ADRIATIQUE
M. MEDITERRANEE
Zeta
Tripolis
Segaera
Pirgos
Hippi
Cyrene
Ptolemais
Pentapole
Beruite
Corotus
Zanara
Echinus
Automalez
Marmar
Explication des Lettres
I. isle.
M. mer.
P. port.
T. tempeste.
B. promontoire.
R. rencontre.
V. ville.
G. golfe.


A MAP of the TRAVELS of TELEMACHUS
Sesto
Abidos
Olimpe Mont
Phrigie
Samotrace
Troie
Troad
Antandre
Lemnos I.
Pergame
M. ÆGEE
Adramite
Phocee
Lesbos I.
Lidie
Asie
Sciros I.
Chio I.
Smime
Jonie
Andros I.
Samos I.
Ephese
Icare I.
Milet
Carie
Halicarnasse
CICLADES
Pathmos I.
Licie
Pamphilie
Attalie
Eliopolis
Cicilie
Nicopolis
Issus
Tarse
Myra
Sporaco
Melos I.
Male Pr.
Astipale
Cos I.
RHODES I.
Selucie
Daphne
Cilher. I.
I. Carpathe
Eloutere
Paphos
Temple de Venus
Athens
Salamine
Orthosie
Botris
Salmone
Cithie
Ida M.
Gnossa
I. CRETE
CYPRE I.
Phenix Pr.
Tyr
Sidon
Phenicie
Samarie
Joppa
Cannan
Jerusalem
Accaron
Azotus
Gaza
Judee
M. Morte
Pharos I.
Rouches du Nil
M. de Libie
Pyrgus
Garcalis
Panormo
Zygris
Zagilis
Selinis
Apis
Zigis
Phenique
Leucospe
Hierax
Chersonese
Heracle
Memphis
Delta
Peluse
Sophanus
EGIPTE
Discooron
Palemarie
Angyron
Arabie Petree
Pharan
Libie
Marmarique
Alo
Oasis
Acoris
M. ROUGE
Hammon
Thebes ou Diaspolis

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FIRST.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus guided by Minerva, in the ſhape of Mentor, gets a-ſhore after a ſhipwreck in the iſland of the goddeſs Calypſo, who was ſtill bewailing the departure of Ulyſſes. The goddeſs gives him a kind reception, conceives a paſſion for him, offers him immortality, and deſires a recital of his adventures. He relates his voyage to Pylos and Lacedæmon; his ſhipwreck on the coaſt of Sicily; the danger he was in of being ſacrificed to the manes of Anchiſes; the aſſiſtance which Mentor and he gave Aceſtes in an incurſion of Barbarians, and how that king requited their ſervice, by furniſhing them with a Tyrian ſhip to return to their own country.

CALYPSO was inconſolable for the departure of Ulyſſes. In her grief ſhe found herſelf unhappy by being immortal. Her grotto no longer echoed with the ſweet warblings of her voice, nor dared her attendant nymphs to ſpeak to her. She often walked alone on the flowery turf, with which an eternal ſpring ſurrounded her iſland. But theſe beautiful ſcenes inſtead of

alleviating her ſorrow, only recalled a ſad rememberance of Ulyſſes, whoſe company ſhe had there ſo many times enjoyed. She often ſtood motionleſs on the ſea-ſhore which ſhe watered with her tears, and was continually looking where the ſhip of Ulyſſes, ploughing the waves, had diſappeared from her eyes. Here ſhe ſuddenly perceived the ruins of a veſſel lately wrecked, the rowers benches broken in pieces, oars ſcattered up and down on the ſand, a rudder, maſt and cordage floating on the ſhore. She afterwards deſcried two men at a diſtance; one of them ſeemed in years, the other, though young, reſembled Ulyſſes: he had his ſweet and noble aſpect, his ſtature and majeſtic gait. Calypſo knew him to be Telemachus, the ſon of that hero. But though the gods far ſurpaſs all mortals in knowlege, ſhe could not diſcover who the venerable perſon was by whom Telemachus was attended; becauſe the ſuperior Gods conceal from the inferior whatever they pleaſe, and Minerva who accompanied Telemachus in the ſhape of Mentor, would not be known by Calypſo. The goddeſs in the mean time rejoiced at a wreck which brought the ſon of Ulyſſes, ſo like his father, into her iſland. She advances towards him, and without ſeeming to know who he is, What inſpires you, ſays ſhe, with the preſumption to land in my iſland? Know, young ſtranger, that none enter my dominions unpuniſhed. She endeavoured to hide under theſe threatening words the joy of her heart, which in ſpite of herſelf appeared in her face.

Telemachus anſwered, Oh! whoever you are, whether a mortal or a goddeſs, (though none can behold and not take you for a Deity) pity an unhappy youth, who ſeeking his father through perils of winds and waves, has ſeen his veſſel ſplit againſt your rocks. Who then is the father you are in queſt of, replied the goddeſs? He is called Ulyſſes, ſaid Telemachus, and is one of the kings, who after a ten-years ſiege ſubverted the famous Troy. His name was renowned through all Greece and Aſia for his valour in combat, and yet more

pl. I. R. Cooper Sculp.

BRITISH COLUMBIA
11
56
OCT

ſo for his wiſdom in council. Now wandering over the whole extent of ſeas, he is expoſed to all the moſt terrible dangers. His country ſeems to fly before him. Penelope his wife, and I his ſon, have loſt all hopes of ever ſeeing him again. I am running the ſame hazards as he, to learn where he is. But, what do I ſay! even now perhaps he is buried in the profound abyſſes of the ſea. Pity our diſtreſs; and, O goddeſs! if you know what the deſtinies have done either to ſave or deſtroy Ulyſſes, deign to inform his ſon Telemachus of it.

Calypſo, ſurpriſed and moved at finding ſo much wiſdom and eloquence in ſo ſprightly and blooming a youth, could not ſatisfy her eyes with looking upon him, and remained ſilent. At length ſhe ſaid, We will inform you, Telemachus, what has befallen your father; but the hiſtory of it is long, and it is time for you to refreſh yourſelf after your toils. Come into my grotto, where I will receive you as my ſon: come, you ſhall be my comfort in this ſolitude, and I will crown you with happineſs, provided you are wiſe enough to enjoy it.

Telemachus followed the goddeſs incircled by a croud of young nymphs, above whom ſhe was eminent by the whole head: So a ſtately oak in a foreſt lifts its thick branches above all the ſurrounding trees. He admired the dazzling luſtre of her beauty, the rich purple of her long flowing robe, her hair tied with graceful negligence behind, the fire which flaſhed from her eyes, and the mildneſs which tempered its vivacity. Mentor with downcaſt eyes and a modeſt ſilence, followed Telemachus.

They came to the enterance of Calypſo's grotto, where Telemachus was ſurpriſed to ſee, with an appearance of a rural ſimplicity, all that can charm the eye. There was indeed neither gold, nor ſilver, nor marble, nor columns, nor pictures, nor ſtatues; for the grotto was cut into a rock, arched with ſhells and pebbles, and its tapeſtry was a young vine which extended its pliant branches equally on all ſides. Gentle ze-

phirs here maintained, in ſpite of the beams of the ſun, a delightful coolneſs. Fountains ſweetly purling through meadows ſown with amaranths and violets, formed, in various places, baths as pure and clear as cryſtal. A thouſand ſpringing flowers enamelled the verdant carpet which ſurrounded the grotto. There was a whole wood of thoſe tufted trees which bear apples of gold, bloſſom all the year round, and ſhed the ſweeteſt of perfumes. This wood ſeemed to crown the beautiful meads, and formed a ſhade which the rays of the ſun could not penetrate. Here nothing was ever heard but the warbling of birds, or the murmurs of a brook, which ruſhing from the top of a rock, fell in frothy ſtreams, and fled acroſs the meadow.

The goddeſs's grotto was ſituated on the declivity of a hill, from whence one beheld the ſea, ſometimes clear and ſmooth as glaſs, ſometimes idly irritated againſt the rocks on which it bellowing broke, and ſwelled its waves like mountains. From another ſide was ſeen a river, in which there were ſeveral iſlands bordered with blooming limes, and lofty poplars that raiſed their haughty heads even to the clouds. The ſeveral channels which formed theſe iſlands, ſeemed ſporting in the plain. Some rolled their limpid waters with rapidity; ſome had a peaceful and ſleepy ſtream; others by long windings ran back again, to re-aſcend as it were to their ſource, and ſeemed loth to leave theſe enchanting borders. At a diſtance appeared ſeveral hills and mountains which loſt themſelves in the clouds, and formed by their fantaſtic figures as delightful an horizon as the eye could wiſh to behold. The neighbouring mountains were covered with verdant vine branches, hanging in feſtoons; the grapes, which were brighter than purple, could not conceal themſelves under the leaves, and the vine was depreſt with its fruit. The fig, the olive, the pomegranate, and all other trees overſpread the plain, and made it a large garden.

Calypſo having ſhewn Telemachus all theſe natural

beauties, ſaid, Repoſe yourſelf, your garments are wet, it is time for you to change them; I will afterwards ſee you again, and relate things that will touch your very ſoul. The goddeſs then cauſed him and Mentor to enter into the moſt ſecret and retired part of a grotto next to that in which ſhe herſelf reſided. In this apartment the nymphs had taken care to light a great fire of cedar-wood, whoſe fragrant odor diffuſed itſelf on all ſides, and had left veſtments in it for their new gueſts. Telemachus ſeeing they had allotted him a tunic of fine wool, whoſe whiteneſs eclipſed that of ſnow, and a purple robe imbroidered with gold, took the pleaſure which is natural to youth, in viewing their magnificence.

Mentor ſaid to him with a grave tone, Are theſe, Telemachus, the thoughts which ought to poſſeſs the heart of the ſon of Ulyſſes? Think rather of ſupporting your father's reputation, and of conquering the perſecutions of fortune. A young man who loves vainly to deck himſelf like a woman, is unworthy of wiſdom and glory: glory is due only to a ſoul which knows to bear pain, and trample pleaſures under foot.

Telemachus anſwered with a ſigh, May the gods deſtroy me rather than ſuffer luxury and voluptuouſneſs to take poſſeſſion of my heart: no, no, the ſon of Ulyſſes ſhall never be vanquiſhed by the charms of an idle, effeminate life. But how gracious is heaven in directing us after our ſhipwreck to this goddeſs, or mortal, who loads us with benefits!

Apprehend, replied Mentor, her loading you with evils: apprehend her flattering and guileful words more than the rocks which daſhed your veſſel in pieces. Shipwreck and death are leſs fatal than pleaſures which attack virtue. Take heed not to credit what ſhe will relate to you. Youth is preſumptous; it hopes every thing from itſelf; though frail, it thinks itſelf all-ſufficient, and that it has never any thing to fear; it is credulous and unwary. Be ſure not to liſten to Calypſo's ſweet and flattering words, which will inſinuate themſelves

like a ſerpent under flowers. Suſpect their hidden poiſon, miſtruſt yourſelf, and always wait for my advice.

After this, they returned to Calypſo who was waiting for them. The nymphs with braided hair and white veſtments immediately ſpread the table with a plain repaſt, but exquiſite with regard to its taſte and elegance. There was no fleſh but that of birds, which they had taken in their nets, or of beaſts which they had killed with their arrows in the chace. Wine, more delicious than nectar, flowed from large ſilver vaſes into golden cups crowned with flowers. There were brought in baſkets all the fruits which the ſpring promiſes, and autumn laviſhes on the earth. At the ſame time four young nymphs began to ſing. They firſt ſung the war of the gods againſt the giants; then the loves of Jupiter and Semele; the birth of Bacchus, and his education under old Silenus; the race of Atalanta and Hippomenes, who conquered by means of the golden apples gathered in the gardens of the Heſperides: At laſt the Trojan war was likewiſe ſung, and the combats and wiſdom of Ulyſſes extolled to the ſkies. The chief of the nymphs, whoſe name was Leucothoe, joined the harmony of her lyre to the ſweet voices of all the others. When Telemachus heard the name of his father, the tears ran down his cheeks, and gave a new luſtre to his beauty. But Calypſo perceving that he could not eat, and that he was ſeized with grief, made a ſign to the nymphs; upon which they ſung the battle of the Centaurs with the Lapithæ, and the deſcent of Orpheus to hell to fetch his dear Euridice from thence.

When the repaſt was ended, the goddeſs took Telemachus aſide, and beſpoke him: You ſee, ſon of the great Ulyſſes, how kindly I receive you; I am immortal; no man can enter this iſland without being puniſhed for his temerity; and even your ſhipwreck would not have ſaved you from my indignation, did I not feel a paſſion for you. Your father had the ſame good fortune as you; but alas! he was not wiſe enough to turn

it to his advantage. I detained him a long while in this iſland, where he might have lived with me in a ſtate of immortality; but the blind paſſion of returning to his wretched country, made him reject all theſe advantages. You ſee what he has loſt for Ithaca, which he will never ſee again. He was reſolved to leave me; he departed, and I was revenged by a tempeſt: his veſſel having long been the ſport of the winds, was buried in the waves. Make a right uſe of ſo ſad an example. After his ſhipwreck you can have no hopes of ſeeing him again, or of ever reigning in the iſland of Ithaca after him; be not afflicted at his loſs, ſince you find a goddeſs who is ready to make you happy, and offers you a kingdom. To theſe words Calypſo added a long diſcourſe to ſhew how happy Ulyſſes had been with her. She recited his adventures in the cave of Polyphemus the Cyclop, and in the country of Antiphates, king of the Leſtrigons. She forgot not what happened to him in the iſland of Circe, the daughter of the Sun, and the dangers he was in between Scylla and Charybdis. She deſcribed the laſt ſtorm which Neptune raiſed againſt him, when he departed from her; and deſigning to make Telemachus think that his father periſhed in this tempeſt, ſhe ſuppreſſed his arrival in the iſland of the Phæacians.

Telemachus, who had at firſt too haſtily abandoned himſelf to joy at being ſo well treated by Calypſo, at length perceived her artifice, and the wiſdom of the counſels which Mentor had given him. He replied in a few words: O goddeſs, excuſe my ſorrow. I cannot at preſent but grieve. Perhaps hereafter I may be more able to reliſh the happineſs you offer me. Permit me now to weep for my father. You know better than I how much he deſerves to be lamented.

Calypſo not daring to urge him further at firſt, pretended to ſympathize with him in his grief, and to pity Ulyſſes. But the better to know the means of winning his heart, ſhe aſked him how he happened to be wrecked, and what accidents had thrown him on her

coaſt. The relation of my misfortunes, ſaid he, would be too tedious. No, no, replied ſhe, I long to know them, make haſte to relate them to me. She preſſed him a long while: at length not being able to deny her, he began thus.

I left Ithaca in order to go and enquire of the other kings who were returned from the ſiege of Troy, of my father's fortunes. My mother Penelope's ſuitors were ſurpriſed at my departure; for knowing their treachery, I had taken care to conceal it from them. Neither Neſtor whom I ſaw at Pylos, nor Menelaus who received me in a friendly manner at Lacedæmon, could inform me whether my father was alive. Being weary of living continually in ſuſpence and incertainty, I reſolved to go into Sicily, where I heard he had been driven by the winds. But the ſage Mentor, whom you ſee here preſent, oppoſed this raſh deſign; repreſenting to me the Cyclops, monſtrous giants who devour men, on the one ſide; on the other, the fleet of Æneas and the Trojans, who were on theſe coaſts. The Trojans, ſaid he, are exaſperated againſt all the Greeks, and would take a ſingular pleaſure in ſhedding the blood of the ſon of Ulyſſes. Return, continued he, to Ithaca; perhaps your father, who is dear to the gods, will be there as ſoon as you; but if the gods have decreed his deſtruction, if he muſt never ſee his country again, you ſhould at leaſt go to revenge him, to ſet your mother at liberty, to manifeſt your wiſdom to the world, and to ſhew all Greece a king as worthy of reigning as ever Ulyſſes himſelf was. This was wholſome advice, but I was not wiſe enough to liſten to it; I liſtened only to my paſſions. The ſage Mentor loved me ſo well as to attend me in this raſh voyage, which I undertook contrary to his counſel; the gods permitting me to commit a fault, to cure me of my preſumption.

Whilſt Telemachus was ſpeaking, Calypſo gazed at Mentor. She was aſtoniſhed, and fancied ſhe perceived in him ſomething divine, but could not clear up the con-

ſuſion of her thoughts. She remained therefore full of fear and ſuſpicion at the ſight of this ſtranger. And being apprehenſive that ſhe ſhould diſcover her diſorder, Go on, ſaid ſhe to Telemachus, and ſatisfy my curioſity. Telemachus thus reſumed his ſtory.

We had for ſome time a favourable wind for ſailing to Sicily; but at laſt a black tempeſt raviſhed the heavens from our eyes, and we were involved in a profound night. By the flaſhes of lightening we diſcovered other ſhips expoſed to the ſame danger, and preſently knew that they were Æneas's fleet, no leſs formidable to us than the rocks themſelves. Then was I convinced, but too late, of the raſhneſs of this voyage, which the heat of my imprudent youth had hindered me from duly conſidering before. Mentor appeared in this danger, not only firm and intrepid, but more gay than uſual. It was he who encouraged me, and I was ſenſible that he inſpired me with an invincible fortitude. He gave out all orders with tranquillity, while the pilot was at a loſs what to do. Dear Mentor, ſaid I, why did I refuſe to yield to your counſels? How wretched I am in following my own, at an age when one has no foreſight of the future, no experience of the paſt, nor wiſdom to govern the preſent! Oh! ſhould we ever eſcape this tempeſt, I will miſtruſt myſelf as my moſt dangerous enemy, and always be guided by you.

Mentor replied with a ſmile, I am far from reproaching you with the fault you have committed; it ſuffices that you are ſenſible of it, and that it will teach you another time to curb your deſires. But when the danger is over, your preſumption perhaps will return. We muſt however at preſent ſupport ourſelves by our courage. Before we run into danger, we ſhould foreſee and apprehend it; but when one is in it, we have nothing to do but to deſpiſe it. Be therefore the worthy ſon of Ulyſſes, and manifeſt a courage ſuperior to all the dangers which threaten you.

I was agreeably ſurpriſed at the ſage Mentor's lenity

and reſolution; but was ſtill much more ſo, when I ſaw with what dexterity he delivered us from the Trojans. The moment the heavens began to clear up, and the Trojans ſeeing us near could not but have known us, he obſerved one of their ſhips, whoſe ſtern was crowned with flowers, which was almoſt like ours, and had been ſeparated from the reſt by the tempeſt. He immediately placed garlands of the like flowers upon our ſtern; he tied them himſelf with ribbands of the ſame colour as thoſe of the Trojans, and ordered all our rowers to ſtoop as cloſe as poſſible to their benches, that they might not be known by the enemy. In this condition we paſſed through the midſt of their fleet, while they ſhouted for joy at ſeeing us, as though they had beheld their companions whom they thought they had loſt: nay, we were conſtrained, by the violence of the billows, to ſail a good while along with them. At laſt we ſtaid a little behind; and whilſt the impetuous winds drove them towards Africa, we made our utmoſt efforts to land by dint of rowing on the neighbouring coaſt of Sicily.

We indeed arrived there, but what we ſought was no leſs fatal than the fleet which occaſioned our flight. For on this coaſt of Sicily we found other Trojans, and conſequently enemies of the Greeks. Here reigned old Aceſtes who ſprung from Troy. And we had hardly reached the ſhore, but the inhabitants ſuppoſing us either other people of the iſland who had taken arms to ſurpriſe them, or foreigners who came to ſeize their lands, burnt our veſſel in the firſt tranſport of their rage, and murdered all our companions; reſerving only Mentor and myſelf to preſent us to Aceſtes, that he might learn from us what our deſigns were, and from whence we came. We entered the city with our hands tied behind our backs, and our death was deferred only that we might ſerve for a ſight to a cruel people, when they ſhould know that we were Greeks.

We were immediately preſented to Aceſtes, who

holding a golden ſceptre in his hand, was adminiſtering juſtice among the people, and preparing for a grand ſacrifice. He aſked us, with a ſtern voice, Of what country we were, and the occaſion of our voyage. Mentor immediately replied, We come from the coaſt of Great Heſperia, and our country is not far from thence. Thus he avoided ſaying that we were Greeks. But Aceſtes without hearing any thing more, and taking us for foreigners who concealed our deſign, ordered us to be ſent to a neighbouring foreſt, to ſerve as ſlaves under thoſe who tended his flocks. This condition appearing to me more intolerable than death, O king, cried I, take our lives rather than treat us thus unworthily. Know that I am Telemachus, the ſon of the ſage Ulyſſes, king of the Ithacans; I am ſeeking my father in every ſea; and if I can neither find him, nor return to my country, nor avoid ſlavery, take a life which I cannot ſupport.

I had hardly uttered theſe words, when the enraged populace cried out, The ſon of cruel Ulyſſes, whoſe artifices overthrew the city of Troy, ought to be put to death. O ſon of Ulyſſes, ſaid Aceſtes, I cannot refuſe your blood to the manes of the many Trojans whom your father ſent to the banks of black Cocytus; you and your guide ſhall die. At the ſame time a venerable old man that was preſent, adviſed the king to ſacrifice us on the tomb of Anchiſes. Their blood, ſaid he, will be grateful to the hero's ſhade, and Æneas himſelf, when he hears of ſuch a ſacrifice, will rejoice to ſee how much you love what of all things in the world was the deareſt to him. Every body applauded this propoſition, and thought of nothing but of ſacrificing us. They were leading us to the tomb of Anchiſes, where two altars were erected on which the holy fire was kindled; the knife by which we were to be ſlain was before our eyes; we were crowned with flowers; mercy could not ſave our lives, and our fate was determined, when Mentor calmly deſiring leave to ſpeak with the king, ſaid:

O Aceſtes, if the misfortunes of the youthful Telemachus, who never bore arms againſt the Trojans, cannot move you, let your own intereſt at leaſt do it. The knowlege I have obtained of preſages and the will of the gods, informs me that before three days are elapſed, you will be attacked by a barbarous people, who are coming like a torrent from the tops of the mountains to overflow your city, and to ravage all your country. Make haſte to prevent them, put your ſubjects under arms, and delay not a moment to drive within your walls the rich flocks and herds which you have in the fields. If my prediction be falſe, you will be at liberty to ſacrifice us in three days; but if on the contrary it be true, you will remember that you ought not to take away their lives to whom you owe your own.

Aceſtes was aſtoniſhed at theſe words, which Mentor pronounced with a confidence which the king had never found in any man before. I plainly perceive, O ſtranger, replied he, that the gods who have allotted you ſo ſmall a portion of the gifts of fortune, have given you a wiſdom which is more valuable than the higheſt proſperity. At the ſame time he put off the ſacrifice, and immediately gave the orders which were neceſſary to prevent the attack, which Mentor had foretold. Nothing was ſeen on every ſide but trembling women, men bowed down with age, and little children with tears in their eyes retiring into the city. Herds of lowing oxen and flocks of bleating ſheep, quitting their fit paſtures, came in crouds, and could not find ſtabling enough to receive them. There was in all parts a confuſed noiſe of men who preſſed upon and could not underſtand each other, who took a ſtranger for their friend, and run without knowing whither they were going. But the chiefs of the city, conceiting themſelves wiſer than the reſt, imagined that Mentor was an impoſtor, and had uttered a falſe prediction to ſave his life.

Before the expiration of the third day, while they were full of theſe thoughts, there was ſeen on the ſide

of the neighbouring mountains a whirlwind of duſt, and afterwards appeared an innumerable hoſt of armed barbarians. They were the Hymerians, a ſavage people, with the nations which inhabit the Nebrodian mountains, and the top of Agragas, where a winter reigns which was never lenified by the Zephirs. They who had deſpiſed Mentor's prediction, loſt their ſlaves and their flocks. The king ſaid to him, I forget that you are Greeks; our enemies are become our faithful friends; the gods have ſent you to ſave us; I do not expect leſs from your valour than from the wiſdom of your counſels; make haſte to ſuccour us.

Mentor diſcovers in his eyes an intrepidity which aſtoniſhes the fierceſt warriors. He takes a buckler, a helmet, a ſword and a lance; he marſhals the ſoldiers of Aceſtes; he marches at their head, and advances in good order towards the enemy. Aceſtes, though full of courage, can by reaſon of his age only follow him at a diſtance. I follow him cloſer, but cannot equal his valour. In the battle his cuiraſs reſembled the immortal Ægis. Death ran from rank to rank where-ever his blows deſcended: So when a Numidian lion, ſtung with hunger, falls on a flock of feeble ſheep, he rends, he ſlays, he ſwims in blood, and the ſhepherds inſtead of ſuccouring the flock, fly trembling to eſcape his fury.

The barbarians who hoped to ſurpriſe the city, were themſelves ſurpriſed and thrown into diſorder. The ſubjects of Aceſtes, animated by Mentor's words and valour, felt a vigour of which they thought themſelves incapable. I killed the king's ſon with my lance. His age was the ſame, but his ſtature greatly exceeded mine; for theſe people are deſcended from a race of giants of the ſame origin as the Cyclops. He deſpiſed ſo weak an adverſary as me. But without being alarmed at his prodigious ſtrength or ſavage and brutal air, I thruſt my lance againſt his breaſt, and made him as he expired vomit forth torrents of black blood. He had like to have cruſhed me in his fall. The mountains rung with

the clattering of his arms. I ſtript him of them, and went to Aceſtes. Mentor having entirely routed the enemy, cut them in pieces, and purſued the fugitives to the woods.

This ſo unexpected a ſucceſs made Mentor looked upon as a man beloved and inſpired by the gods. Aceſtes, thro' a ſenſe of gratitude, told us that he ſhould be under apprehenſions for us, if Æneas's fleet ſhould return to Sicily. He gave us a ſhip therefore to return without delay to our own country, loaded us with preſents, and preſſed us to depart, in order to prevent the evils he foreſaw. But not caring to furniſh us with a pilot or rowers of his own nation, for fear they ſhould be too much expoſed upon the coaſt of Greece, he provided us with certain Phœnician merchants, who trading with all the nations of the world, had nothing to fear, and were to bring back the veſſel to Aceſtes when they had left us in Ithaca: But the gods, who ſport with the deſigns of men, reſerved us for other misfortunes.

End of the Firſt Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SECOND.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates how he was taken in the Tyrian veſſel by the fleet of Seſoſtris, and carried captive into Egypt. He deſcribes the beauty of the country, and the wiſe government of its king. He adds that Mentor was ſent for a ſlave into Ethiopia; that he himſelf was reduced to tend a flock in the deſert of Oaſis; that Termoſoris a prieſt of Apollo comforted him, by teaching him to imitate that god, who had formerly been a ſhepherd to king Admetus; that Seſoſtris was at laſt informed of all the marvellous things which he did among the ſhepherds; that being convinced of his innocence, he recalled him, and promiſed to ſend him back to Ithaca, but that the death of this king plunged him again in freſh misfortunes; that he was impriſoned in a tower on the ſea-ſhore, from whence he beheld the new king Boccoris periſh in a battle againſt his rebellious ſubjects, aſſiſted by the Tyrians.

THE Tyrians by their pride had irritated Seſoſtris king of Egypt, who had conquered ſo many kingdoms. The riches they had acquired by commerce, and the ſtrength of their impregnable city of Tyre, which is ſituated in the ſea, having puffed up the

heart of theſe people; they had refuſed to pay Seſoſtris the tribute he impoſed upon them in his return from his conqueſts, and had ſent troops to the aſſiſtance of his brother, who had attempted to aſſaſſinate him at his return, in the midſt of the rejoicings of a grand feſtival.

Seſoſtris therefore reſolved, in order to humble their pride, to interrupt their commerce in every ſea. His ſhips went to all parts in ſearch of the Phœnicians. An Egyptian fleet met us as we began to loſe ſight of the mountains of Sicily. The port and the land ſeemed to fly from us and to loſe themſelves in the clouds, when we deſcried the Egyptian ſhips reſembling a floating city. The Phœnicians knew and endeavoured to get clear of them; but it was too late. The wind favoured them, their ſhips were better ſailors, and their rowers more numerous than ours. They board, take, and carry us priſoners into Egypt.

In vain did I repreſent to them that we were not Phœnicians, for they hardly deigned to hear me. They took us for ſlaves in whom the Phœnicians traded, and thought only of the profit of ſuch a prize. We now obſerve the waves of the ſea to whiten by their confluence with thoſe of the Nile; and perceive the coaſt of Egypt almoſt level with the ſea. We afterwards arrive at the iſle of Pharos, which is near to the city of No, and from thence ſail up the Nile as far as Memphis.

If grief for our captivity had not rendered us quite inſenſible to pleaſure, our eyes would have been charmed with ſeeing this fertile country of Egypt, watered like a delightful garden by an infinite number of canals. We could not caſt our eyes on either ſide of the river without ſeeing opulent cities, country houſes agreeably ſituated, lands yearly covered with a golden harveſt without ever lying fallow, meadows full of flocks, husbandmen bending under the weight of the fruits which the earth had poured out of her boſom, and ſhepherds who made all the echoes round them repeat the ſweet ſounds of their flutes and their pipes.

Happy the people, ſaid Mentor, who are governed by a wiſe king! They abound; they are happy, and love the author of their happineſs. It is thus, added he, O Telemachus! that you ought to reign, and become the delight of your people, if ever the gods put you in poſſeſſion of the kingdom of your father. Love your ſubjects as your children, reliſh the pleaſure of being beloved by them, and act ſo that they may never be ſenſible of peace and joy, without remembering that it is a good king that makes them theſe rich preſents. Kings who think only of making themſelves feared and of humbling their people in order to render them more ſervile, are the ſcourges of human kind. They are feared indeed as they deſire to be, but then they are hated, deteſted, and have no more to apprehend from their ſubjects, than their ſubjects have to apprehend from them.

Alas! Mentor, anſwered I, it is not our preſent buſineſs to think of the maxims by which a king ought to reign. There is no Ithaca for us, we ſhall never ſee our country nor Penelope again. And though Ulyſſes ſhould return with great glory to his kingdom, yet would he never have the pleaſure of ſeeing me there: never ſhould I have that of obeying him in order to learn how to command. Let us die, my dear Mentor; no other thoughts become us: let us die, ſince the gods have no compaſſion for us.

As I ſpoke thus, profound ſighs interrupted all my words. But Mentor, who was apprehenſive of evils before they happened, knew not what it was to fear them when they were preſent. Unworthy ſon of wiſe Ulyſſes, cried he! what! do you ſuffer yourſelf to be vanquiſhed by your misfortunes! Know that you will one day ſee both Ithaca and Penelope again: nay more, you ſhall ſee in his former glory him whom you never knew, the invincible Ulyſſes; whom fortune cannot ſubſide, and who in calamities greater than yours teaches you never to deſpair. O! could he hear in the remote

country on which he is caſt by the tempeſt, that his ſon knows not to imitate either his patience or fortitude, the news would overwhelm him with ſhame, and be more grievous to him than all the evils he has ſo long endured.

Mentor afterwards made me take notice of the joy and plenty which overſpread the whole country of Egypt, in which were reckoned two and twenty thouſand cities. He admired the good government of theſe cities; the juſtice exerciſed in favour of the poor againſt the rich; the good education of children, who were trained up to obedience, labour, ſobriety, the love of arts or letters; the exact obſervation of all religious ceremonies, the diſintereſted ſpirit, the thirſt of honour, the fidelity towards men, and the reverence of the gods which every father inſtilled into his children. He was never weary of admiring this beautiful order. Happy the people, was he continually crying, who are thus governed by a wiſe king! but ſtill more happy the king who cauſes the felicity of ſuch multitudes, and finds his own in his virtue! He holds the people by a chain of love, an hundred times ſtronger than that of fear. Men not only obey, but even delight to obey him. He reigns in all hearts; every one inſtead of wiſhing to get rid of him, is afraid of loſing him, and would lay down his life for him.

I was attentive to what Mentor ſaid, and perceived that my courage revived as my wiſe friend was talking to me. As ſoon as we arrived at Memphis, a rich and magnificent city, the governor ordered that we ſhould go as far as Thebes, to be preſented to king Seſoſtris, who being greatly exaſperated againſt the Tyrians, had reſolved to enquire into the affair himſelf. We aſcended therefore up the Nile as far as the famous Thebes, which has an hundred gates, and is the place of this great prince's reſidence. We found it of a prodigious extent, and more populous than the moſt flouriſhing cities of Greece. Its policy is perfect with regard to the neatneſs of the ſtreets, water-courſes, the conveniency of baths, the culture of arts, and the public ſafety. The

ſquares are adorned with fountains and obeliſks; the temples are of marble, and of a plain but majeſtic architecture. The prince's palace alone is like a great palace. Nothing was ſeen there but marble columns, pyramids and obeliſks, coloſſean ſtatues, and utenſils of ſolid gold and ſilver.

The perſons who had taken us, told the king, that we were found on board a Phœnician ſhip. He gave audience every day at certain ſtated hours to all his ſubjects, who had any complaints to make or advice to give him. He neither deſpiſed nor repulſed any man, and thought himſelf a king only to do good to his ſubjects, whom he loved as his children. As for ſtrangers, he received them with indulgence, and was deſirous of ſeeing them; becauſe he thought that a man always learns ſomething uſeful, by informing himſelf of the cuſtoms and manners of diſtant nations. This curioſity of the king was the occaſion of our being brought before him. He was ſeated on an ivory throne, holding a golden ſceptre in his hand. Though he was advanced in years, his perſon was agreeable, and his aſpect ſweet and majeſtic. He uſed to adminiſter juſtice daily among his people with a patience and wiſdom which was admired without flattery. After having toiled all the day in ſettling public affairs, and in rendering impartial juſtice, he uſed to unbend himſelf in the evening in hearing of learned men, or in converſing with perſons of the beſt characters, whom he well knew how to ſelect and admit into his familiarity. During the whole courſe of his life, he could be reproached with nothing but having triumphed with too much pride over the kings he conquered, and with repoſing too much confidence in one of his ſubjects, whoſe character I ſhall preſently give you.

When he ſaw me, he pitied my youth; he aſked me my name and my country, and we were aſtoniſhed at the wiſdom which flowed from his mouth. I anſwered, O mighty prince, you are no ſtranger to the deſtruction and ſiege of Troy which laſted ten years, and coſt all

Greece ſo much blood. Ulyſſes my father was one of the principal kings who deſtroyed that city. He is now wandering through every ſea, without being able to find the iſle of Ithaca, his kingdom. I am in ſearch of him, and a misfortune like his was the occaſion of my being taken. Reſtore me to my father and my country: ſo may the gods preſerve you to your children, and let them taſte the joy of living under ſo good a father!

Seſoſtris continued to behold me with an eye of compaſſion. But deſiring to know if what I ſaid were true, he referred us to one of his officers, commanding him to inform himſelf of thoſe who had taken our ſhip, whether we were really Greeks or Phœnicians. If they are Phœnicians, ſaid the king, they ſhall be doubly puniſhed; firſt, as enemies, and then more for having endeavoured to deceive us by a baſe lye. If on the contrary they are Greeks, I would have them treated kindly, and ſent back to their own country in one of my ſhips; for I love Greece: ſeveral Egyptians have been legiſlators there. I am no ſtranger to the virtue of Hercules; the glory of Achilles has reached even to us, and I admire what I have heard of the wiſdom of the unhappy Ulyſſes. It is a pleaſure to me to relieve virtue in diſtreſs.

The officer to whom the king committed the enquiry into our affair, had a ſoul as corrupted and artful as that of Seſoſtris was ſincere and generous. His name was Metophis. He endeavoured to enſnare us by his queſtions, and perceiving that Mentor anſwered with more wiſdom than I, he looked upon him with averſion and jealouſy; for the good are hated by the wicked. He ſeparated us, and from that time I knew not what was become of Mentor. This ſeparation was death to me. Metophis hoped by examining us ſeparately, that he ſhould draw us to contradict each other, and thought particularly to dazzle me by flattering promiſes, and to make me confeſs what Mentor might have concealed from him. In ſhort, he did not really ſeek for the truth, but only endeavoured to find ſome pretence to tell the king

that we were Phœnicians, in order to make us his ſlaves. In fact, notwithſtanding our innocence and the king's ſagacity, he found the means of deceiving him. How alas! are princes expoſed! Even the wiſeſt are frequently abuſed. Artful and ſelfiſh men ſurround them; the good retire, becauſe they are neither importunate nor flatterers: they wait till they are ſought after, and princes are ſeldom wiſe enough to do that. On the contrary, the wicked are impudent, treacherous, inſinuating and officious, artful diſſemblers, ready to do any thing againſt honour and conſcience, to gratify the paſſions of him who reigns. O! how miſerable is a king in being expoſed to the artifices of the wicked! He is ruined if he does not repulſe flatterers, and loves not thoſe who boldly tell him the truth. Theſe were the reflections I made in my diſtreſs; for I recollected all that Mentor had told me.

Metophis ſent me towards the mountains of the deſert of Oaſis with his ſlaves, that I might help them to look after his flocks. Here Calypſo interrupted Telemachus, ſaying, Well, what did you do then, you who in Sicily preferred death to ſlavery? Telemachus replied, My misfortunes continually increaſed; I had no longer the ſad conſolation of chuſing ſervitude or death; I was forced to be a ſlave, and to exhauſt, if I may uſe the expreſſion, all the rigors of fortune. I had no hope left, nor ſo much as one ſingle word to ſay in order to work out my deliverance. Mentor has ſince told me that he was ſold to Ethiopians, and that he went with them into their own country.

As for me, I arrived in horrible deſerts: where burning ſands are ſeen on the plains; ſnows which never diſſolve, and make an eternal winter on the tops of the mountains; and paſtures for cattle are only found among the rocks. Towards the middle of theſe ſteep mountains the vallies are ſo deep that the rays of the ſun can hardly reach them.

The only perſons I found here, were ſhepherds as

ſavage as the country itſelf. I paſſed the nights in bewailing my misfortune, and the days in tending a flock, to avoid the brutal fury of the chief ſlave; who hoping to obtain his liberty, was continually accuſing the reſt, in order to make a merit to his maſter of his zeal and attachment to his intereſts. The name of this ſlave was Butis. I was ready to ſink on this occaſion. In my anguiſh I one day forgot my flock, and ſtretched myſelf on the graſs near a cave, where I expected death, unable longer to ſupport my pains. I inſtantly perceived that the whole mountain trembled; the oaks and pines ſeemed to deſcend from its ſummit; the winds retained their breath, and a loud voice iſſuing out of the cave, uttered theſe words. Son of ſage Ulyſſes, you like him muſt become great by patience. Princes who have always been happy, are ſeldom worthy of being ſo; luxury corrupts, and pride intoxicates them. Happy will you be if you ſurmount and never forget your misfortunes! You ſhall ſee Ithaca again, and your glory ſhall aſcend to the ſtars. When you are the maſter of others, remember that you yourſelf have been weak, poor, and in trouble like them; take a pleaſure in relieving them; love your ſubjects, deteſt flattery, and know that you will be great only in proportion to your moderation and reſolution in ſubduing your paſſions.

Theſe divine words penetrated even to the bottom of my heart, and revived its courage and joy. I felt none of that horror which makes the hair riſe upright on the head, and chills the blood in the veins, when the gods reveal themſelves to mortals. I roſe in tranquillity; I fell on my knees, and lifting up my hands to heaven, worſhipped Minerva, to whom I believed myſelf indebted for this oracle. At the ſame time I found myſelf a new man; wiſdom enlightened my mind; I felt a pleaſing force to moderate all my paſſions, and to check the impetuoſity of my youth. I made myſelf beloved by all the ſhepherds of the deſert. My meekneſs, my patience, my diligence at laſt appeaſed even the

cruel Butis, who was in authority over the other ſlaves, and at firſt took a pleaſure in tormenting me.

The better to bear the irkſomeneſs of captivity and ſolitude, I ſought for books; for I was overwhelmed with melancholy for want of ſome inſtructions to cheriſh and ſupport my mind. Happy they, ſaid I, who are diſguſted with violent pleaſures, and know to be contented with the ſweets of an innocent life! Happy they to whom inſtruction is an amuſement, and the cultivating their minds with knowlege a delight! where-ever they are thrown by adverſe fortune, they always carry their entertainment with them, and the diſquiet which preys upon others even in the midſt of their pleaſures, is unknown to thoſe who can imploy themſelves in reading. Happy they who love to read, and are not like me deprived of it. As I was revolving theſe thoughts in my mind, I went into a gloomy foreſt, where I immediately perceived an old man with a book in his hand.

His forehead was large, bald, and a little wrinkled: a white beard hung down to his girdle; his ſtature was tall but majeſtic, his complection ſtill freſh and ruddy, his eyes lively and piercing, his voice ſweet, and his ſpeech plain and engaging. I never beheld ſo venerable an old man. His name was Termoſiris; he was a prieſt of Apollo, and officiated in a marble temple which the kings of Egypt had dedicated to that deity in the foreſt. The book which he held in his hand, was a collection of hymns in honour of the gods. He accoſted me in a friendly manner, and we diſcourſed together. He related things paſt with ſuch perſpicuity that they ſeemed preſent, and yet with ſuch brevity that his accounts were never tedious. He foreſaw the future by his profound knowlege, which gave him an inſight into men, and the deſigns of which they were capable. With all this wiſdom, he was chearful and complaiſant, and the ſprightlieſt youth is not ſo graceful as he was at ſo advanced an age. Accordingly he was fond of young men when they were tractable, and had a reliſh for virtue.

He quickly loved me with great tenderneſs; he furniſhed me with books for my conſolation, and called me his ſon. I often ſaid, O my father! the gods who deprived me of Mentor, have pitied and given me another ſupport in you. This man was without doubt, like Orpheus or Linus, inſpired by the gods. He recited to me verſes of his own, and furniſhed me with thoſe of ſeveral excellent poets who were favourites of the Muſes. When he was clad in his long robe of a ſhining white, and took his ivory lyre in his hand, the tygers, the bears, the lions came down to fawn upon him and to lick his feet. The ſatyrs came out of the woods to dance around him, the trees themſelves ſeemed to move, and one would have thought the affected rocks were going to deſcend from the tops of the mountains at the charms of his melodious accents. He ſung nothing but the majeſty of the gods, the virtue of heroes, and the wiſdom of men who preferred glory to pleaſure.

He often told me that I ought to take courage, and that the gods would not abandon either Ulyſſes or his ſon. At laſt he aſſured me that it was my duty, after the example of Apollo, to teach the ſhepherds to cultivate the Muſes. Apollo, ſaid he, provoked at Jupiter's diſturbing the heavens with his thunder in the brighteſt days, determined to revenge himſelf on the Cyclops who forged the bolts, and ſlew them with his arrows. Whereupon mount Etna ceaſed to diſgorge its whirlwinds of fire, and men no longer heard the hammers terribly ſtriking on the anvils, and exciting the groans of the caves of the earth and of the depths of the ſea. Iron and braſs being no longer poliſhed by the Cyclops, began to ruſt. Vulcan quits his forge in a rage, mounts, though lame, with ſpeed to Olympus, arrives ſweating and covered with duſt in the aſſembly of the gods, and makes bitter complaints. Jupiter is provoked at Apollo, drives him out of heaven, and hurls him headlong to the earth. His empty chariot performs of itſelf its uſual courſe, to give both day and night to men, with

a regular change of the ſeaſons. Apollo, ſtript of his rays, was forced to turn ſhepherd, and tend the flocks of king Admetus. He played on the flute, and all the other ſwains came to the ſhady elms on the border of a limpid fountain, to hear his ſongs. 'Till then they had led a ſavage and brutal life, and knew but to tend, to ſheer and milk their ſheep, and make their cheeſes. The whole country reſembled a frightful deſert.

Apollo quickly taught the ſhepherds all the arts which render life agreeable. He ſung the flowers which crown the ſpring, the perfumes ſhe ſheds, and the verdure which riſes under her ſteps. He then ſung the delightful nights of ſummer, when the zephirs revive mankind, and the dew quenches the thirſt of the earth. He likewiſe mingled in his ſongs the golden fruits with which autumn rewards the husbandman's toils, and the repoſe of winter, when the ſportful youth dance before the fire. At laſt he repreſented the gloomy woods which cover the mountains, and the hollow vallies, where rivers by a thouſand windings ſeem to ſport amidſt the laughing meadows. Thus he taught the ſwains what the charms of a rural life are, when we know how to taſte the pleaſures of ſimple nature. The ſhepherds with their pipes were quickly happier than kings, and their cottages attracted crouds of uncorrupted joys which fly the gilded palace. The ſports, the ſmiles, the graces every where attended the innocent ſhepherdeſſes. Every day was a feſtival. Nothing now was heard but the warbling of birds, the ſoft breath of the zephirs ſporting in the branches of the trees, the murmurs of lucid rills deſcending from the rocks, or the ſongs with which the Muſes inſpired the ſwains who attended Apollo. This god taught them to obtain the prize in the race, and to ſhoot the hinds and the ſtags with their arrows. The gods themſelves grew jealous of the ſhepherds, and thinking their life ſweeter than all their own glory, recalled Apollo to Olympus.

This hiſtory, my ſon, ſhould be a leſſon of inſtructi-

on to you, ſince you are in the ſame condition in which Apollo was. Till this uncultivated earth; like him make the deſert bloom; teach all the ſhepherds the charms of harmony; ſoften their ſavage hearts; ſhew them the beauty of virtue, and make them ſenſible how ſweet it is in ſolitude to enjoy the innocent pleaſures, of which nothing can deprive the ſwains. A time will come, my ſon, a time will come, when the pains and cruel cares which beſiege kings, will make you regret on a throne the life of a ſhepherd.

This ſaid, Termoſiris gave me ſo ſweet a flute, that the echoes of the mountains, which made it heard on every ſide, ſoon drew all the neighbouring ſwains around me. My voice was endued with a divine harmony; I was moved and tranſported as it were to ſing the charms with which nature has adorned the country. We paſſed whole days and part of the nights in ſinging together. All the ſhepherds, forgetting their huts and their flocks, ſtood motionleſs around me, whilſt I gave them their leſſons. Theſe deſerts appeared no longer ſavage; all was pleaſant and ſmiling; the courteous manners of the inhabitants ſeemed to meliorate the ſoil.

We often aſſembled to offer ſacrifices in the temple of Apollo, of which Termoſiris was prieſt. The ſhepherds went thither, crowned with lawrels in honour of the god; and the ſhepherdeſſes, dancing and bearing garlands of flowers and baſkets of ſacred offerings on their heads. After the ſacrifice we made a rural feaſt. Our greateſt dainties were the milk of our goats and our ſheep, with fruits freſh-gathered with our own hands, ſuch as dates, figs and grapes; our ſeats were the verdant turf, and the leafy trees afforded us a pleaſanter ſhade than the gilded roofs of the palaces of kings.

But what crowned my fame among the ſhepherds, was an hungry lion's falling one day on my flock. He had begun an horrible ſlaughter; I had only my crook in my hand, but I advanced boldly. The lion briſtles up his mane; he grins, diſplays his claws, and diſtends

Pl. II. R. Cooper Sculp.

BRITISH
II
56
OCT

his parched and flaming mouth. His eyes were red and fiery; he beats his ſides with his long tail: I fell him to the ground. A little coat of mail which I wore according to the cuſtom of the ſhepherds of Egypt, prevented his tearing my body. Thrice I threw him down, and thrice he roſe again, making all the foreſts ring with his rorings. At laſt I ſtrangled him in my arms; and the ſhepherds who were witneſſes of my victory, inſiſted on my wearing the ſkin of this terrible animal.

The fame of this action, and of the happy reformation of all our ſhepherds, ſpread throughout Egypt, and reached even the ears of Seſoſtris. He was informed that one of the captives, who had been taken for Phœnicians, had reſtored the golden age in theſe almoſt uninhabitable deſerts. He deſired to ſee me, for he loved the Muſes; and every thing which could inſtruct mankind, charmed his noble heart. He ſaw me, heard me with pleaſure, and found that Metophis had deceived him through avarice. He condemned him to perpetual impriſonment, and ſtript him of all his unjuſt riches. O how unhappy, ſaid Seſoſtris, is the man who is exalted above others! He can ſeldom ſee the truth with his own eyes: he is encompaſſed by men who hinder it from arriving at him; every one has an intereſt to deceive him; every one, under an appearance of zeal, hides his ambition. They pretend to love the king; they love only the riches he beſtows, and are ſo far from loving him, that to obtain his favours they flatter and betray him.

After this, Seſoſtris treated me with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and reſolved to ſend me back to Ithaca, with ſhips and troops to deliver Penelope from all her ſuitors. The fleet was ready, and we thought only of embarking. I admired the turns of fortune, who ſuddenly exalts whom ſhe has the moſt depreſt. This experience made me hope that Ulyſſes might probably return at length to his kingdom after long ſufferings. I thought alſo within myſelf that I might ſee Mentor a-

gain, though he had been carried into the moſt unknown countries of Ethiopia. Whilſt I delayed my departure a little, to endeavour to learn ſome news of him, Seſoſtris who was very old, died ſuddenly, and his death plunged me again into new misfortunes.

All Egypt was inconſolable for this loſs. Every family thought they had loſt their beſt friend, their protector, their father. The old men, lifting up their hands to heaven, cried out, Never had Egypt ſo good a king, never will ſhe have the like. Ye ſhould, ye gods! never have ſhown him to men, or never have taken him from them: Why muſt we ſurvive the great Seſoſtris? The young men ſaid, The hope of Egypt is loſt; our fathers were happy in living under ſo good a king; as for us, we have ſeen him only to feel his loſs. His domeſtics wept night and day. When his funeral rites were performed, the moſt diſtant people run to them in crouds for forty days together. Every one deſired yet once more to ſee the body of Seſoſtris; every one deſired to preſerve an idea of him, and ſeveral to be laid in the ſepulchre with him.

What ſtill augmented their ſorrow for his loſs, was that his ſon Boccoris had neither humanity for ſtrangers, nor curioſity with regard to the ſciences, nor eſteem for men of virtue, nor love of glory. His father's greatneſs had contributed to render him thus unworthy of reigning. He had been bred up in effeminacy and a brutal pride, and looked upon men as nothing; believing that they were made only for him, and that he was of a different nature from them. He minded only to gratify his paſſions, to ſquander away the immenſe treaſures which his father had huſbanded with ſo much care, to haraſs the people, to ſuck the blood of the unfortunate; in a word, to follow the flattering counſels of the giddy youths who ſurrounded him, whilſt he diſcarded with diſdain all the wiſe old men who had ſhared his father's confidence: He was a monſter and not a king. The whole country groaned; and though the name of

Seſoſtris, ſo dear to the Egyptians, made them bear with the ſhameful and cruel conduct of his ſon, yet he himſelf haſtened to his ruin: And indeed a prince ſo unworthy of a throne could not reign long.

I had now no hopes of returning to Ithaca; being ſhut up in a tower on the ſea-ſhore near Peluſium, where I was to have embarked, if Seſoſtris had not died. Metophis having had art enough to get out of priſon, and to eſtabliſh himſelf in the good graces of the new king, had cauſed me to be confined in this tower, to revenge himſelf for the diſgrace I had occaſioned him. I ſpent the days and the nights in the deepeſt ſadneſs. All Termoſiris had foretold me, and all I had heard from the cave, appeared to me now nothing but a dream. I was overwhelmed with the bittereſt ſorrow: I ſaw the billows beat againſt the foot of the tower where I was a priſoner, and often beheld veſſels toſt by tempeſts, in danger of ſplitting on the rocks on which it was built; but inſtead of bewailing men threatened with ſhipwreck, I envied their lot. Soon, ſaid I to myſelf, will their misfortunes end with their lives, or they will arrive in their own country! I alas! can hope for neither.

While I was thus pining away in fruitleſs grief, I perceived as it were a foreſt of maſts. The ſea was covered with ſwelling ſails, and the waves foamed beneath innumerable oars. I heard in all parts a confuſed noiſe, and perceived on the ſhore a party of affrighted Egyptians running to arms, and others who ſeemed going to welcome the fleet they ſaw arriving. I quickly knew that theſe foreign ſhips were ſome of Phœnicia, and others of the iſle of Cyprus; for my misfortunes began to give me ſome knowlege in naval affairs. The Egyptians ſeemed to be divided among themſelves. I could eaſily believe that the thoughtleſs Boccoris had by his violent meaſures occaſioned a revolt of his ſubjects, and kindled a civil war. I was from the top of the tower a ſpectator of a bloody battle.

The Egyptians who had called in foreigners to their aſſiſtance, having favoured their deſcent, attacked the other Egyptians who had their king at their head. I ſaw this prince animating his ſubjects by his example, and looking like the god of war. Rivers of blood flowed around him; his chariot-wheels were dyed with a black, clotted and frothy gore, and could hardly paſs over the heaps of mangled dead.

This young king, well made, robuſt, of a proud and haughty mien, had fury and deſpair in his eyes. He was like a fine headſtrong horſe; his courage puſhed him into dangers, but wiſdom did not temper his valour. He knew not how to retrieve his errors, nor to give proper orders, nor to foreſee the evils which threatened him, nor to ſave his men of whom he had the greateſt need: Not that he wanted a genius, for his underſtanding was equal to his courage; but he had never been inſtructed by adverſity. His governors had poiſoned his naturally good diſpoſition by flattery. He was intoxicated with his power and felicity; he thought that every thing ought to give way to his impetuous deſires; the leaſt reſiſtence enflamed his anger; he then no longer made any uſe of his reaſon, but was like one beſide himſelf; his furious pride transformed him into a wild beaſt; his natural goodneſs and reaſon forſook him in an inſtant; his moſt faithful ſervants were forced to fly from him, and he was pleaſed only with thoſe who ſoothed his paſſions. He was thus, contrary to his true intereſt, always in extremes, and forced all men of virtue to deteſt his frantic conduct. His courage ſupported him a long while againſt a multitude of enemies, but he was at laſt overpowered. I ſaw him fall: the dart of a Phœnician pierced his breaſt; the reins ſlipped out of his hands, and he fell from his chariot under his horſes feet. A ſoldier of the iſland of Cyprus cut off his head; and holding it up by the hair, ſhowed it as it were in triumph to the victorious army.

I ſhall, as long as I live, remember his head ſwimming in blood, his eyes ſhut and extinguiſhed, his face pale and diſfigured, his mouth half opened and ſeeming ſtill deſirous to conclude its unfiniſhed ſpeech, his haughty and threatening air which death itſelf could not efface. As long as I live, his image will be before my eyes; and if ever the gods permit me to reign, I ſhall never forget, after ſo terrible an example, that a king is not worthy of commanding, nor happy in his power, but in proportion as he ſubjects it to reaſon. Ah! how dreadful the evil! when a man deſtined to make the public happy, is the maſter of ſo many others only to render them wretched!

End of the Second Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the THIRD.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates, that the ſucceſſor of Boccoris reſtoring all the Tyrian priſoners, he himſelf was carried with them to Tyre, in Narbal's ſhip who commanded their fleet; that Narbal gave him the character of their king Pygmalion, whoſe cruel avarice he had reaſon to apprehend; that he was afterwards inſtructed by Narbal in the maxims of the Tyrian commerce, and was going to embark on board a Cyprian ſhip, in order to go by the iſland of Cyprus to Ithaca, when Pygmalion diſcovered that he was a ſtranger, and ordered him to be apprehended; that he was then on the brink of ruin, but that Aſtarbe, the Tyrant's miſtreſs, ſaved him, in order to put to death in his ſtead a youth, whoſe diſdain had provoked her.

CALYPSO heard ſuch wiſe reflections with aſtoniſhment. What charmed her moſt, was to obſerve that Telemachus ingenuouſly related the errors he had committed through a want of thought and of a due regard to the ſage Mentor's counſels. She thought his accuſing himſelf, and his ſeeming to have made ſo

good an uſe of his failings in rendering himſelf wiſe, cautious and moderate, ſurpriſingly great and noble. Go on, ſaid ſhe, my dear Telemachus, I long to know how you got out of Egypt, and where you found the ſage Mentor again, whoſe loſs you lamented with ſo much reaſon.

Telemachus thus reſumed his ſtory. The moſt virtuous and loyal of the Egyptians being the weakeſt party, and ſeeing their king dead, were conſtrained to yield to the others. Another king was appointed, whoſe name was Termutis. The Phœnicians with the troops of the iſland of Cyprus departed, after they had made an alliance with the new prince, who reſtored all the Phœnician priſoners. I was reckoned as one of the number; and being releaſed from the tower and embarking with the reſt, hope began to dawn again in the bottom of my heart.

A favourable gale already ſwelled our ſails; the rowers cleft the frothy waves; the wide-extended ſea was covered with ſhips; the mariners ſhouted for joy; the ſhores of Egypt flew from us; the hills and the mountains grew level by degrees; we began to ſee nothing but the heavens and the waters, while the riſing ſun ſeemed to dart his ſparkling fires out of the boſom of the deep: his rays gilt the tops of the mountains, which we ſtill diſcovered a little above the horizon; and the whole heaven, painted with a deep azure, promiſed us an happy voyage.

Though I was diſmiſſed as one of the Phœnicians, none of them knew me. Narbal who commanded the ſhip on board of which I was put, aſked me my name and my country. Of what city of Phœnicia are you, ſaid he? I am not a Phœnician, ſaid I, but was taken by the Egyptians at ſea in a Phœnician veſſel. I have been a captive in Egypt as a Phœnician; under that name I have ſuffered a long while, and under that name was ſet at liberty. Of what country are you then, replied Narbal? I am Telemachus, ſaid I, the ſon of Ulyſſes,

king of Ithaca in Greece, my father rendered himſelf famous among all the kings who beſieged the city of Troy; but the gods have not permitted him to ſee his country again. I have been ſeeking him in various kingdoms, but fortune perſecutes me as well as him. You behold an unfortunate youth, who wiſhes only for the happineſs of returning to his own country, and of finding his father.

Narbal looked upon me with ſurpriſe, and thought he obſerved in me I know not what of fortunate, which is one of the gifts of heavens, and is not found in common men. He was naturally ſincere and generous; he was touched with my misfortunes, and talked to me with a confidence with which the gods inſpired him for my preſervation in an imminent danger.

Telemachus, ſaid he, I do not, I cannot doubt of what you tell me. The ſweetneſs and virtue, which are viſible in your countenance, do not permit me to miſtruſt you: Nay, I feel that the gods whom I have always ſerved, love you, and would have me love you as if you were my ſon. I will give you wholeſome advice, and aſk nothing of you in return but ſecrecy. Fear not, ſaid I, that it will be any pain to me to be ſilent with regard to the things with which you may be pleaſed to entruſt me. Though I am ſo young, I am already grown old in the habit of never betraying my ſecrets, and more eſpecially in never betraying, under any pretence whatever, thoſe of another. How can you, ſaid he, have accuſtomed yourſelf to ſecrecy in ſo tender an age? I ſhall be glad to hear by what means you have acquired this quality, which is the foundation of the wiſeſt conduct, and without which all other talents are uſeleſs.

When Ulyſſes, ſaid I, went to the ſiege of Troy, he took me, as I have been informed, on his knees, threw his arms around me, and having kiſſed me with the utmoſt tenderneſs, uttered theſe words, though I could not then underſtand them. O my ſon! may the gods

preſerve me from ever ſeeing thee again; may the ciſ-ers of the Fatal Siſters cut the thread of thy days when it is hardly formed, as a reaper with his ſickle cuts down a tender flower which is juſt beginning to blow; may my enemies daſh thee in pieces before the eyes of thy mother and me, if thou art one day to be corrupted and to abandon virtue! O my friends! continued he, with you I leave my dear ſon; take care of his infancy; if you love me, remove pernicious flattery far from him; teach him to vanquiſh himſelf; let him be like a young tree, which is bent in order to be made ſtrait. But above all, do your utmoſt to render him juſt, beneficent, ſincere, and faithful in keeping a ſecret. Whoever is capable of lying, is unworthy of being numbered among men; and whoever knows not to be ſilent, is unworthy of ruling.

I relate the very words of this ſpeech, becauſe ſuch care was taken frequently to repeat them to me, that they penetrated to the very bottom of my heart; nay, I often repeat them to myſelf. My father's friends were careful to exerciſe me betimes in ſecrecy. I was but a child, when they entruſted me with all their uneaſineſſes at ſeeing my mother expoſed to a great number of raſh ſuitors who ſought to marry her. Thus they treated me from my infancy as a man of reaſon, and one that might be truſted; they conferred with me about the moſt important affairs, and informed me of the reſolutions they had taken in order to rid her of her wooers. I was tranſported at their repoſing ſuch a confidence in me, and thought myſelf already a perfect man. I never abuſed it, nor even let ſlip a ſingle word which might diſcover the leaſt ſecret. The ſuitors often endeavoured to make me talk, hoping that a child who had ſeen or heard any thing of importance, could not contain himſelf; but I well knew how to anſwer them without telling an untruth or what I ought not to reveal.

Hereupon Narbal ſaid, You ſee, Telemachus, the

power of the Phœnicians. They are formidable to all their neighbours by their innumerable ſhips. The trade they carry on as far as the pillars of Hercules, renders them richer than the moſt flouriſhing nations. The mighty king Seſoſtris, who could never have conquered them by ſea, found it very difficult to conquer them by land, with armies which had ſubdued all the eaſt. He impoſed a tribute upon us which we did not long pay. The Phœnicians are too rich and powerful to bear the yoke of ſervitude with patience: we recovered our liberty. Death did not allow Seſoſtris time to finiſh the war againſt us. It is true, we had great reaſon to be apprehenſive of his wiſdom, even more than of his power; but his power paſſing into the hands of his ſon without his wiſdom, we concluded that we had nothing to fear. And indeed the Egyptians, inſtead of returning in arms to our own country to ſubdue us once again, were conſtrained to invite us to their aſſiſtance to deliver them from that impious and outrageous prince. We have been their deliverers. What an addition of glory to the liberty and opulence of the Phœnicians!

But whilſt we deliver others, we ourſelves are ſlaves. O Telemachus! beware of falling into the hands of our king Pygmalion. He has cruelly dipt them in the blood of Sichæus his ſiſter Dido's huſband. Dido breathing nothing but revenge, and accompanied by moſt of the lovers of liberty and virtue, fled from Tyre with a large fleet, founded a ſtately city on the coaſt of Africa, and called it Carthage. Pygmalion, tormented by an inſatiable thirſt of wealth, renders himſelf more and more miſerable and odious to his ſubjects. It is a crime at Tyre to be rich. Avarice makes him miſtruſtful, ſuſpicious, cruel; he perſecutes the wealthy, and dreads the poor.

It is a ſtill greater crime at Tyre to be virtuous: For Pygmalion ſuppoſes that virtuous men cannot ſuffer his unjuſt and infamous actions. Virtue condemns

him, and he is exaſperated and irritated againſt her. Every thing ruffles, diſquiets, and gnaws him. He trembles at his ſhadow, and ſleeps neither night nor day. The gods, as a judgment upon him, load him with treaſures he has not a heart to enjoy. What he ſeeks in order to make him happy, is the very thing which hinders him from being ſo. He repines at all he gives, he is always afraid of loſing, and tortures himſelf for gain. He is hardly ever ſeen; he immures himſelf in the moſt ſecret part of his palace, ſolitary, ſad, dejected: even his friends dare not approach him leſt they ſhould raiſe his ſuſpicions. A frightful guard, with naked ſwords and pikes erected, continually inveſt his palace. Thirty chambers adjoining to one another, each of which has an iron-door with ſix huge bolts, are the place where he ſhuts himſelf up. It is never known in which of them he lies, and it is affirmed that he never lies two nights ſucceſſively in the ſame, for fear of being murdered. He is an utter ſtranger to all the ſweet enjoyments of life, and to friendſhip the ſweeteſt of all. If any one talk to him of purſuing pleaſure, he feels that it flies from him and refuſes to enter his heart. His hollow eyes are ſavagely wild and fiery, and inceſſantly rolling on all ſides. He liſtens to and is alarmed at the leaſt noiſe. He is pale and meagre, and gloomy cares are pictured on his ever wrinkled viſage. He is mute, he ſighs, he groans from the bottom of his heart, and cannot conceal the remorſe which preys on his bowels. The moſt exquiſite diſhes diſguſt him. His children, inſtead of being the hopes of his age, are the objects of his fear; he has made them his moſt dangerous enemies. He has not in all his life been ſafe a ſingle moment, and preſerves himſelf only by ſhedding the blood of thoſe he fears. Fool! not to ſee that the cruelty in which he confides, will deſtroy him! Some domeſtic as ſuſpicious as himſelf, will quickly rid the world of this monſter.

As for me, I fear the gods; and however dear it

may coſt me, will be faithful to the king they have ſet over me: For I had rather that he ſhould take away my life than I his, or even than be wanting in my duty to defend him. As for you, Telemachus, be ſure not to tell him that you are the ſon of Ulyſſes; for hoping that Ulyſſes would return to Ithaca and pay him a large ſum for your ranſom, he would infallibly keep you in priſon.

When we arrived at Tyre, I followed Narbal's advice, found every thing true which he had told me, and could not conceive that it was poſſible for a man to render himſelf ſo miſerable as Pygmalion ſeemed to be. Aſtoniſhed at a ſight ſo terrible and new to me. Lo the man, ſaid I to myſelf, who only ſought to make himſelf happy, and imagined that he ſhould accompliſh it by riches and abſolute power; he poſſeſſes all he can deſire, and yet he is wretched; nay, his very riches and power make him ſo. Were he a ſhepherd, as I not long ſince was, he would be as happy as I have been; he would enjoy the innocent pleaſures of the country, and enjoy them without remorſe. He would dread neither daggers nor poiſon; he would love mankind, and be beloved by them. He would not indeed poſſeſs theſe immenſe riches which are as uſeleſs to him as ſo much dirt, ſince he dares not touch them; but he would freely enjoy the fruits of the earth, and ſuffer no real want. He ſeems to do all that he deſires, but he is far from doing it; for he does only what his brutal paſſions command. He is continually hurried away by his avarice, his fears and his ſuſpicions. He appears to be the maſter of all others, but is not even maſter of himſelf; for he has as many maſters and tormentors as ungovernable deſires.

I reaſoned thus of Pygmalion without ſeeing him; for he was not to be ſeen. One only beheld with awe the lofty towers which are night and day ſurrounded by guards, wherein he, as it were, impriſoned himſelf and his treaſures. I compared this inviſible king with

Seſoſtris, who was ſo gentle, ſo eaſy of acceſs, ſo affable, ſo curious to ſee ſtrangers, ſo attentive to hear all men, and to draw out of their hearts the truth they conceal from princes. Seſoſtris, ſaid I, feared nothing, and had nothing to fear; he ſhewed himſelf to all his ſubjects as to his own children; but Pygmalion fears every thing, and has every thing to fear. This wicked prince is continually expoſed to a tragical death, even in his inacceſſible palace and in the midſt of his guards. On the contrary, the good king Seſoſtris was as ſafe in a croud of his people, as an indulgent father, ſurrounded by his family, in his own houſe.

Pygmalion giving orders for ſending home the Cyprian troops, that came to aſſiſt him in conſequence of an alliance between the two nations, Narbal took this opportunity to ſet me at liberty, and muſtered me among the ſoldiers of Cyprus; for the king was ſuſpicious even in the minuteſt things. The uſual failing of eaſy and indolent princes is to give themſelves up, with a blind confidence, to crafty and corrupt favourites; Pygmalion's was, on the contrary, to miſtruſt the worthieſt men. He knew not to diſcern the frank and upright who act without diſguiſe, and of conſequence had not been converſant with men of probity; for ſuch never make their court to ſo corrupted a king: Beſides, he had ſeen in thoſe who ſerved him, ſince his acceſſion to the throne, ſuch diſſimulation, perfidy, and ſhocking vices, diſguiſed under the appearances of virtue, that he looked upon all men without exception as maſked: he ſuppoſed that there was no real virtue on the earth, but that all were nearly alike. And of conſequence, when he found a man falſe and corrupt, he gave himſelf no trouble to ſeek for another, ſuppoſing that another would not be better: nay, the good ſeemed to him worſe than the moſt openly wicked, becauſe he thought the former as wicked and greater diſſemblers than the latter.

To return to myſelf. I was blended with the Cy-

prians, and eſcaped the piercing jealouſy of the king. Narbal trembled for fear I ſhould be diſcovered, which would have coſt us both our lives, and was very impatient to ſee us depart; but contrary winds detained us a good while at Tyre.

I made uſe of this opportunity to inform myſelf of the manners of the Phœnicians, ſo famous in all the nations of the known world. I admired the happy ſituation of this great city, which ſtands in an iſland in the midſt of the ſea. The neighbouring coaſt is delightful for its fertility, the exquiſite fruits it bears, the number of its almoſt contiguous cities and villages, and the mildneſs of its climate; for it is ſcreened by mountains from the burning winds of the ſouth, and refreſhed by the northern gales which blow from the ſea. It lies at the foot of Libanus: whoſe ſummit cleaves the clouds, and almoſt touches the ſtars; eternal ice covers its brow, and rivers of ſnow pour like torrents from the tops of the rocks which environ its head. Beneath theſe rocks is a vaſt foreſt of ancient cedars, that ſeem as old as the earth in which they grow, and extend their thick branches even to the clouds. On the ſide of the mountain, at the foot of this foreſt, are fat paſtures, where glide a thouſand limpid rills; where bellowing bulls are ſeen to ſtray, and bleating ſheep and tender lambkins ſkipping over the graſs. And laſtly, beneath theſe paſtures appears the foot of the mountain, reſembling a large garden: whoſe lively colours neither the peſtilent breath of the ſouth which blaſts and burns up all things, nor the bleak north-wind did ever preſume to ſully: here ſpring and autumn reign together, and blend their fruits and flowers.

Near this beautiful coaſt the iſland on which Tyre is built, emerges out of the ſea. This prodigious city ſeems to float upon the water, and to be the queen of the ocean. Merchants from all parts of the world reſort to it, and the inhabitants themſelves are the moſt famous traders in the world. When a man enters into

it, he imagines at firſt ſight that it does not belong to any particular people, but that it is the common city of all nations, and the center of their commerce. It has two great moles, that ſtretch themſelves like arms into the ſea, and embrace an immenſe harbour, which the winds cannot enter. In this port is ſeen as it were a wood of maſts, and the ſhips themſelves are ſo numerous that one can hardly perceive the ſea which ſupports them. All the citizens apply themſelves to commerce, and their vaſt riches never give them a diſtaſte to the toils which are neceſſary to increaſe them. Here on all ſides is ſeen the fine Egyptian linen, and twice dyed Tyrian purple of a marvellous luſtre. This double tincture, which is ſo lively that time cannot efface it, is uſed for fine cloths, enriched with imbroideries of ſilver and gold. The Phœnicians trade with all nations as far as the ſtreights of Gades, and have penetrated even into the vaſt ocean which ſurrounds the whole earth. They have alſo made long voyages on the Red Sea, where they go to unknown iſlands in queſt of gold, perfumes, and divers animals which are not found elſewhere.

I could not ſatiate my eyes with the magnificent ſight of this great city, where every thing was in motion. I ſaw not here, as in the cities of Greece, idle buſy-bodies ſauntering in public places in queſt of news, or to ſtare at foreigners who arrive at their port. The men are employed in unlading their ſhips, in ſending away or ſelling their merchandizes, in putting their warehouſes in order, and in keeping an exact account of what is owing to them by foreign merchants. The women are inceſſantly either ſpinning of wool, or drawing patterns of imbroidery, or folding up rich ſtuffs.

What is the reaſon, ſaid I to Narbal, that the Phœnicians have rendered themſelves maſters of the commerce of the whole earth, and thus enrich themſelves at the expence of all other nations? You ſee it, ſaid he: Tyre is happily ſituated for trade, and has the ho-

nour of having invented navigation. For the Tyrians were the firſt (if we may credit accounts of the darkeſt antiquity) who tamed the waves, long before the time of Typhis and the Argonauts, ſo much vaunted of in Greece: They, I ſay, were the firſt who ventured to commit themſelves in a feeble bark to the mercy of waves and tempeſts, who ſounded the depths of the ſea, who obſerved the ſtars at a great diſtance from the land, according to the ſcience of the Egyptians and Babylonians, and joined together ſo many nations whom the ſea had ſeparated. Beſides, they are induſtrious, patient, laborious, neat, ſober and frugal; have a regular form of government, and are perfectly united among themſelves. And then there never was a nation more conſtant, more ſincere, more faithful, more to be relied on, more courteous to ſtrangers.

Theſe are the things, without ſeeking for any other cauſe, which give them the dominion of the ſea, and make ſo profitable a trade flouriſh in their port. Should diviſions and jealouſies creep in among them; ſhould they begin to ſoften in pleaſures and idleneſs; ſhould the chiefs of the nation deſpiſe labour and frugality; ſhould arts ceaſe to be honourable in their city; ſhould they become faithleſs to ſtrangers; ſhould they alter ever ſo little their maxims of a free trade; ſhould they neglect their manufactures, and ceaſe to lay out the large ſums which are neceſſary to render all their commodities perfect in their kind, you would quickly ſee the fall of the power you admire.

But pray tell me, ſaid I, how I may hereafter eſtabliſh a like trade in Ithaca. Do, replied he, what is done here: treat all ſtrangers in a kind and condeſcending manner; let them find ſafety, accommodations, and perfect liberty in your ports, and never ſuffer avarice or pride to get the better of you. The true way to gain a great deal is never to aim at gaining too much, and to know the proper times of loſing. Conciliate the love of all ſtrangers, and even bear ſome things from them;

beware of exciting their jealouſy by your haughtineſs; be ſteady in the rules of commerce, and let them be plain and eaſy; accuſtom your ſubjects to obſerve them inviolably; puniſh with ſeverity the frauds and even the negligence or extravagance of merchants, which ruin trade in ruining thoſe who carry it on. Above all, never attempt to cramp commerce, in order to direct it according to your own private views. It is moſt proper for the prince not to be concerned in it, but to leave the whole profit to his ſubjects who have all the trouble of it; otherwiſe he will diſcourage them. The king will draw ſufficient advantages from it by the great riches which will be imported into his dominions. Commerce is like certain ſprings; if you endeavour to divert their courſe, you dry them up. Nothing but profit and conveniency attract ſtrangers to you. If you render trade leſs eaſy and leſs beneficial to them, they will inſenſibly retire, and never return; becauſe others making their advantage of your imprudence, will allure them to their country, and accuſtom them to live without you. I muſt own to you that the glory of Tyre has for ſome time been greatly obſcured. O! had you ſeen it, my dear Telemachus, before Pygmalion's reign, you would have been much more aſtoniſhed. You find now only the ſad remains of a grandeur which haſtens to its ruin. O wretched Tyre! into what hands art thou fallen! The ſea formerly brought thee the tribute of all the nations of the earth.

Pygmalion fears every thing as well from foreigners as his own ſubjects. Inſtead of opening his ports according to our ancient cuſtom, to all the moſt diſtant nations with the utmoſt freedom, he inſiſts on knowing the number of the ſhips which arrive, their country, the names of the perſons on board them, the trade they drive, the nature and price of their merchandiſes, and how long they are to ſtay here. Nay, he does ſtill worſe, for he makes uſe of all manner of artifices to enſnare merchants, and confiſcate their effects. He har-

raſſes thoſe whom he thinks the richeſt; he burdens trade under various pretences with new taxes, and will needs be concerned in it himſelf, though every one dreads to have any dealings with him. Trade of conſequence languiſhes; foreigners by degrees forget the way to Tyre, which was formerly ſo well known to them; and if Pygmalion does not ſoon change his conduct, our glory and power will quickly be tranſported to ſome other people who are better governed than we.

I then aſked Narbal, how the Tyrians had rendered themſelves ſo powerful by ſea? for I was unwilling to be ignorant of any thing which conduces to the good government of a kingdom. We have, anſwered he, the foreſts of Libanus, which furniſh us with timber for our ſhipping, which are carefully reſerved for this uſe, and never felled but for the ſervice of the public. And as for the building of our ſhips, we have the advantage of having ſkilful workmen. Where did you meet with them, ſaid I? They aroſe by degrees, ſaid he, in our own country. When we liberally reward thoſe who excel in arts, we are ſure of quickly having perſons who will carry them to their higheſt perfection; for men of the greateſt ſagacity and genius never fail to apply themſelves to ſuch as the greateſt rewards are annexed to. Here all are treated with honour who ſucceed in the arts and ſciences which are uſeful in navigation. A good geometrician is reſpected; a ſkilful aſtronomer highly eſteemed; and a pilot who excells others in his function, loaded with riches; a good carpenter is not ſlighted, but on the contrary paid and treated well: Even expert rowers have certain rewards in proportion to their ſervice; their proviſions are good, they are diligently looked after when they are ſick; care is taken of their wives and children in their abſence; if they periſh by ſhipwreck, their family is made amends for their loſs; and thoſe who have been a certain time in the ſervice, are allowed to quit it and retire. By theſe means we have as many of them as we pleaſe. A father is glad

to bring up his ſon to ſo good a profeſſion, and teaches him in his infancy to handle an oar, to manage the cordage and deſpiſe a ſtorm. Thus are men led without compulſion by rewards and good regulations: Authority never does well alone; the ſubmiſſion of inferiors is not ſufficient; we muſt win their hearts, and let them find their account in the things wherein we deſign to make them ſerviceable to us.

After this diſcourſe, Narbal conducted me to viſit the magazines, arſenals, and all the trades which are ſubſervient to the building of ſhips. I aſked a detail of the minuteſt things, and wrote down all I heard, that I might not forget any uſeful circumſtance.

Mean while Narbal, who knew Pygmalion and loved me, was impatient for my departure; fearing leſt I ſhould be diſcovered by the king's ſpies, who were lurking up and down both night and day in every corner of the city; but the winds did not yet permit us to embark. Whilſt we were buſy in viewing the port, and in aſking queſtions of ſeveral merchants, we ſaw one of Pygmalion's officers coming towards us. The king has juſt heard, ſays he to Narbal, from a captain of one of the ſhips which returned with you from Egypt, that you have brought a foreigner hither who paſſes for a Cyprian: it is his majeſty's pleaſure to have him apprehended, and to know for certain of what country he is; your head is to anſwer for him. I happened juſt then to be at a little diſtance; taking a nearer view of the proportions which the Tyrians had obſerved in building an almoſt new ſhip, (which was, they ſaid, by reaſon of the exact harmony of all its parts, the beſt ſailor which had ever been ſeen in the port) and aſking ſome queſtions of the builder who had adjuſted theſe proportions.

Narbal, ſurpriſed and terrified, anſwered, I will go and find this ſtranger who is of the iſland of Cyprus. But as ſoon as the officer was out of ſight, he run to me to inform me of the danger I was in. I but too well foreſaw it, my dear Telemachus, ſaid he; we are both loſt.

The king, whom jealouſy tortures night and day, ſuſpects that you are not a Cyprian, commands me to arreſt you, and will put me to death if I do not deliver you into his hands. What ſhall we do? Inſpire us, ye gods! with wiſdom, to extricate ourſelves out of this danger. I muſt lead you, Telemachus, to Pygmalion's palace; you ſhall maintain that you are a Cyprian of the city of Amathus, and the ſon of a ſtatuary of Venus; I will aver that I formerly knew your father, and perhaps the king without diving farther into the matter, will ſuffer you to depart. I ſee no other way to ſave your life and mine.

Let an unhappy youth periſh, ſaid I, ſince deſtiny wills his deſtruction. O Narbal! I know to die, but am too much your debtor to involve you in my ruin. I cannot prevail with myſelf to tell a lye; I am not a Cyprian, and cannot ſay that I am. The gods are witneſſes of my ſincerity: it is theirs to ſave my life, if they pleaſe, by their power; but I will not ſave it by telling an untruth.

Narbal anſwered, This untruth, Telemachus, is an innocent one; the gods themſelves cannot condemn it; it injures no body; it ſaves the lives of two innocent perſons, and deceives the king only to hinder him from committing an horrid crime. You carry your love of virtue, and your ſcruples of wounding religion too far.

It is enough, ſaid I, that a lye is a lye, to render it unworthy of a man who ſpeaks in the preſence of the gods, and ought to ſacrifice every thing to truth. He who wounds truth offends the gods, and commits a violence on himſelf; for he ſpeaks againſt his conſcience. O Narbal! forbear to propoſe what is unworthy of us both. If the gods pity us, they know how to deliver us; if they will our deſtruction, we ſhall die the victims of truth, and leave mankind an example to prefer unſpotted virtue to length of life: mine is already but too long, ſince it is thus miſerable. O my dear Nar-

bal! my heart melts only for you. Muſt your friendſhip for a wretched ſtranger prove thus fatal to you.

We continued a good while in this kind of combat; but at length perceived a man, quite out of breath, running towards us. He was another of the king's officers, and came from Aſtarbe. This woman was beautiful as a goddeſs; ſhe joined to the charms of her perſon all the allurements of wit, and was gay, flattering and inſinuating. With ſo many deluſive charms, ſhe had, like the Sirens, a heart full of cruelty and miſchief; but ſhe knew how to hide her corrupt thoughts by deep artifice, and had won Pygmalion's heart by her beauty, her wit, her enchanting voice, and the harmony of her lyre. Pygmalion blinded by his violent love, had abandoned queen Topha his conſort, and only ſtudied how to gratify Aſtarbe's ambitious deſires. His fondneſs for this woman was little leſs fatal to him than his infamous avarice. But though he had ſo great a paſſion for her, ſhe deſpiſed and loathed him. However ſhe ſo well concealed her real ſentiments, that ſhe ſeemed to deſired to live only on his account, at the ſame time that ſhe could not endure him.

There was a Cretan at Tyre, whoſe name was Malachon, a youth of marvellous beauty, but voluptuous, effeminate, and immerſed in pleaſures. His only ſtudy was to preſerve the delicacy of his complection, to comb his flaxen locks which flowed over his ſhoulders, to perfume himſelf, to give a graceful turn to the folds of his gown, and to ſing his amours to his lyre. Aſtarbe ſaw and fell in love with him to diſtraction; but he ſlighted her, becauſe he had a paſſion for another woman. Beſides, he was afraid to expoſe himſelf to the cruel jealouſy of the king. Aſtarbe finding herſelf treated with diſdain, gave a looſe to her reſentment. In her deſpair ſhe fancied that ſhe could make Malachon paſs for the ſtranger whom the king was enquiring after, and who was ſaid to come with Narbal. And indeed ſhe made Pygmalion believe it, and bribed all who had it in their

power to undeceive him. For as he neither loved nor could diſtinguiſh men of virtue, he was ſurrounded by ſuch only as were mercenary, crafty, and ready to execute his unjuſt and bloody commands. Theſe people ſtanding in awe of Aſtarbe's authority, aſſiſted her to deceive the king, for fear of diſpleaſing a haughty woman, who had engroſſed his whole confidence. Thus Malachon, though he was known by the whole city to be a Cretan, paſſed for the young ſtranger whom Narbal had brought from Egypt, and was thrown into priſon.

Now Aſtarbe fearing leſt Narbal ſhould go and ſpeak to the king, and ſo diſcover the impoſture, diſpatched this officer in a hurry to Narbal, whom he thus addreſt. Aſtarbe forbids you to diſcover to the king who your ſtranger is; ſhe aſks nothing of you but ſilence, and will ſo order matters that the king ſhall be ſatisfied with your conduct. Do you in the mean time immediately cauſe the young ſtranger you brought with you from Egypt to embark with the Cyprians, that he may be no more ſeen in the city. Narbal, overjoyed at being able thus to ſave his own life and mine, promiſed to be ſilent; and the officer, ſatisfied with having obtained what he asked, returned to give Aſtarbe an account of his commiſſion.

Narbal and I admired the goodneſs of the gods in thus rewarding our ſincerity, and in being ſo tenderly concerned for thoſe who hazarded all for the ſake of virtue. We looked with horror upon a king given up to avarice and voluptuouſneſs. He who is ſo exceſſively afraid of being deceived, ſaid we, deſerves to be deceived, and is almoſt always groſsly ſo. He miſtruſts men of probity, abandons himſelf to villains, and is the only one who is ignorant of what is tranſacting. Lo! Pygmalion is the ſport of a ſhameleſs woman, and the gods in the mean while make uſe of the falſhood of the wicked to ſave the virtuous, who had rather loſe their lives than tell an untruth.

We now perceived the winds change, and become favourable to the Cyprian fleet. The gods declare themſelves, cried Narbal; they, my dear Telemachus, will provide for your ſafety; fly this cruel and accurſed land. Happy he who might follow you to the remoteſt ſhores! Happy he who might live and die with you! But cruel fate ties me down to this my unhappy country; I muſt ſuffer with her, and perhaps be buried in her ruins: no matter, provided I always ſpeak the truth, and my heart love nothing but juſtice. As for you, my dear Telemachus, I pray the gods, who lead you as it were by the hand, to grant you, to your lateſt breath, the moſt precious of all their gifts, a pure and ſpotleſs virtue. Long may you live! may you return to Ithaca, comfort Penelope, and deliver her from her raſh ſuitors! may your eyes ſee, and your hands embrace the ſage Ulyſſes, and may he find in you a ſon equal to him in wiſdom! But in your good fortune remember and never ceaſe to love the unhappy Narbal.

When he had uttered theſe words, I bedewed him with my tears without replying: Profound ſighs prevented my ſpeaking: We embraced in ſilence. He led me to the ſhip; he remained on the ſhore, and when the bark ſailed, we did not ceaſe to look at, as long as we could ſee, each other.

End of the Third Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FOURTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypſo interrupts Telemachus that he may repoſe himſelf. Mentor blames him in private for having undertaken the relation of his adventures, but adviſes him to conclude ſince he has begun it. Telemachus relates that in his voyage from Tyre to the iſle of Cyprus, he had a dream wherein he ſaw Venus and Cupid, againſt whom Minerva protected him; that he afterwards fancied he ſaw Mentor likewiſe, exhorting him to fly from the iſle of Cyprus; that when he awaked, the ſhip would have been loſt in a ſtorm, if he had not himſelf taken the helm, becauſe the Cyprians being drowned in wine were not in a condition to ſave it; that at his arrival in the iſland he beheld with horror the moſt contagious examples of vice; that Hazael the Syrian, whoſe ſlave Mentor was now become, happening to be at Cyprus at the ſame time, reſtored him his wiſe guide, and took them both on board his ſhip to carry them to Crete, and that in this paſſage they ſaw the glorious ſight of Amphitrite drawn in her chariot by ſea-horſes.

AND now Calypſo, who had hitherto continued motionleſs and tranſported with pleaſure in hearing Telemachus's adventures, interrupted him, that he

might take ſome repoſe. It is time for you, ſaid ſhe, to go and enjoy the ſweets of ſleep after ſo many toils. You have nothing to apprehend here; every thing is favourable to you; give a looſe therefore to joy, and taſte of peace, and of all the other bleſſings which the gods are ready to heap upon you. To-morrow when Aurora with her roſy fingers opens the golden gates of the eaſt, and the ſteeds of the ſun, ſpringing from the briny waves, ſpread the flames of day, and chace before them all the ſtars of heaven, we will reſume, my dear Telemachus, the ſtory of your misfortunes. Never did your father equal you in wiſdom and courage. Neither Achilles who conquered Hector, nor Theſeus who returned from hell, nor even the great Alcides who purged the earth of ſo many monſters, ever diſcovered ſuch fortitude and virtue. May a ſound ſleep make the night ſeem ſhort to you; but alas! how tedious will it be to me! How ſhall I long to ſee you, to hear you again, to make you repeat what I know already, and to ask you what I know not yet! Go, my dear Telemachus, with the wiſe Mentor whom the gods have reſtored to you, go into this retired grotto, where every thing is prepared for your repoſe. May Morpheus ſhed his ſweeteſt charms on your heavy eye-lids; may he cauſe a heavenly vapour to glide through all your weary limbs, and ſend you pleaſant dreams, which hovering around you, may ſoothe your ſenſes by the moſt ſmiling images, and chace far from you whatever might awake you too early.

The goddeſs herſelf conducted Telemachus to this grotto, which was ſeparated from her own, but altogether as rural and pleaſant. A fountain, gliding in a corner, gently murmured and invited ſleep. The nymphs had here prepared two ſoft and verdant beds, and covered them with two large skins, one with a lion's for Telemachus, the other with a bear's for Mentor.

Mentor, before he ſuffered ſleep to cloſe his eyes, thus addreſſed Telemachus. The pleaſure of relating your ſto-

ry has carried you too far; you have charmed the goddeſs by diſplaying the dangers from which your courage and dexterity have delivered you; you have thereby only the more enflamed her heart, and prepared a more dangerous captivity for yourſelf. How can you expect that ſhe will let you depart from her iſland now you have enchanted her by the recital of your adventures? Vanity has made you ſpeak imprudently. She promiſed to relate ſome adventures to you, and to inform you of the fortunes of Ulyſſes; but ſhe found the means of talking a great while without ſaying any thing, and engaged you to tell her all ſhe deſires to know: ſuch is the art of flattering and enamoured women. When, Telemachus, will you be ſo wiſe as never to talk out of vanity, and to conceal the ſhining parts of your ſtory, when it is of no ſervice to reveal them? Others admire your wiſdom at an age when it is excuſeable to want it; but, as for me, I can pardon you nothing; I am the only one who knows and loves you enough to tell you of all your faults. How far are you ſtill from being as wiſe as your father!

How! replied Telemachus, could I refuſe to relate my misfortunes to Calypſo? No, anſwered Mentor, it was neceſſary to relate them; but you ſhould have mentioned ſuch things only as might have inſpired her with pity. You might have told her that you was one while a wanderer, then a captive in Sicily, and afterwards in Egypt. This would have been ſufficient, and all the reſt ſerved but to enflame the poiſon which already rages in her heart. The gods grant that yours may be preſerved from it!

But what ſhall I do now, continued Telemachus, in a modeſt and ſubmiſſive manner? It is now too late, replied Mentor, to conceal the ſequel of your adventures; ſhe knows too much of them already to be capable of being deceived in what is to come; your reſerve would only provoke her. To-morrow therefore conclude your narrative of all that the gods have

done in your favour, and learn another time to ſpeak with more reſerve of things which may tend to your own praiſe. Telemachus received this good advice kindly, and they both betook themſelves to reſt.

As ſoon as Phœbus had ſhed his earlieſt rays on the earth, Mentor hearing the voice of the goddeſs calling her nymphs in the grove, awakened Telemachus. It is time, ſaid he, to ſhake off ſleep. Come, let us return to Calypſo, but be upon your guard againſt the honey of her words; let the door of your heart be continually ſhut againſt her, and dread the inſinuating poiſon of her praiſes. She yeſterday extolled you above your wiſe father, the invincible Achilles, the famous Theſeus, and Hercules who is become immortal. Did you not perceive how exceſſive ſuch commendations are? or did you believe what ſhe ſaid? Know that ſhe does not believe it herſelf. She praiſes you only becauſe ſhe thinks you weak and vain enough to be impoſed upon by praiſes which bear no proportion to your actions.

This ſaid, they went where the goddeſs was waiting for them. She ſmiled when ſhe ſaw them, concealing under an appearance of joy the fear and inquietude of her heart; for ſhe foreſaw that Telemachus, conducted by Mentor, would eſcape from her as Ulyſſes had done. Make haſte, ſaid ſhe, my dear Telemachus, to ſatisfy my curioſity; I ſaw you, methought, all the night departing from Phœnicia, and going to try your fortune in the iſland of Cyprus. Give me an account therefore of your voyage, and let us not loſe a moment. They then ſate down, in a ſhady grove, on the graſs enamelled with violets.

Calypſo could not forbear continually caſting tender and paſſionate looks on Telemachus, nor ſee without indignation that Mentor watched even the leaſt motion of her eyes. Mean while all the nymphs were ſilent, and leaning forwards to liſten, formed a kind of ſemi-circle in order to hear and ſee the better. The eyes of the

aſſembly were immoveable, and fixed on Telemachus, who with downcaſt eyes and graceful bluſhes, thus reſumed the thread of his ſtory.

The gentle breath of a favourable wind had hardly filled our ſails, when the coaſt of Phœnicia diſappeared. As I was with Cyprians, whoſe manners I was a ſtranger to, I reſolved to ſay nothing, to make my remarks on every thing, and obſerve all the rules of diſcretion to gain their eſteem. But during my ſilence, I was ſeized with a ſweet and powerful ſleep; my ſenſes were bound up and ſuſpended, my ſoul was ſerene, and my heart overflowed with joy. All of a ſudden methought I ſaw Venus cleave the clouds in her flying chariot drawn by a pair of doves. She had all that radiant beauty, that lively youth, thoſe tender graces which were ſeen in her when ſhe ſprung from the froth of the ocean, and dazzled the eyes of Jupiter himſelf. She deſcended all at once with the utmoſt rapidity, laid her hand upon my ſhoulder with a ſmile, and calling me by my name, uttered theſe words: Young Greek, you are going to enter my empire, you will ſoon arrive at the happy iſland, where pleaſures, ſmiles, and wanton ſports ſpring up under my footſteps. There ſhall you burn perfumes on my altars, there ſhall you plunge into rivers of delight. Let the ſweeteſt hopes dilate your heart, and beware of reſiſting the moſt potent of all the goddeſſes, who deſigns to make you happy.

At the ſame time I perceived her ſon Cupid fluttering his little wings, and hovering round his mother. Though he had the fondneſs, the graces, the ſprightlineſs of a child in his face, yet had he I know not what in his piercing eyes which made me tremble. He ſmiled when he looked upon me, but his ſmiles were malicious, ſcornful and cruel. He drew out of his golden quiver the ſharpeſt of his arrows, he bent his bow, and was aiming at my heart, when Minerva ſuddenly appeared and covered me with her Ægis. The counte-

nance of this goddeſs had not thoſe effeminate charms and that amorous langour which I obſerved in Venus's face and air. On the contrary, Minerva was a plain, careleſs, modeſt beauty; all was grave, manly, noble, full of ſtrength and majeſty. Cupid's arrow not being able to pierce the Ægis, and falling to the ground, he ſighed bitterly through indignation, and was aſhamed to ſee himſelf vanquiſhed. Begone, Minerva cried, begone, raſh boy; thou never wilt conquer but ignoble ſouls, who prize thy ſhameful pleaſures more than wiſdom, virtue and glory. The god of love, provoked at theſe words, betook himſelf to flight; and Venus re-aſcending to Olympus, I ſaw her chariot and doves a long while in a gold and azure cloud; at length ſhe diſappeared, and then turning my eyes to the earth, I beheld Minerva no more.

I was, methought, afterwards tranſported into ſuch a delightful garden as men deſcribe the Elyſian fields to be. There I found Mentor, who ſaid, fly this cruel country, this infectious iſland, where all breathe nothing but voluptuouſneſs; where the moſt heroic virtue has reaſon to tremble, and can ſave itſelf only by flight. As ſoon as I ſaw him, I attempted to throw myſelf on his neck and embrace him; but I perceived that my feet were not able to move, that my knees failed under me, and that my hands endeavouring to lay hold of Mentor, purſued an empty ſhadow, which continually eluded my graſp. As I was making this effort, I awaked, and perceived that this myſterious dream was a divine admonition. I felt myſelf inſpired with a firm reſolution againſt pleaſure, with a diffidence of myſelf, and a deteſtation of the effeminate life of the Cyprians. But what pierced me to the heart, was my thinking that Mentor was dead, that he had paſſed the Stygian lake, and was become an inhabitant of the happy manſions of the juſt.

This thought made me ſhed a torrent of tears. I was aſked why I wept. Tears, ſaid I, but too well be-

come a wretched ſtranger, who wanders without hopes of ever ſeeing his country again. In the mean time all the Cyprians who were in the ſhip, abandoned themſelves to the moſt extravagant mirth. The rowers, averſe to labour, ſlept on their oars; the pilot, crowned with flowers, left the helm; and holding in his hand an enormous bowl of wine which he had almoſt emptied, he and all the reſt of the crew, tranſported with the fury of Bacchus, ſung ſuch ſongs in honour of Venus and Cupid as would excite horror in all lovers of virtue.

While they were thus forgetful of the dangers of the ſea, a ſudden ſtorm troubled the heavens and the waters. The looſened winds furiouſly bellowed in the ſails, and the black billows beat againſt the ſides of the bark, which groned beneath their ſtrokes. Sometimes we rode on the back of the ſwelling waves; ſometimes the ſea ſeeming to ſlip from under the veſſel, plunged us down a bottomleſs gulph, and cloſe by us we beheld ſeveral rocks, on which the angry ſurge broke with an horrible roar. Then I learnt by experience what Mentor had often told me, that men of diſſolute and pleaſurable lives are cowards in times of danger. All our dejected Cyprians wept like women; I heard but woful cries, but ſad laments for the loſt ſweets of life, and vain vows of ſacrifices to the gods, if they arrived at their port. No one had preſence of mind enough either to work the ſhip himſelf, or to command others to do it. Thinking it my duty to ſave the lives of the reſt as well as my own, I took the helm in my hand, becauſe the pilot, diſordered with wine, like a Bacchanal, was not in a condition to be ſenſible of the danger the veſſel was in; I encouraged the affrighted ſea-men, and ordered them to take down the ſails. They plyed their oars with great vigour; we ſteered between the rocks, and had a near proſpect of all the horrors of death.

This adventure ſeeming like a dream to all thoſe who owed the preſervation of their lives to me, they looked upon me with aſtoniſhment. We arrived at the

iſle of Cyprus in the vernal month which is ſacred to Venus. This ſeaſon, ſay the Cyprians, properly belongs to this goddeſs; for it ſeems to animate all nature, and to give birth to pleaſures and flowers together.

On my arrival at this iſland, I perceived a mildneſs in the air, which rendered the body ſlothful and inactive, but inſpired gaiety and wantonneſs. The country, though naturally fruitful and pleaſant, was, I obſerved, almoſt wholly uncultivated, ſo greatly were the inhabitants averſe to labour. I ſaw on all ſides women and maidens gorgeouſly attired, ſinging the praiſes of Venus, and going to devote themſelves to the ſervice of her temple. Beauty, the graces, joy, pleaſure ſhone equally in their faces; but their charms were too affected, and there was none of that noble ſimplicity, that amiable modeſty, which is the greateſt allurement of beauty. Their ſoft air, the ſtudied adjuſtment of their looks, their vain attire, their languiſhing gait, their eyes which ſeemed to purſue thoſe of the men, their jealouſies among themſelves about kindling the greateſt paſſions; in a word, all that I ſaw in theſe women, appeared to me vile and contemptible: Their immoderate deſires to pleaſe excited my averſion.

I was conducted to the goddeſs's temple: ſhe has ſeveral in that iſland; for ſhe is particularly worſhipped at Cythera, Idalia, and Paphos: it was to Cythera that I was conducted. The temple is all marble, and a perfect periſtile. Its large and lofty pillars render the fabric exceedingly majeſtic. On each front, above the architrave and freeze, are large pediments, on which are repreſented in bas-relief all the moſt agreeable adventures of the goddeſs. At the gate there is continually a croud of people who come to make their offerings. Within the encloſure of this ſacred place no victim is ever ſlain, no fat of bulls and heifers is burnt as elſewhere, nor is their blood ever ſpilt there: the beaſts which are offered, are only preſented before the altar, and none can be offered which are not young, white, and without ble-

miſh or imperfection: they are crowned with purple fillets, embroidered with gold; their horns are gilt and adorned with noſegays of odoriferous flowers, and when they have been preſented before the altar, they are ſent back to a retired place, where they are ſlain for the banquets of the goddeſs's prieſts.

Here alſo are offered all ſorts of perfumed liquors, and wine more delicious than nectar. The prieſts are clad in long white robes with girdles of gold, and fringes of the ſame at the bottom of their veſtments. The moſt exquiſite perfumes of the eaſt are burning night and day on the altars, and form a kind of cloud which aſcends to heaven. All the columns of the temple are adorned with pendant feſtoons; all the vaſes which are uſed in the ſacrifices, are gold, and a ſacred grove of myrtle ſurrounds the edifice. None but boys and girls of extraordinary beauty may preſent the victims to the prieſts, or preſume to kindle the fire of the altars. But immodeſty and laſciviouſneſs diſhonour this magnificent temple.

At firſt I was ſtruck with horror at what I ſaw; but I inſenſibly began to grow familiar with it. I was no longer ſtartled at vice; all companies inſpired me with I know not what inclination to intemperance; my innocence was laughed at, and my ſobriety and modeſty ſerved for a jeſt to this ſhameleſs people. They tried all arts to ſtir up my paſſions, to enſnare me, and to awaken my appetite for pleaſure. I found that I loſt ſtrength daily; my good education could ſcare ſuſtain me any longer; all my virtuous reſolutions vaniſhed; I had no power to reſiſt the evil which preſſed me on all ſides, and was even aſhamed of virtue: I was like a man ſwimming in a deep and rapid river; at firſt he cleaves the waves and aſcends againſt the ſtream, but if the banks are ſteep, and he cannot reſt himſelf on the ſhore, he at length tires by degrees, his ſtrength forſakes him, his limbs ſtiffen with fatigue, and the torrent hurries him away: Thus my eyes began to grow dim, my heart

failed within me, and I no longer ſummoned my reaſon to my aid, nor the memory of my father's virtues. The dream wherein I thought I ſaw Mentor in the Elyſian fields, completed my dejection; a ſilent ſoothing langour poſſeſſed me entirely. I already cheriſhed the flattering poiſon, which glided from vein to vein, and penetrated even to the marrow in my bones. I fetched however the profoundeſt ſighs; I ſhed the bittereſt tears, and roared like a lion in his fury. O wretched condition of youth, ſaid I! Ye gods, who cruelly ſport with men, why do you make them paſs through that age which is a time of folly, or a burning fever? O! why am I not covered with ſilver hairs, bowed down and dropping into the grave, like my grandſire Laertes? Death would be welcomer to me than the ſhameful weakneſs I now feel.

I had hardly ſpoken thus, but my grief began to abate, and my heart intoxicated with extravagant paſſion ſhook off almoſt all ſenſe of ſhame; I was afterwards plunged into an abyſs of remorſe. In this diſorder I wandered up and down the ſacred grove, like a hind which the hunter has wounded: ſhe flies through the ſpacious foreſt to eaſe her pain; but the arrow which ſticks in her ſide, purſues her every where: ſhe every where bears the murderous ſhaft. Thus did I vainly run to forget myſelf, for nothing could ſoothe the wound in my heart.

In the dark ſhade of this grove I ſuddenly perceived at ſome diſtance from me the form of the ſage Mentor; but his viſage ſeemed ſo pale, ſo ſad and auſtere that it gave no joy at all. Is it you then, my dear friend, my only hope? Is it you? What! you yourſelf? Does not a flattering image delude my eyes? Is it you, Mentor? Is it not your ſhade, ſtill ſenſible to my woes? Are you not in the number of happy ſouls, who enjoy the fruits of their virtue, and on whom the gods beſtow uncorrupted pleaſures, and an eternal peace in the fields of Elyſium? Say, Mentor, do you ſtill live? Am I ſo hap-

py as to poſſeſs you, or are you only the ſhade of my friend? As I ſpoke theſe words, I run towards him with ſuch eagerneſs and tranſport that I was quite out of breath: he calmly waited for me, without taking a ſingle ſtep to meet me. Ye know, ye gods! how great was my joy, when I found that my hands touched him! No, it is not an empty ſhadow; I hold him, I embrace him, my dear Mentor! It was thus that I exclaimed; I bedewed his face with a flood of tears, and hung about his neck without being able to ſpeak. He beheld me with eyes of ſadneſs and tender compaſſion.

At length I ſaid, Alas! whence come you? What dangers have I not been expoſed to in your abſence, and what could I now do without you? But he without anſwering my queſtions, cried with a terrible voice, Fly, fly hence with ſpeed. This earth bears no fruit but poiſon; the air you breathe is tainted; the men are infectious, and ſpeak not but to communicate their deadly venom. Baſe and infamous voluptuouſneſs, the moſt horrible evil which iſſued from Pandora's box, enervates the ſoul and ſuffers no virtue here. Fly; what do you wait for? Do not ſo much as look behind you in your flight; efface even the ſlighteſt rememberance of this execrable iſland.

He ſaid; and I immediately perceived as it were a thick cloud diſperſing from before my eyes, and beheld the pure light. Serene joy and manly fortitude revived in my heart; a joy very different from that effeminate and wanton joy which had poiſoned my ſenſes: one is the joy of drunkenneſs and revelling, and is interrupted by raging paſſions and ſtinging remorſe; the other is the joy of reaſon, and is accompanied with ſomething bleſſed and celeſtial; it is always pure, equal, and inexhauſtible; the deeper one plunges into it, the ſweeter it is; it raviſhes the ſoul without diſcompoſing it. I then ſhed tears of joy, and found that nothing is ſo delightful as ſuch tears. O happy they, ſaid I, to whom virtue reveals herſelf in all her beauty! Can they ſee her

and not love her? Can they love her, and not be happy?

Mentor ſaid, I muſt leave you; I muſt depart this moment; I am not permitted to ſtay. Where are you going, cried I? To what uninhabitable country will I not follow you? Think not to eſcape me; I will rather die at your feet. As I ſpoke theſe words, I held him locked in my arms with all my ſtrength. You hope in vain, ſaid he, to detain me. The cruel Metophis ſold me to certain Æthiopians or Arabs, and they going to trade at Damaſcus in Syria, determined to ſell me again, imagining they could get a large ſum for me of one Hazael, who was enquiring for a Greek ſlave to teach him the manners of Greece, and to inſtruct him in our ſciences. And indeed Hazael bought me at a great price. What I have taught him of our cuſtoms, excited his curioſity to go to the iſland of Crete, to ſtudy the wiſe laws of Minos. During our voyage the winds conſtrained us to put in at the iſle of Cyprus; while we were waiting for a favourable gale, he came to make his offerings in the temple: lo! he is coming out of it. The winds call us, and already ſwell our ſails. Adieu, my dear Telemachus; a ſlave who fears the gods ought faithfully to attend his maſter. The gods no longer permit me to be at my own diſpoſal; they know, if I were, that I ſhould be wholly at yours. Farewel, remember the toils of Ulyſſes, Penelope's tears, and the righteous gods. O ye immortal protectors of innocence, in what a clime am I conſtrained to leave Telemachus!

No, no, ſaid I, my dear Mentor, it ſhall not be in your power to leave me here: I will ſooner die than ſee you depart without me. Is this Syrian maſter inexorable? Was he ſuckled by a tygreſs in his infancy? Will he tear you out of my arms? He muſt kill me, or ſuffer me to go with you. You yourſelf exhort me to fly, and yet will not let me fly by following you. I will go and ſpeak to Hazael, who perhaps will pity my youth and my tears: ſince he loves wiſdom, and is going ſo

11
56
OCT

Pl. III.

R. Cooper Sculp.

far in ſearch of it, he cannot have a ſavage and inſenſible heart. I will throw myſelf at his feet, I will embrace his knees, I will not ſuffer him to go, 'till he has given me leave to attend you. My dear Mentor, I will make myſelf a ſlave with you, I will offer myſelf to him; if he rejects me, my fate is determined; I will lay down the burden of life.

Hazael at this inſtant called Mentor; I proſtrated myſelf before him, and he was ſurpriſed to ſee a ſtranger in this poſture. What would you have, ſaid he? Life, replied I; for I cannot live, unleſs you permit me to accompany your ſlave Mentor. I am the ſon of the great Ulyſſes, the wiſeſt of all the kings of Greece, who deſtroyed the haughty city of Troy, ſo famous throughout all Aſia. I tell you my birth not out of vanity, but only to move you to pity my misfortunes. I have ſought my father in every ſea, accompanied by this man, who was another father to me. Fortune, to fill up the meaſure of my woes, tore him from me, and made him your ſlave; ſuffer me to be ſo too. If it be true that you are a lover of juſtice, and going to Crete to learn the laws of good king Minos, harden not your heart againſt my ſighs and my tears. You ſee the ſon of a prince, reduced to ſue for ſlavery as his only refuge, though in Sicily he heretofore deſired death to avoid it; but my former calamities were only faint eſſays of the outrages of fortune: I now tremble leſt I ſhould not be received into the number of ſlaves. Ye gods! behold my diſtreſs, and O Hazael! remember that Minos, whoſe wiſdom you admire, will judge us both in the kingdom of Pluto.

Hazael viewing me with a benign and humane aſpect, ſtretched forth his hand and raiſed me up. I am no ſtranger, ſaid he, to the wiſdom and virtue of Ulyſſes; Mentor has often mentioned the glory he acquired among the Greeks; and beſides, ſwift-winged fame has ſounded his renown through all the nations of the eaſt. Follow me, thou ſon of Ulyſſes, I will be your father

till you find him who gave you life Though I were not moved with your father's glory, with his calamities nor yours, yet would my friendſhip for Mentor engage me to take care of you I purchaſed him indeed as a ſlave, but I detain him as my faithful friend: the money he coſt me, has gained me the deareſt and moſt valuable friend I have in the world. I perceived that he was wiſe, and am indebted to him for whatever love I may have of virtue. From this moment he is free, you ſhall be ſo too; I aſk nothing of either of you but your hearts.

I paſſed in an inſtant from the bittereſt woe to the moſt raviſhing joy that mortals are capable of feeling. I ſaw myſelf delivered from a moſt dreadful danger; I was approaching my country; I was aſſiſted in my return to it, and had the conſolation of being with a man who already loved me through a pure affection for virtue. In ſhort, I found every thing in finding Mentor, and in not being to part with him again.

Hazael advances towards the ſhore; we follow and embark with him. The rowers cleave the peaceful waves; a gentle zephir plays in our ſails, animates the whole bark, and gives it a pleaſing motion. The iſle of Cyprus quickly diſappears. Hazael, impatient to know my ſentiments, aſked me what I thought of the manners of this iſland. I ingenuouſly told him to what dangers my youth had been expoſed, and the conflict I had endured in my own boſom. He was touched with my abhorrence of vice, and ſpoke theſe words: O Venus, I own your power and that of your ſon; I have burnt incenſe on your altars; but give me leave to deteſt the infamous effeminacy of the inhabitants of your iſland, and the brutiſh impudence with which they celebrate your feſtivals.

Afterwards he diſcourſed with Mentor of the firſt cauſe which formed the heavens and the earth; of that infinite unchangeable light, which is communicated to all without being divided; of that ſovereign univerſal

truth which illuminates all ſpirits, as the ſun illuminates all bodies. The man, added he, who has never ſeen this pure light, is as blind as one who is born blind; he paſſes his life in profound darkneſs, like the nations which the ſun enlightens not for ſeveral months in the year. He thinks himſelf wiſe and is a fool; he thinks he ſees all things, and ſees nothing, and dies without having ſeen any thing: At moſt, he perceives but glimmering and falſe lights, vain ſhadows, and phantoms that have nothing of reality. Such is the condition of all who are carried away by the pleaſures of ſenſe, and the allurements of imagination. There are not in the world who deſerve the name of men, except thoſe who conſult, who love and obey this eternal reaſon. It is that which inſpires us with good thoughts; it is that which reproves us for our ill ones. We are indebted to it for our underſtanding as well as for our lives; it is like a great ocean of light, and our ſouls are like rivulets which flow from it, and ebb into and are loſt in it again.

Though I did not perfectly comprehend the wiſdom of this diſcourſe, yet I taſted in it I know not what of pure and ſublime; my heart was warmed with it, and truth methought ſhone in every word. They proceeded to ſpeak of the origin of the gods, of heroes, of poets, of the golden age, of the deluge, of the earlieſt hiſtories of mankind, of the river of oblivion in which the ſouls of the dead are plunged, of the eternal pains prepared for the wicked in the diſmal gulph of Tartarus, and of the bleſſed tranquillity which the juſt enjoy in the Elyſian fields, without any apprehenſion of loſing it.

While Hazael and Mentor were diſcourſing together, we perceived ſeveral dolphins, whoſe ſcales ſeemed gold and azure, ſwelling the waves and making them foam with their ſportings. After them came Tritons blowing their writhen ſhells, and ſurrounding Amphitrite's chariot; which was drawn by ſea-horſes, that were whiter than ſnow, that ploughed the briny waves, and left a

deep furrow far behind them in the ſea. Their eyes flamed, and foam iſſued from their mouths. The goddeſs's car was a ſhell of a marvellous form; it was of a more ſhining white than ivory; its wheels were of gold, and it ſeemed to ſkim the peaceful ſurface of the deep. Nymphs crowned with flowers, whoſe lovely treſſes flowed over their ſhoulders and waved with the winds, ſwam in ſhoals behind it. The goddeſs had in one hand a ſcepter of gold to command the waves, and with the other held on her knees the little god Palæmon her ſon, who hung at her breaſt. She had ſuch ſerenity, ſuch ſweetneſs and majeſty in her countenance, that every ſeditious wind and lowering tempeſt fled before her. Tritons guided the ſteeds, and held the golden reins. A large purple ſail waved in the air above the car, and was gently ſwelled by a multitude of little Zephirs who ſtrove to blow it forwards with their breath. In the midſt of the air Æolus was ſeen buſy, reſtleſs, vehement. His wrinkled face and ſour looks, his threatening voice, his long buſhy eye-brows, and the gloomy fire and ſeverity of his eyes ſilenced the fierce north-winds, and drove back all the clouds. Immenſe whales and all the monſters of the deep, whoſe noſtrils made the briny wave to ebb and flow, iſſued in haſte from their profound grottoes to view the goddeſs.

End of the Fourth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the FIFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that he was informed, on his arrival in Crete, that Idomeneus, king of that iſland, had ſacrificed his only ſon to fulfil a raſh vow; that the Cretans reſolving to revenge the ſon's blood, had conſtrain-ſtrained the father to quit their country, and were after long debates actually aſſembled to elect another king. Telemachus adds that he was admitted into this aſſembly; that he there obtained the prizes in ſeveral games; that he ſolved the queſtions left by Minos in his book of laws, and that the old men, who were the rulers of the iſland, and all the people ſeeing his wiſdom, would have made him their king.

AFTER we had admired this ſight, we began to diſcover the mountains of Crete, which we could yet hardly diſtinguiſh from the clouds of the heaven and the billows of the ſea. We ſoon diſcovered the top of mount Ida above the other mountains of the iſland: So an old ſtag in a foreſt carries his branchy head above thoſe of the ſurrounding fawns. By degrees we ſaw more diſtinctly the coaſt of the iſland, which preſented itſelf to us like an Amphitheatre. As

much as the lands of Cyprus had appeared uncultivated and neglected, did these of Crete seem fertile, and adorned with all sorts of fruits by the labour of the inhabitants.

On all sides we observed well built villages, stately cities, and towns which were equal to cities. We found no field on which the hand of the industrious husbandman was not imprinted; the plough had every where left indented furrows: briars, thorns, and all plants that unprofitably incumber the ground, are unknown in this country. We viewed with pleasure the hollow vallies, where herds of oxen were lowing in fat pastures along the banks of the rivers; the sheep feeding on the side of the hills; the spacious plains covered with golden ears, the rich presents of fruitful Ceres; and the mountains adorned with vines, whose clustering grapes, already of a bluish hue, promised the vintagers the delicious gifts of Bacchus to soothe the cares of men.

Mentor said that he had formerly been in Crete, and informed us of all he knew of it. This island, said he, admired by all strangers and famous for its hundred cities, easily maintains all its inhabitants, though they are innumerable; for the earth is never weary of pouring her blessings on those who cultivate her: Her fruitful bosom is inexhaustible; the more inhabitants there are in a country, the more they abound, provided they are industrious: they have never any occasion to be jealous of each other. Our bountiful mother earth multiplies her gifts according to the number of her children that merit her fruits by their labour. The ambition and avarice of men are the only sources of their misery. Men covet all, and make themselves wretched by their desires of superfluities; if they would live in a plain and simple manner, and be contented with satisfying their real wants, we should every where see plenty, joy, peace, and concord.

This Minos, the wisest and best of kings, understood. All that you will see most admirable in this island, is the

fruit of his laws. The education he preſcribed for children, renders their bodies healthful and robuſt: they are accuſtomed betimes to a plain, frugal and laborious life; it is a maxim among the Cretans that all pleaſures enervate both the body and mind, and the only pleaſure which they ever propoſe to their children is that of being invincible in virtue, and of acquiring glory. Courage is not ſolely placed in deſpiſing death amidſt the dangers of war, but alſo in trampling great riches and ſhameful pleaſures under foot. Three vices are puniſhed here, which are not puniſhed in other nations, ingratitude, diſſimulation and avarice.

As for extravagance and luxury, there is no need to ſuppreſs them; for they are unknown in Crete: here every one works without ſtudying to enrich himſelf, and thinks that he is ſufficiently recompenſed for his pains by an eaſy and regular way of living, wherein he enjoys in peace and plenty all that is really neceſſary to life. Coſtly furniture is not allowed here, nor magnificent attire, nor ſumptuous feaſts, nor gilded palaces. Their clothes are of fine wool and of a beautiful colour, but quite plain and without embroidery. Their meals are temperate; they drink but little wine at them, and their chief ingredient is good bread, together with the fruits which the trees yield as it were ſpontaneouſly, and the milk of their flocks and herds: at moſt, they only eat coarſe meat, and that too is plainly dreſſed; for they carefully reſerve the beſt of their oxen for the improvement of agriculture. Their houſes are neat, convenient, pleaſant; but without ornaments: not that magnificent architecture is unknown to them, but they apply it only to the temples of the gods; men are not allowed to have manſions like thoſe of the immortals. The great riches of the Cretans are health, ſtrength, courage, the peace and union of families, the liberty of all the citizens, a plenty of neceſſaries, a contempt of ſuperfluities, an habit of labour, an abhorrence of

idleneſs, an emulation in virtue, a ſubmiſſion to the laws, and a fear of the righteous gods.

I aſked him in what the king's authority conſiſted. The king, replied he, is abſolute over the people, but the laws are abſolute over him. He has an unlimited power to do good, but his hands are tied when he would do evil. The laws commit the people as the moſt precious of all truſts to his care, on condition that he ſhall be their father. They ordain that a ſingle perſon ſhall by his wiſdom and moderation promote the felicity of multitudes, and not that multitudes by their miſery and baſe ſlavery ſhould ſerve to flatter the pride and luxury of a ſingle perſon. The king is to have nothing more than others, except what is neceſſary either to relieve him in his painful duties, or to imprint on the people a reſpect for him who is to maintain the laws. Nay, the king is to be more temperate, more averſe to luxury, to pomp and pride than any other. He is not to have more riches or pleaſures, but more wiſdom, virtue and glory than the reſt of men. Abroad he is to be the defender of his country, by commanding its armies; and to be the judge of the people at home, in order to render them good, wiſe and happy. It is not for his own ſake that the gods made him king; he is ſo only to be the ſervant of the people: to them he owes all his time, all his cares, all his affection; and he is only ſo far worthy of royalty, as he forgets and ſacrifices himſelf to the good of the public. Minos ordained that his children ſhould not reign after him, unleſs they reigned according to theſe maxims; for he loved his people more than his family. It was by this wiſe conduct that he rendered Crete ſo powerful and happy; it was by this moderation that he eclipſed the glory of all the conquerors who aim at making the people ſubſervient to their own grandeur, that is to ſay, to their vanity: In a word, it was by his juſtice that he deſerved to be in hell the ſupreme judge of the dead.

Whilſt Mentor was diſcourſing thus, we arrived at

the iſland: where we ſaw the famous labyrinth made by the ingenious Dædalus, in imitation of the great one which we had ſeen in Egypt. Whilſt we were viewing this curious edifice, we obſerved multitudes of people on the ſhore running to a place near the ſea-ſide; we aſked the cauſe of their hurry, and the following account was given us by one Nauſicrates a Cretan.

Idomeneus, the ſon of Deucalion and grand-ſon of Minos, ſaid he, went like the other kings of Greece to the ſiege of Troy. After the deſtruction of that city, he ſet ſail to return to Crete; but he was overtaken by ſo violent a ſtorm, that the pilot of the ſhip, and all other experienced navigators, thought that they ſhould inevitably be wrecked. Every one had death before his eyes; every one ſaw the abyſs gaping to ſwallow him up; every one deplored his fate, deſpairing even of the ſad conſolation of ſouls which croſs the Styx after their bodies have been buried. Idomeneus lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, invoked Neptune: O powerful God! cried he, thou who ſwayeſt the wavy empire, deign to hear a wretched mortal! If thou giveſt me to ſee the iſland of Crete again in ſpite of the raging winds, to thee will I ſacrifice the firſt head which ſhall preſent itſelf to my eyes.

Mean while the ſon, impatient to ſee his father again, haſtened to meet and embrace him. Unhappy youth! who knew not that he was running to his deſtruction. The father having eſcaped the tempeſt, arrived at the deſired port, and thanked Neptune for hearing his vows; but he ſoon found how fatal they were to be to him. A foreboding of his misfortune made him bitterly repent of his indiſcreet vow; he was afraid of arriving amongſt his own ſubjects, and apprehenſive of ſeeing what was deareſt to him in the world. But cruel Nemeſis, an inexorable goddeſs, who lies in wait to puniſh men, and eſpecially haughty kings, puſhed Idomeneus on with a fatal and inviſible hand. He arrives; he hardly dares to lift up his eyes; he ſees his

ſon; he ſtarts back with horror, and vainly looks about for ſome other leſs dear head to ſerve him for a victim. Mean while the ſon throws himſelf on his neck, and is quite aſtoniſhed at his father's cold returns to his fondneſs, and at ſeeing him diſſolve into tears.

O my father, ſaid he, whence this ſadneſs? After ſo long an abſence are you ſorry to ſee your kingdom again, and to be the joy of your ſon? What have I done? You turn away you eyes leſt you ſhould ſee me. The father oppreſt with grief, made no reply. At laſt after many profound ſighs, he ſaid, Ah! Neptune, what have I promiſed you? At what a price have you ſaved me from ſhipwreck? Give me back to the waves and the rocks, which ought to daſh me in pieces and end my wretched life; let my ſon live. O cruel god! here, take my blood, and ſpare his. As he ſpoke thus, he drew his ſword to kill himſelf; but thoſe about him, held his hand. Old Sophronymus, an interpreter of the will of the gods, aſſured him that he might ſatisfy Neptune without putting his ſon to death. Your vow, ſaid he, was imprudent: the gods will not be honoured by cruelty; beware of adding to your criminal promiſe the crime of fulfilling it contrary to the laws of nature; offer an hundred bulls whiter than ſnow to Neptune; let their blood ſtream around his flowery altar, and let the ſweeteſt of incenſe ſmoke in his honour.

Idomeneus heard theſe words, hanging down his head and without replying. Fury was kindled in his eyes; his pale and disfigured countenance changed its colour every moment, and his limbs trembled. Meantime his ſon ſaid, Lo! father, here I am; your ſon is ready to die to appeaſe the god of the ſea; draw not his wrath upon you: I die contented, ſince my death has prevented yours. O my father! ſtrike, nor fear to find me unworthy of you, or afraid to die.

Idomeneus the ſame inſtant, quite frantic and like one torn by the infernal furies, aſtoniſhes all who were near him; he plunges his ſword into his ſon's heart;

he draws it out again, all reeking and bloody, to thruſt it into his own bowels: he is once more with-held by thoſe about him. The youth falls down in his blood; the ſhades of death overſpread his eyes; he half-opens them to the light, but as ſoon as he finds it, he can bear it no longer. As a beautiful lilly of the fields that is wounded in its root by the plough-ſhare, droops and can ſupport itſelf no longer: though it has not yet loſt its lively white and the luſtre which charms the eye, yet as the earth nouriſhes it no more, its life is extinguiſhed: So the ſon of Idomeneus, like a young and tender flower, is cruelly mowen down in his bloom of life. The father grows ſtupid through exceſs of grief; he knows not where he is, nor what he does, nor what he ought to do; he goes ſtaggering towards the city, and aſks for his ſon.

Mean while the people, moved with compaſſion for the ſon, and with horror at the barbarous action of the father, cry out, The juſt gods have delivered him up to the furies. Rage furniſhes them with arms; they ſeize on ſticks and ſtones, and diſcord breathes its deadly venom into all their hearts. The Cretans, the wiſe Cretans, forget the wiſdom they ſo much loved, and no longer acknowlege the grand-ſon of the ſage Minos. Idomeneus's friends find no ſafety for him but in leading him back to his ſhips; they embark with him, and commit themſelves to the mercy of the waves. Idomeneus coming to himſelf, thanks them for ſnatching him from a country which he had watered with his ſon's blood and could no longer inhabit. The winds waft them to Heſperia, where they are going to found a new kingdom in the country of the Salentines.

Mean while the Cretans having no king to govern them, are come to a reſolution to elect one who will maintain the eſtabliſhed laws in all their purity; and the meaſures they have taken in order to make this choice, are theſe. All the chief inhabitants of the hundred cities are here met together; they have already o-

pened the aſſembly by ſacrifices; they have convened all the moſt famous ſages of the neighbouring countries, to inquire into the wiſdom of thoſe who ſhall appear worthy to command; they have made preparations for exhibiting public games, wherein all the candidates are to contend; for they will give the crown as a prize to him who ſhall be judged ſuperior to all others both in body and mind. They will have a king whoſe body is robuſt and active, and whoſe mind is adorned with wiſdom and virtue. All ſtrangers are invited hither.

Nauſicrates having related this ſurpriſing ſtory, ſaid, Haſten, ſtrangers, to our aſſembly; you ſhall contend with the reſt, and if the gods decree the victory to one of you, he ſhall reign in this country. We followed him not with any deſire of conqueſt, but only out of curioſity to ſee ſo extraordinary an affair.

We came to a ſort of circus, which was very large and encompaſſed with a thick wood. The middle of the circus was an arena, which was prepared for the combatants, and was ſurrounded by an amphitheatre of verdant turf, on which innumerable ſpectators were ſeated in rows. On our arrival we were received with honour; for the Cretans of all nations in the world are the moſt generous and religious obſervers of hoſpitality. They cauſed us to be ſeated, and invited us to engage in the combats. Mentor excuſed himſelf on account of his age, and Hazael on account of his ill health. My youth and vigour left me no excuſe. I glanced my eyes however upon Mentor to diſcover his thoughts, and perceived that he would have me engage. I accordingly accepted of their offer; I ſtripped myſelf of my clothes; floods of ſweet and ſhining oil were poured on all my limbs, and I mingled with the combatants. It was ſaid on all ſides, That is the ſon of Ulyſſes, who is come to contend for the prize; and ſeveral Cretans, who had ſeen me during my infancy in Ithaca, knew me again.

The firſt exerciſe was wreſtling. A Rhodian, about

five and thirty years old, threw all who ventured to engage him. He ſtill retained all the vigour of youth; his arms were nervous and brawny; at the leaſt motion he made, all his muſcles appeared, and his activity was equal to his ſtrength. Not thinking me worthy of being conquered, and beholding my tender youth with eyes of compaſſion, he was going away; but I went up to him: whereupon we ſeized each other, and preſſed the breath almoſt out of our bodies; we ſtood ſhoulder to ſhoulder and foot to foot; all our nerves were on the ſtretch, and our arms twiſted together like ſerpents, each endeavouring to lift his antagoniſt from the ground. Sometimes he attempted to throw me by ſurpriſe by puſhing me to the right ſide, and ſometimes he endeavoured to bend me to the left. Whilſt he was trying me in this manner, I ſhoved him with ſo much violence, that his loins gave way; he fell on the ſand, and drew me upon him. In vain did he endeavour to get me under him; for I held him immoveable beneath me. All the people cried, Victory to the ſon of Ulyſſes; and I helped the confounded Rhodian to get up again.

The combat of the Cæſtus was more difficult. The ſon of a rich citizen of Samos had acquired ſo high a reputation in this kind of conflict, that all others yielded to him, and there was none but I who hoped for victory. At firſt he ſtruck me ſeveral blows on the head and then on the ſtomach which made me vomit blood, and ſpread a thick cloud over my eyes. I reeled, he preſſed upon me, and my breath was gone; but I was re-animated by Mentor's crying out, O ſon of Ulyſſes will you be vanquiſhed? Anger gave me new ſtrength, and I avoided ſeveral blows which I muſt otherwiſe have ſunk under. As ſoon as the Samian had made a falſe blow at me, and while his arm was extended in vain, I ſurpriſed him in that ſtooping poſture: he was drawing back, when I lifted up my cæſtus in order to fall upon him with more force; he endeavoured to avoid me, but loſing his balance, he gave me an opportunity to throw

him down. He was hardly ſtretched on the earth, when I held out my hand to raiſe him up; he got up himſelf, beſmeared with duſt and blood, and in the utmoſt confuſion, but he did not dare to renew the combat.

Immediately after begun the chariot-races; the cars were diſtributed by lot, and mine happened to be the worſt, both as to the lightneſs of the wheels and the ſtrength of the horſes. We ſtart, and clouds of riſing duſt obſcure the heavens. At firſt I let others go before me. A young Lacedæmonian, whoſe name was Crantor, preſently left all the reſt behind him. A Cretan named Polycletus followed him cloſe. Hippomachus, a relation of Idomeneus, who aſpired to ſucceed him, giving the reins to his foaming courſers, hung over their flowing manes, and the motion of his chariot wheels was ſo rapid, that they ſeemed like the wings of an eagle cleaving the air, not to move at all. My ſteeds being warmed and brought to their wind by degrees, I left far behind me almoſt all thoſe who had ſet out with ſo much ardor. Hippomachus, Idomeneus's kinſman, driving his courſers with too much fury, the moſt fiery of them fell down, and by his fall deprived his maſter of the hopes of a crown.

Polycletus leaning too much over his horſes, could not keep himſelf faſt in a ſhock which his chariot received; he fell, the reins ſlipped out of his hands, and he was very fortunate in being able to avoid death. Crantor ſeeing, with eyes full of indignation, that I was cloſe by him, redoubled his atdor; ſometimes invoking the gods and promiſing them rich offerings, and ſometimes encouraging his ſteeds with words. He was apprehenſive leſt I ſhould paſs between the goal and him; for my horſes having been more favoured than his, were in a condition to get before him, and he could no way prevent it but by obſtructing my paſſage. To effect this, he run the riſk of breaking his car againſt the goal, and indeed he broke his wheel againſt it. I minded but to make a ſudden turn that I might not be in-

volved in his diſorder, and was in a moment at the end of the courſe. The people once again cried, Victory to the ſon of Ulyſſes; it is he whom the gods appoint to reign over us.

Then the moſt illuſtrious and wiſeſt of the Cretans conducted us into an ancient and ſacred wood, ſequeſtered from the ſight of the profane, where the elders, whom Minos had appointed judges of the people and guardians of the laws, aſſembled us together. We were the ſame who had contended in the games; no body elſe was admitted. The ſages opened the books wherein all the laws of Minos were collected together. I felt myſelf ſtricken with reſpect and awe as I approached theſe ſeniors, whom age had rendered venerable, without depriving them of their vigour of mind. They were ſeated in order, and motionleſs in their places; their hair was white, and ſeveral of them had hardly any. A ſerene and engaging wiſdom was conſpicuous in their grave countenances. They were not eager to ſpeak, and ſaid nothing but what they had weighed before. When they were of different opinions, they were ſo moderate in maintaining what they thought on either ſide, that one would have imagined they were all of the ſame mind. A long experience of things paſt, and application to buſineſs gave them a great inſight into all things; but what moſt contributed to the perfecting of their judgment, was the tranquillity of their minds, which were free from the extravagant flights and caprices of youth. Wiſdom alone operated in them, and the fruit of their long virtue was to have ſo thoroughly ſubdued their paſſions, that they taſted without alloy the ſweet ſublime pleaſure of harkening to reaſon. While I was admiring them, I wiſhed that my life could be contracted, that I might at once arrive at ſo valuable an old age, and thought that youth was unhappy in being ſo impetuous and ſo far diſtant from this enlightened and ſerene virtue.

The chief of theſe elders opened the book of the

laws of Minos. It was a large volume and was uſually locked up in a golden box with perfumes. All theſe ſeniors kiſſed it with reſpect; for they ſay that next to the gods from whom good laws proceed, nothing ought to be ſo ſacred to men as laws deſigned to render them good, wiſe and happy. Thoſe who are entruſted with the execution of the laws for the government of the people, ought always to be governed by the laws themſelves: it is the law, and not the man, which ought to reign. Such was the diſcourſe of theſe ſages. The preſident then propoſed three queſtions, which were to be reſolved by the maxims of Minos.

The firſt queſtion was, Who is the freeſt of all men? Some anſwered, that it was a king who had an abſolute dominion over his ſubjects, and was victorious over all his enemies. Others maintained, that it was a man who was ſo rich, that he could gratify all his deſires. Others ſaid that it was one who was not married, and was continually travelling during his whole life through divers countries, without ever being ſubject to the laws of any. Others imagined, that it was a Barbarian, who living by hunting in the midſt of the woods, was independent of all government and free from every want. Others believed that it was a man lately made free, becauſe by paſſing from the rigours of ſlavery, he had a quicker reliſh than any body elſe of the ſweets of liberty. And laſtly, others bethought themſelves to ſay, that it was a dying perſon, becauſe death freed him from every thing, and all mankind united had no longer any power over him.

When my turn was come, I was at no loſs for an anſwer, becauſe I had not forgot what Mentor had often told me. The freeſt of all men, ſaid I, is he who can be free even in ſlavery itſelf. In what country or condition ſoever a man may be, he is perfectly free, provided he fears the gods, and fears nothing but them: In a word, the truly free man is he, who void of all fears and all deſires, is ſubject only to the gods and reaſon. The

elders looked on each other with a ſmile, and were ſurpriſed to ſee that my anſwer was preciſely the ſame as that of Minos.

They then propoſed the ſecond queſtion in theſe words, Who is the moſt unhappy of all men? Every one ſaid what occurred to his mind. One ſaid, It is a man who hath neither money, nor health, nor honour. Another ſaid, It is one who hath no friend. Others maintained that it was a man who has ungrateful and degenerate children. There came a ſage of the iſle of Leſbos who ſaid, The muſt unhappy of all men, is he who thinks himſelf ſo; for unhappineſs ariſes leſs from what we ſuffer, than from the impatience with which we aggravate our miſery. At theſe words the whole aſſembly ſhouted, and applauded the ſage Leſbian; believing that he would carry the prize as to this queſtion. But my opinion being aſked, I anſwered, according to Mentor's maxims, The moſt unhappy of all men is a prince who thinks to be happy by rendering other men miſerable: His blindneſs doubles his unhappineſs; for not knowing his misfortune, he cannot cure himſelf of it; nay, he is afraid even to know it. Truth cannot pierce through his croud of flatterers to arrive at him. His paſſions are his tyrants; he knows not his duty; he has never taſted the pleaſure of doing good, nor been ſenſible of the charms of uncorrupted virtue; he is wretched, and deſerves to be ſo; his wretchedneſs encreaſes daily; he runs to his deſtruction, and the gods are preparing eternal puniſhments for him. The whole aſſembly owned that I had outdone the Leſbian ſage, and the elders declared that I had hit upon the true ſenſe of Minos.

For the third queſtion they aſked, Which of the two is preferable, a king victorious and invincible in a war, or a king without experience of war, but qualified to govern his people wiſely in peace. The majority anſwered that a king who was invincible in war, was to be preferred. What profits it, ſaid they, to have a king

who knows to govern well in peace, if he knows not to defend his country in times of war? his enemies will vanquiſh him, and reduce his people to ſlavery. Others on the contrary maintained, that a pacific king would be better, becauſe he would be apprehenſive of war, and take care to avoid it. Others ſaid, that a victorious king would labour to advance his ſubjects glory as well as his own, and would render them maſters of other nations; whereas a pacific king would keep them in a ſhameful cowardice. My opinion was aſked, and I anſwered thus:

A king who knows to govern only in peace or only in war, and is not capable of conducting his people in both theſe circumſtances, is but half a king. But if you compare a king who underſtands nothing but war to a wiſe king, who without underſtanding war himſelf, is capable of maintaining it on occaſion by his generals, I think him preferable to the other. A king entirely turned to war would be ſo continually making it, in order to extend his dominions and glory, that he would ruin his own people: And what boots it then that their prince ſubdues other nations, if they themſelves are miſerable under his reign? Beſides, long wars always draw after them many diſorders; the victors themſelves grow licentious in theſe times of confuſion. Conſider how dear the triumphing over Troy has coſt Greece; ſhe was deprived of her kings for more than ten years. Whilſt every thing is enflamed by war, laws, agriculture, arts languiſh. Even the beſt princes while they are engaged in it, are conſtrained to commit the greateſt of evils, which is to wink at licentiouſneſs and to employ wicked men. How many profligate wretches are there whom one would puniſh in times of peace, whoſe audacious villanies we are obliged to reward during the diſorders of war? Never had any nation a conquering prince, without having much to ſuffer from his ambition: A conqueror intoxicated with his glory, ruins his own victorious nation almoſt as much as the nations he

conquers. A king who has not the qualifications requiſite for peace, is not capable to make his ſubjects taſte the fruits of a war happily ended: He reſembles a man who can defend his own field, and perhaps uſurp his neighbour's, but can neither plough nor ſow, in order to reap the harveſt. Such a man ſeems born to deſtroy, to ravage, to overturn the world, and not to render a nation happy by the wiſdom of his government.

We come now to the pacific king. He is not indeed qualified to make great conqueſts, that is, he is not born to trouble the repoſe of his own people, by ſeeking to vanquiſh others whom juſtice has not ſubjected to him; but if he is really adapted to govern in peace, he has all the qualifications which are neceſſary to ſecure his ſubjects againſt their enemies. For he is juſt, moderate and eaſy with regard to his neighbours; he never undertakes any thing againſt them which may diſturb the public peace, and he is faithful to his alliances. His allies love him, do not fear him, and have an entire confidence in him. If he has a reſtleſs, haughty and ambitious neighbour, all the adjacent princes, who fear the turbulent and have no jealouſy of the peaceful king, join themſelves to the latter in order to hinder him from being oppreſſed. His probity, his ſincerity, his moderation make him the arbiter of all the neighbouring nations. Whilſt the enterpriſing monarch is hated by all the reſt, and continually in danger of their leagues, the peaceful prince has the glory to be as it were the father and guardian of all others. Theſe are the advantages which he has abroad; thoſe he enjoys at home are ſtill more ſolid. Since he is qualified to govern in peace, I ſuppoſe that he governs by the wiſeſt laws. He ſuppreſſes pomp, luxury and all arts which ſerve only to cheriſh vice; he makes thoſe flouriſh which are ſubſervient to the real wants of life; above all, he cauſes his ſubjects to apply themſelves to agriculture, and he thereby procures them a plenty of all neceſſaries. This laborious people, plain in their manners,

accuſtomed to live on a little, and eaſily getting their livelihood by the culture of their lands, increaſe daily. Lo! the people of this kingdom are innumerable; but they are healthful, a vigorous, a robuſt people, who are not enervated by pleaſure, who are inured to virtue, who are not addicted to a ſoft, effeminate and luxurious life, who deſpiſe death, and would rather loſe their lives than the liberty they enjoy under their wiſe king, who reigns only to make reaſon reign. Let a neighbouring conqueror attack this people, and he will find them perhaps not very expert in forming of camps, in ranging themſelves in order of battle, or in erecting machines to beſiege a city; but he will find them invincible by their numbers, by their courage, by their patience of fatigues, by their habit of bearing poverty, by the vigour of the combatants, and by a virtue which ill ſucceſs itſelf cannot abate. Beſides, if the king has not ſufficient experience to command his armies himſelf, he will cauſe them to be commanded by men who are capable of it, and will know how to make uſe of them without loſing his own authority. He will in the mean while obtain aſſiſtance from his allies; his ſubjects will rather die than ſubmit to the yoke of a violent and unjuſt prince, and even the gods themſelves will fight for him. Lo! the reſources he will have amidſt the greateſt dangers. I conclude therefore that a pacific king, who is ignorant of war, is a very imperfect king, ſince he knows not to diſcharge one of his greateſt duties, the ſubduing of his enemies; but I add, that he is however infinitely ſuperior to a conqueror, who wants the accompliſhments which are neceſſary in peace, and is qualified only for war.

I perceived that many perſons in the aſſembly could not reliſh my opinion; for moſt men, dazzled by glaring objects, as victories and conqueſts, prefer them to what is ſimple, calm and ſolid, as the peace and good government of a people. But all the elders declared that I had ſpoken like Minos.

The chief of theſe ſeniors cried out, I ſee the accompliſhment of an oracle of Apollo, which is known thro' all our iſland. Minos having conſulted this god, to know how long his offspring would reign according to the laws which he had eſtabliſhed, Apollo anſwered him; Thy race will ceaſe to reign when a ſtranger ſhall enter thy iſland and cauſe thy laws reign there. We were afraid that ſome ſtranger would come and conquer the iſland of Crete; but Idomeneus's misfortune, and the wiſdom of the ſon of Ulyſſes, who better than any man underſtands the laws of Minos, ſhew us the ſenſe of the oracle. Why do we delay to crown whom the gods give us for our king?

End of the Fifth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SIXTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus relates that he refuſed the crown of Crete to return to Ithaca; that he propoſed the election of Mentor, who alſo refuſed the diadem; that the aſſembly at laſt preſſing Mentor to chuſe for the whole nation, he told them what he had heard of the virtues of Ariſtodemus, who was the ſame moment proclaimed king; that Mentor and he afterwards embarked for Ithaca: but that Neptune, to gratify the reſentment of Venus, had cauſed them to be wrecked, after which the goddeſs Calypſo received them into her iſland.

HEREUPON the elders went out of the ſacred wood, and their preſident taking me by the hand, told the people, who waited with impatience for their determination, that I had obtained the prize. He had hardly done ſpeaking, when a confuſed noiſe was heard through the whole aſſembly. Every one ſhouted for joy. The ſhores and all the neighbouring mountains rung with this acclamation, Let the ſon of Ulyſſes, who reſembles Minos, reign over the Cretans.

I waited a while, and then making a ſign with my hand, deſired to be heard. Mean time Mentor ſaid in a

whiſper, Will you renounce your country? Will the ambition of reigning make you forget Penelope, who expects you as her laſt hope, and the great Ulyſſes, whom the gods have determined to reſtore to you? Theſe words pierced my very heart, and ſupported me againſt the vain deſire of reigning. And now a profound ſilence of all this tumultuous aſſembly gave me an opportunity to ſpeak thus. O illuſtrious Cretans, I am not worthy to command you. The oracle you mention, plainly ſhews indeed, that the race of Minos ſhall ceaſe to reign, when a ſtranger ſhall enter this iſland, and cauſe the laws of that wiſe king to reign therein; but it is not ſaid that this ſtranger himſelf ſhall reign. I am willing to believe that I am the ſtranger pointed at by the oracle; I have fulfilled the prediction; I am come into this iſland; I have diſcovered the true ſenſe of the laws, and I wiſh that my explication may cauſe them to reign with him whom you ſhall elect. As for me, I prefer my own country, the poor little iſland of Ithaca, to the hundred cities of Crete, and all the glory and opulence of this fine kingdom. Give me leave to purſue the courſe which deſtiny has marked out for me. If I contended in your games, it was not in hopes of reigning here; it was to merit your eſteem and compaſſion; it was that you might furniſh me with the means of a ſpeedy return to the place of my nativity. I had rather obey my father Ulyſſes, and comfort my mother Penelope, than reign over all the nations of the univerſe. O Cretans! you ſee the bottom of my heart; I muſt leave you, but death only ſhall put a period to my gratitude. Yes, even to his lateſt breath will Telemachus love the Cretans, and be as much concerned for their glory as for his own.

I had hardly done ſpeaking, when a hollow murmur aroſe, like that of the billows daſhing againſt each other in a tempeſt. Some ſaid, Is he a god in an human ſhape? Others averred, that they had ſeen me in other countries, and knew me again. Others cried, He muſt

be compelled to reign here. At length I reſumed the diſcourſe, and every one was immediately ſilent, not knowing but that I was about to accept of what I had refuſed at firſt. The words I ſpoke were theſe.

Give me leave, ye Cretans, to ſpeak what I think. You are the wiſeſt of all nations; but wiſdom, methinks, requires a precaution to which you do not ſeem to attend. You ſhould chuſe, not who reaſons the beſt concerning the laws, but who practiſes them with the moſt ſteady virtue. As for me, I am young, and of conſequence unexperienced, ſubject to violent paſſions, and fitter to learn by obeying how to command hereafter, than to command at preſent. Seek not therefore a man who has conquered others in exerciſes of the mind and body, but who has conquered himſelf; ſeek one who has your laws written on the table of his heart, and has all his life been punctual in obeying them; let his actions rather than his words induce you to chuſe him.

All the old men, charmed with this diſcourſe and ſeeing the applauſes of the aſſembly continually encreaſing, ſaid: Since the gods deprive us of the hopes of ſeeing you reign among us, at leaſt aſſiſt us to find a king who may cauſe our laws to reign. Do you know any one who can command with this moderation? I know, ſaid I immediately, a man from whom I derive all that you eſteem in me; it is his wiſdom and not mine which has ſpoken to you; he inſpired me with all the anſwers you have heard.

At the ſame time the whole aſſembly caſt their eyes upon Mentor, whom I ſhewed to them, holding him by the hand. I related the care he had taken of my infancy, the dangers from which he had delivered me, and the evils which were poured down upon me when I ceaſed to follow his counſels. They had not at firſt taken notice of him, by reaſon of his plain and negligent dreſs, his modeſt looks, his almoſt continual ſilence, and his cold and reſerved air. But when they viewed him with attention, they diſcovered in his face I know not what of

firmneſs and elevation; they obſerved the vivacity of his eyes, and the vigour with which he performed even the minuteſt actions; they aſked him ſeveral queſtions; they admired him, and reſolved to make him their king. He calmly excuſed himſelf, and ſaid, That he preferred the ſweets of a private life to the ſplendor of a crown; that the beſt kings were unhappy, becauſe they hardly ever did the good which they deſired to do, and often did, through the misrepreſentations of flatterers, the evils which they did not deſign. He added, That if ſervitude is miſerable, royalty is not leſs ſo, ſince it is only ſervitude in diſguiſe. When one is a king, ſaid he, one is dependant on all thoſe whom we need to make ourſelves obeyed. Happy he who is not obliged to command! We owe to our own country only, when ſhe entruſts us with authority, the ſacrifice of our liberty in order to toil for the public good.

Upon this, the Cretans not being able to recover from their ſurpriſe, aſked him whom they ought to chuſe. A man, replied he, who knows you well ſince he muſt govern you, and who is afraid to take the reins in his hands. Whoever deſires a crown, knows not what it is; and how can he perform the duties which he does not know? He ſeeks it for his own ſake, and you ought to deſire one who accepts it only for yours.

All the Cretans being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed to ſee two ſtrangers refuſe the crown which was courted by ſo many others, deſired to know with whom they came thither. Nauſicrates, who had conducted us from the port to the circus, where the games were celebrated, pointed to Hazael, with whom Mentor and I came from the iſland of Cyprus. But their aſtoniſhment was ſtill greater, when they knew that Mentor had been Hazael's ſlave; that Hazael, touched with his ſlave's wiſdom and virtue, had made him his counſellor and his boſom friend; that this ſlave, being ſet at liberty, was the ſame perſon who had refuſed to be their king, and that Hazael was

ſo enamoured of wiſdom as to come from Damaſcus in Syria, to be inſtructed in the laws of Minos.

The elders ſaid to Hazael, We dare not deſire you to reign over us; for we ſuppoſe that you have the ſame thoughts as Mentor. You deſpiſe men too much to be willing to burden yourſelf with the care of them; beſides, you think too lightly of riches and the ſplendors of royalty, to be willing to purchaſe their luſtre with the pains which are inſeparable from the government of kingdoms. Hazael replied, Believe not, Cretans, that I deſpiſe men: No, no, I am ſenſible how glorious it is to toil to make them virtuous and happy; but theſe toils are full of anxieties and dangers. The ſplendor which is annexed to them, is falſe, and can dazzle none but vain-glorious ſouls. Life is ſhort; greatneſs raiſes the paſſions above its power to gratify them; it was to learn to be contented without theſe chimerical bleſſings, and not to obtain them, that I came ſo far. Farewel; all my thoughts are fixed on returning to a quiet and retired way of life, where wiſdom will cheriſh my heart, and where the hopes which I derive from virtue of another better life after death, ſhall comfort me under the miſeries of old age. Were I to wiſh for any thing, it would not be to be a king; it would be, never to be ſeparated from theſe two men whom you ſee before you.

At length the Cretans addreſſing themſelves to Mentor, cried, Tell us, O wiſeſt and greateſt of all mortals, tell us then whom we can chuſe for our king? We will not let you go 'till you have told us the choice which we ought to make. He anſwered, While I was in the croud of ſpectators, I obſerved a man who diſcovered not the leaſt ſollicitude nor eagerneſs. He is a hale old man; I aſked his name, and was told that it is Ariſtodemus. I afterwards heard ſome body tell him that his two ſons were in the number of the combatants, which ſeemed to give him no joy at all. He ſaid, that as for one, he did not wiſh him the dangers of a crown, and

that he loved his country too well ever to conſent that the other ſhould reign. By this I underſtood, that the father loved with a rational fondneſs one of his ſons who has virtue, and that he did not indulge the other in his vices. My curioſity increaſing, I enquired what ſort of a life this old man had led, and one of your citizens told me, That he bore arms a long while, and is covered with wounds; but that his ſincere virtue and his averſion to flattery rendered him obnoxious to Idomeneus, which hindered the king from employing him at the ſiege of Troy. Idomeneus was afraid of a man who would give him wiſe counſels, which he was not inclined to follow: nay, he was jealous of the glory which Ariſtodemus would be ſure ſoon to acquire; he forgot all his ſervices, and left him here, indigent, and deſpiſed by rude and ſordid wretches, who eſteem nothing but riches. But contented with his poverty, he lives chearfully in a ſequeſtered part of the iſland, where he cultivates his fields with his own hands. One of his ſons toils with him; they tenderly love each other; they are happy by their frugality, and have by their labour procured themſelves a plenty of all things which are neceſſary to a plain way of life. The wiſe old man gives to the ſick poor of his neighbourhood all that remains above a ſufficiency for his own and his ſon's wants. He cauſes all the young men to work; he encourages and inſtructs them; he determines all the diſputes among his neighbours, and is the father of every family. The misfortune of his own is to have a ſecond ſon, who would never follow any of his counſels. The father, having long born with him, in order to reclaim him from his vices, at laſt diſcarded him, and he has ſince abandoned himſelf to vain ambition and all kind of pleaſures.

This, O Cretans, is what I have been told; you ſhould know if this account be true. But if this man be ſuch as he is deſcribed to be, why do you exhibit games? Why do you aſſemble ſo many ſtrangers? You

have in the midſt of you a man who knows you, and whom you know; who underſtands war; who has given proofs of his courage, not only againſt darts and arrows, but againſt frightful poverty itſelf; who has deſpiſed riches acquired by flattery; who loves labour; who knows how uſeful agriculture is to a nation; who deteſts pomp; who does not ſuffer himſelf to be unmanned by a blind fondneſs for his children; who loves the virtue of the one, and condemns the vices of the other; in a word, a man who is already the father of the people. This man is your king, if it be true that you deſire to make the laws of the wiſe Minos reign amongſt you.

All the people cried out, Ariſtodemus is indeed what you repreſent him; he is worthy to reign. The elders ordered him to be called. He was ſought for in the croud, where he was confounded with the meaneſt of the people. He ſeemed perfectly calm. They told him that they would make him their king. He replied, I can conſent to it only on three conditions. Firſt, that I ſhall reſign the crown in two years, if I do not render you better than you are, and if you diſobey the laws. Secondly, that I ſhall have the liberty to continue my plain and frugal way of life. Thirdly, that my children ſhall have no precedence, and that they ſhall be treated after my death without diſtinction according to their merit, like the reſt of the citizens.

At theſe words, the air was rent with a thouſand acclamations. The crown was placed by the chief of the elders, who are the guardians of the laws, on the head of Ariſtodemus. Sacrifices were offered to Jupiter and the other ſuperior gods. Ariſtodemus made us preſents, not with the magnificence which is uſual to kings, but with a noble ſimplicity. He gave Hazael the laws of Minos written by the hand of Minos himſelf. He gave him alſo a collection of the whole hiſtory of Crete from the time of Saturn and the golden age; he ſent on board his ſhip all the choiceſt fruits that grow in Crete, and

are unknown in Syria, and offered to ſupply him with every thing he might want.

As we were eager to depart, he ordered a bark to be got ready for us with a great number of good rowers and ſoldiers, and he ſent clothes and proviſions for us on board it. The ſame inſtant a wind aroſe which was fair for ſailing to Ithaca; but this wind being contrary to Hazael, obliged him to wait. He ſaw us depart; he embraced us as friends he was never to ſee again. The gods are juſt, ſaid he; they are witneſſes to a friendſhip which is founded only on virtue; they will one day bring us together again, and the happy fields, where it is ſaid the juſt enjoy an eternal peace after death, ſhall ſee our ſouls meet each other again, never to be parted more. O could my aſhes alſo but be collected with yours! —— As he ſpoke theſe words, he ſhed torrents of tears, and ſighs choaked his voice. We wept not leſs than Hazael; he attended us to the ſhip.

As for Ariſtodemus, he ſaid, You have made me a king; remember the dangerous ſituation in which you have placed me; beſeech the gods to inſpire me with true wiſdom, and that I may as much exceed other men in moderation as I exceed them in power. As for me, I beſeech them to conduct you happily to your own country, to baffle the inſolence of your enemies, and to give you to ſee Ulyſſes reigning there in peace with his dear Penelope. I preſent you, Telemachus, with a good ſhip, well provided with rowers and ſoldiers; they may be uſeful to you againſt the unjuſt perſecutors of your mother. O Mentor, your wiſdom, which needs nothing, leaves me nothing to deſire for you. Depart, and may you live happy together; remember Ariſtodemus; and if the Ithacans ſhould ever have need of the Cretans, depend upon me to my lateſt breath. He embraced us, and we could not, as we thanked him, ſuppreſs our tears.

Mean while the wind which ſwelled our ſails, promiſed us a pleaſant voyage. Already mount Ida looked

to us like a little hill; all the ſhores diſappeared, and the coaſts of Peloponneſus ſeemed to advance into the ſea to meet us. But a black tempeſt ſuddenly overſpread the heavens, and irritated all the billows of the ſea; day was turned into night, and death preſented itſelf to us. It was you, O Neptune, who with your haughty trident ſtirred up all the waters of your empire! Venus, to revenge herſelf for our having deſpiſed her even in her temple of Cythera, went to this god; ſhe addreſſed him with grief; her lovely eyes were bathed in tears: at leaſt, Mentor, who is well ſkilled in things divine, told me ſo. Will you, Neptune, ſaid ſhe, ſuffer theſe impious wretches to mock my power with impunity? The gods themſelves feel it, and yet theſe raſh mortals preſume to cenſure every thing which is done in my iſland. They pretend to a wiſdom which is proof againſt all temptations, and treat love as a weakneſs. Have you forgot that I was born in your empire? Why do you delay to bury in your profound abyſſes theſe two wretches whom I cannot endure?

She had hardly ſpoken, when Neptune lifted the waves even to the very ſkies. Venus ſmiled, believing that we ſhould inevitably be wrecked. Our affrighted pilot cried out, that he could no longer withſtand the winds which drove us with violence towards the rocks. A ſudden guſt broke our maſt, and a moment after we heard the points of the rocks breaking through the bottom of the ſhip. The water enters on all ſides; the veſſel ſinks, and all our rowers ſend up loud laments to heaven. I embrace Mentor, and cry, Lo! death is here, we muſt meet it with courage. The gods have delivered us from ſo many dangers only to deſtroy us now. Let us die, Mentor, let us die. It is ſome conſolation to me to die with you; it were in vain to contend with the ſtorm for our lives.

Mentor anſwered, True courage always finds ſome reſource. It is not enough to receive death with tranquillity; we muſt without fearing it, make our utmoſt

efforts to repel it. Let us take one of these great benches of the rowers; and whilst this timorous and troubled multitude are regretting life, without seeking the means of preserving it, let us not lose a moment to save ours. Upon this he takes a hatchet; he cuts the mast quite off, which being already broken, and hanging in the sea, had laid the vessel on one side; he throws it over board; he jumps upon it amidst the furious billows; he calls me by my name, and encourages me to follow him. As a mighty tree, which all the conspiring winds attack, remains so immoveable on its deep roots that the tempest can only shake its leaves; so Mentor, who was not only firm and courageous but calm and easy, seemed to command the winds and the sea. I followed him; and who could but have followed, encouraged by him? We steered ourselves on the floating mast, which was very serviceable to us; for we could sit upon it. Had we been obliged to swim without resting, our strength would soon have been exhausted. But the storm often turned this huge piece of timber round, and we were plunged into the sea; we then drank the briny surge, which poured from our mouths, our nostrils and our ears, and were forced to struggle with the billows, in order to get on the upper part of the mast again. Sometimes also a wave as high as a mountain rolled over us, and then we clung close, for fear the mast, which was our only hope, should in such a violent shock get from us.

While we were in this terrible condition, Mentor, as calm as he is now on this turfy seat, said, Do you think, Telemachus, that your life is left to the mercy of the winds and the waves? Do you think that they can destroy you without a command from the gods? No, no, the gods determine every thing. It is the gods therefore, and not the sea, who are to be feared. Were you at the bottom of the deep, the hand of Jupiter could draw you from it; were you in Olympus, viewing the stars beneath your feet, Jupiter could plunge

you to the bottom of the abyſs, or hurl you headlong into the flames of dreary Tartarus. I heard and admired theſe words, which comforted me a little; but my mind was not free enough to make him a reply. He ſaw me not, neither could I ſee him. We paſſed the whole night ſhivering and half-dead with cold, without knowing whither the tempeſt would drive us. At laſt the winds began to abate, and the bellowing ſea reſembled a perſon, who having been long in a rage, is grown tired of his fury, and feels but ſome remains of his trouble and emotion; its growlings were hollow, and its waves hardly higher than the ridges between the furrows of a ploughed field.

Mean while Aurora opened the gates of heaven to the ſun, and promiſed us a fine day. The eaſt was all on fire, and the ſtars which had ſo long been hid, appeared again, but fled at the approach of Phœbus. We deſcribed land at a diſtance, and the winds wafted us towards it. Hope then began to revive in my heart; but we ſaw none of our companions; their ſpirits probably failed, and the tempeſt overwhelmed them and the ſhip together. When we were near the land, the ſea drove us againſt craggy rocks, which would have daſhed us in pieces, had we not ſteered the end of the maſt againſt them, of which Mentor made as good a uſe as a ſkilful pilot makes of the beſt rudder. Thus we avoided theſe dreadful rocks, and at laſt found a pleaſant level coaſt, where ſwimming without any difficulty, we got a-ſhore on the ſand. It was there you ſaw us, O mighty goddeſs, who inhabit this iſland; it was there you vouchſafed us a kind reception.

End of the Sixth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the SEVENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Calypso admires Telemachus in his adventures, and does all she can to detain him in her island, by ingaging him to return her passion. Mentor supports Telemachus by his remonstrances against the goddess's artifices, and against Cupid whom Venus had brought to her assistance. Telemachus however and the nymph Eucharis soon feel a mutual passion, which at first excites Calypso's jealousy, and afterwards her resentment against the two lovers. She swears by Styx that Telemachus shall depart from her island. Cupid goes to comfort her, and prevails on her nymphs to burn a ship which Mentor had built, at the time that Mentor was dragging Telemachus along to embark on board it. Telemachus feels a secret joy at seeing the vessel on fire. Mentor perceiving it, throws him headlong into the sea, and leaps into it himself, in order to swim to another ship, which he saw near the coast.

WHEN Telemachus had concluded his narrative, all the nymphs, who had been motionless and kept their eyes fixed upon him, looked on each other, and said with astonishment, Who are these men, so beloved of the gods? Did you ever hear of such marvel-

lous adventures? The ſon of Ulyſſes already excels his father in eloquence, in wiſdom and valour. What an air! what beauty! what ſweetneſs! what modeſty! But then, what nobleneſs and elevation of ſoul! Did we not know that he is the ſon of a mortal, one might eaſily take him for Bacchus, for Mercury, or even for the great Apollo. But who is this Mentor who ſeems a plain, obſcure and ordinary man? When one views him near, one finds in him I know not what that is more than human.

Calypſo heard this account with an uneaſineſs which ſhe could not hide. Her eyes were inceſſantly ſtraying from Mentor to Telemachus, and from Telemachus to Mentor. Sometimes ſhe deſired that Telemachus would begin the long hiſtory of his adventures again; then ſhe would ſuddenly interrupt herſelf. At laſt riſing abruptly, and leading him aſide into a myrtle grove, ſhe tried all arts to learn of him, if Mentor were not a god concealed under the form of a man. It was not in Telemachus's power to reſolve her; for Minerva, who accompanied him in the ſhape of Mentor, had not diſcovered herſelf to him by reaſon of his youth: She was not yet ſufficiently aſſured of his ſecrecy, to entruſt him with her deſigns. Beſides, ſhe was deſirous to try him by the greateſt dangers: Now had he known that Minerva was with him, ſuch a ſupport would have buoyed him up too much, and he would without difficulty have braved the moſt terrible accidents. He therefore really took Minerva for Mentor, and all Calypſo's artifices to diſcover what ſhe deſired to know, were in vain.

Mean while all the nymphs gathered around Mentor, and took a pleaſure in aſking him queſtions. One enquired the particulars of his journey into Ethiopia; another deſired to know what he had ſeen at Damaſcus; and a third aſked him if he knew Ulyſſes before the ſiege of Troy. He anſwered them all in a courteous manner; and his words, though plain, were very graceful. Calypſo did not leave them long in this converſa-

tion; ſhe returned, and while the nymphs began to gather flowers, ſinging all the while, to amuſe Telemachus, ſhe took Mentor aſide, in order to make him diſcover who he was. The balmy vapours of ſleep do not glide more ſweetly through the weary eyes and all the limbs of a man who is quite exhauſted by labour, than the goddeſs's ſoothing words inſinuated themſelves, in order to enchant the heart of Mentor; but ſhe continually perceived I know not what which baffled all her efforts, and derided her charms: Like a ſteep rock which hides its head in the clouds, and laughs at the rage of the winds, Mentor was ſteadfaſt in his wiſe deſigns, and unſhaken by Calypſo's importunities. He would ſometimes even permit her to hope that ſhe ſhould enſnare him by her queſtions, and draw the truth from the bottom of his heart; but the moment ſhe expected to ſatisfy her curioſity, her hopes vaniſhed: All that ſhe thought ſhe held faſt, ſlipt from her on a ſudden, and a ſhort anſwer of Mentor plunged her again in her doubts.

Thus ſhe paſſed the days, ſometimes flattering Telemachus, and ſometimes ſeeking the means of ſeparating him from Mentor, from whom ſhe no longer hoped for a diſcovery. She employed her moſt beautiful nymphs to kindle the fires of love in young Telemachus's heart; and a goddeſs, more powerful than herſelf, came to her aſſiſtance.

Venus ſtill highly reſenting the contempt which Mentor and Telemachus had expreſſed for the worſhip which is paid her in the iſle of Cyprus, was inconſolable when ſhe ſaw that theſe two raſh mortals had eſcaped from the winds and the ſeas, in the ſtorm which Neptune excited. She made bitter complaints of it to Jupiter; but the father of the gods ſmiling, and unwilling to let her know that Minerva, in the ſhape of Mentor, had ſaved the ſon of Ulyſſes, gave Venus leave to ſeek the means of being revenged on theſe two men. She quits Olympus; forgets the ſweet perfumes which

are burnt on her altars at Paphos, Cythera, and Idalia; flies in her chariot drawn by doves; calls her ſon, and grief diffuſing itſelf over her face, which was adorned with new graces, ſhe beſpoke him thus.

Beholdeſt thou, my ſon, thoſe two mortals who ſcorn thy power and mine? Who will worſhip us for the future? Go, pierce their inſenſible hearts with thy arrows; deſcend with me to that iſland, and I will talk with Calypſo. She ſaid, and cleaving the air in a golden cloud, preſented herſelf before Calypſo, who was then all alone, on the brink of a fountain, at ſome diſtance from her grotto.

Unhappy goddeſs! ſaid ſhe, the ungrateful Ulyſſes diſdained you. His ſon, ſtill more inſenſible than he, is ready to treat you with the like contempt; but Love himſelf is come to revenge you. I leave him with you; he ſhall remain among your nymphs, as the boy Bacchus was formerly educated by the nymphs of the iſland of Naxos. Telemachus will look upon him as a common child; he will not ſuſpect him, and will quickly feel his power. She ſaid; and re-aſcending in the golden cloud from which ſhe alighted, left ambroſial odors behind her, which perfumed all the groves of Calypſo.

Cupid remained in Calypſo's arms. Though a goddeſs, ſhe preſently felt his flames ſpreading in her boſom. To eaſe herſelf, ſhe immediately gave him to Eucharis, a nymph who happened to be by her. But alas! how often did ſhe afterwards repent her doing it! At firſt nothing ſeemed more innocent, more ſweet, more lovely, more ingenuous, more obliging than this child. When one ſaw his ſprightlineſs, his wheedling, his perpetual ſmiles, one would have thought that he could inſpire nothing but pleaſure; but as ſoon as one truſted his careſſes, one felt I know not what of poiſon. The falſe, malicious boy careſſed but to deceive, and never laughed but at the cruel miſchiefs he had done, or deſigned to do. He durſt not approach Mentor, whoſe ſeverity affrighted him; he perceived that this unknown

perſon was invulnerable, and that none of his arrows could pierce him. As for the nymphs, they quickly felt the fires the treacherous boy enkindles; but they carefully concealed the deep wounds which feſtered in their hearts.

Mean while Telemachus, ſeeing the child play with the nymphs, was ſurpriſed at his beauty and ſweetneſs. He embraces him; he takes him ſometimes on his knees and ſometimes in his arms, and finds an inquietude in his own boſom of which he can aſſign no cauſe: The more he ſeeks for innocent diverſions, the more reſtleſs and languid he grows. Do you ſee theſe nymphs, ſaid he to Mentor? How different they are from the Cyprian women, whoſe charms were diſguſtful by reaſon of their immodeſty? Theſe immortal beauties diſplay an innocence, a modeſty, a ſimplicity that is inchanting. He bluſhed, without knowing why, as he ſpoke; he could not forbear ſpeaking, and yet had he hardly begun but he was unable to proceed; his words were broken, obſcure, and ſometimes had no meaning at all.

Hereupon Mentor ſaid, O Telemachus! the dangers of the iſle of Cyprus were nothing in compariſon of thoſe which you do not apprehend at preſent. Groſs vice excites horror, and brutiſh impudence indignation; but modeſt beauty is much more dangerous. In loving it we fancy we love nothing but virtue, and yield inſenſibly to the deluſive charms of a paſſion, which we do not perceive 'till it is almoſt too late to extinguiſh it. Fly, my dear Telemachus, fly theſe nymphs who are ſo diſcreet only to enſnare you the better. Fly the dangers of your youth: but above all, fly this child whom you do not know. It is Cupid, whom Venus has brought into this iſland to revenge herſelf for the contempt you ſhowed of the worſhip which is paid her at Cythera. He has wounded the heart of the goddeſs Calypſo; ſhe has conceived a violent paſſion for you; he has enflamed all her attendant nymphs, and you yourſelf, unhappy youth! burn, and hardly perceive it.

Telemachus often interrupted Mentor, ſaying, Why ſhould we not ſtay in this iſland? Ulyſſes is not living; he muſt long ſince have been buried in the waves. Penelope ſeeing neither him nor me return, has not been able to reſiſt ſo many ſuitors; her father Icarus has conſtrained her to accept of another huſband. And ſhall I return to Ithaca to ſee her engaged in new bonds, and her plighted faith to my father broken? The Ithacans have forgotten Ulyſſes: To return were ruſhing on certain death, ſince Penelope's lovers have ſeized on all the avenues of the port, to make our deſtruction at our return the ſurer.

Mentor replied, Lo! the effects of a blind paſſion: We ſubtilly hunt after all the reaſons which favour it; we turn away our eyes that we may not ſee thoſe which condemn it, and are quick-ſighted only to deceive ourſelves and to ſtifle our remorſe. Have you forgot all that the gods have done in order to bring you back to your own country? How did you get out of Sicily? Were not the evils you ſuffered in Egypt, ſuddenly turned into bleſſings? What unſeen hand ſnatched you from all the dangers which hung over your head in the city of Tyre? After ſo many miracles, are you ſtill ignorant of what the gods have in ſtore for you? But what am I ſaying! you are unworthy of it. As for me, I will depart; I ſhall eaſily find the means of eſcaping from this iſland. Degenerate ſon of ſo wiſe and ſo brave a father, lead here a ſoft inglorious life in the midſt of women, and do, in deſpight of the gods, what your father thought unworthy of him.

Theſe diſdainful words pierced the very ſoul of Telemachus. He was moved at Mentor's reproaches; his grief was blended with ſhame; he dreaded the indignation and departure of his wiſe guide to whom he was ſo much indebted; but a riſing paſſion, of which he himſelf was not conſcious, had rendered him quite another man. What then, ſaid he to Mentor, with tears in his eyes, do you eſteem as nothing the immortality which

the goddeſs offers me? I eſteem as nothing, replied Mentor, all that is repugnant to virtue and the commands of the gods. Virtue calls you back to your own country in order to ſee Ulyſſes and Penelope again; virtue forbids you to abandon yourſelf to an extravagant paſſion; the gods, who have delivered you from ſo many perils that your glory may ſhine as bright as your father's, command you to quit this iſland. Love, the ſhameful tyrant love alone, can detain you here. Ah! what would you do with an immortal life without liberty, without virtue, without glory? Such a life would be the more miſerable in that it could never end.

To this Telemachus anſwered only by ſighs. Sometimes he wiſhed that Mentor had ſnatched him in ſpite of himſelf from this iſland, and ſometimes that his rigid monitor were gone, that he might no longer be reproached with his weakneſs. All theſe oppoſite thoughts racked his heart by turns, but none of them laſted long; his breaſt was like the ſea which is the ſport of all the adverſe winds. He often lay extended and motionleſs on the ſea-ſhore, and often in the midſt of a gloomy wood, ſhedding bitter tears, and making loud laments like the roarings of a lion. He was grown lean; his hollow eyes were full of a conſuming fire. His wan, dejected and disfigured face would have made one believe that he was not Telemachus. His beauty, his ſprightlineſs, his noble air had forſook him; he was dying away. As a flower which blows and diffuſes its perfumes around the field in the morning, decays gradually towards the evening, and loſes its lively colours, and languiſhes, and withers, and hangs down its lovely head, unable longer to ſupport itſelf: So was the ſon of Ulyſſes at the very gates of death.

Mentor ſeeing that Telemachus could not reſiſt the violence of his paſſion, formed an artful deſign to deliver him from ſo great a danger. He had obſerved that Calypſo was paſſionately in love with Telemachus, and that Telemachus was not leſs in love with the young

nymph Eucharis; for the cruel boy, to plague mankind, ſeldom makes them love the perſon by whom they are beloved. Mentor reſolved to excite Calypſo's jealouſy. Eucharis being to go a hunting with Telemachus, Mentor ſaid to Calypſo, I have taken notice that Telemachus has a paſſion for hunting, which I never obſerved in him before; this diverſion begins to give him a diſtaſte of all others; he delights in nothing but the moſt ſavage woods and mountains. Is it you, O goddeſs, who inſpire him with this violent paſſion?

Theſe words ſo cruelly ſtung Calypſo, that ſhe could not contain herſelf. This Telemachus, ſaid ſhe, who deſpiſed all the pleaſures of the iſle of Cyprus, cannot withſtand the moderate beauty of one of my nymphs. How dares he vaunt of having performed ſo many wonderful actions, he whoſe heart is ſhamefully ſoftened by effeminate pleaſures, and who ſeems born to paſs an obſcure life among women? Mentor obſerving with pleaſure how jealouſy ſtung Calypſo's heart, ſaid no more that he might not excite her ſuſpicions; he expreſſed his concern only by a ſad and dejected countenance. The goddeſs diſcovered her uneaſineſs to him at every thing which ſhe ſaw, and was continually making freſh complaints. This hunting-match, of which Mentor had told her, raiſed her fury to the higheſt pitch; for ſhe knew that Telemachus had ſought it only to ſteal away from the other nymphs, in order to converſe with Eucharis alone. A ſecond chace was already propoſed, in which ſhe foreſaw that he would behave as he had in the former. To break Telemachus's meaſures, ſhe declared that ſhe would be one of their party; then all of a ſudden, not being able to moderate her reſentment, ſhe addreſſed him thus:

Is it for this, raſh boy, that thou cameſt into my iſland, and eſcapedſt the wreck with which Neptune juſtly threatened thee, and the vengeance of the gods? Didſt thou enter this iſland, which is open to no mortal, but to deſpiſe my power and the love which I have

ſhown thee? Ye deities of Olympus and Styx! hear a miſerable goddeſs, make haſte to confound this perfidious, this ungrateful, this impious wretch! Since thou art more obdurate and unjuſt than thy father, mayeſt thou ſuffer evils more laſting and cruel than his? No, no, mayeſt thou never ſee thy country more, the poor, the wretched Ithaca, which thou haſt not been aſhamed to prefer to immortality; or rather, mayeſt thou periſh in ſight of it amidſt the billows; may thy body become the ſport of the waves, and be caſt without hopes of ſepulture on this ſandy ſhore! May my eyes ſee it devoured by vulturs! She whom thou loveſt, ſhall ſee it alſo: ſhe ſhall ſee it, her heart ſhall break at the ſight, and her deſpair prove a pleaſure to me.

While Calypſo was ſpeaking thus, her eyes were red and fiery; they dwelt upon nothing, and had I know not what of gloom and wildneſs. Her trembling cheeks were checquered with black and livid ſpots; ſhe changed colour every moment. A deadly paleneſs would frequently ſpread itſelf over her face? her tears flowed not as formerly in abundance; rage and deſpair ſeemed to have dried up their ſource, and they rarely trickled down her cheeks. Her voice was hoarſe, trembling and broken. Mentor watched all her emotions, and ſpoke no more to Telemachus. He treated him as a patient who is given over, often caſting looks of compaſſion upon him.

Telemachus was conſcious how culpable he was, and how unworthy of Mentor's friendſhip; he dared not lift up his eyes leſt they ſhould meet thoſe of his friend, whoſe very ſilence condemned him. Sometimes he longed to go and throw himſelf about his neck, and to tell him how ſenſible he was of his fault; but he was withheld, ſometimes by a falſe ſenſe of ſhame, and ſometimes by a fear of going farther than he deſired, in order to retreat from danger; for the danger ſeemed pleaſing to him, and he could not yet reſolve to ſubdue his ſenſeleſs paſſion.

The gods and the goddeſſes of Olympus were aſſembled together, and obſerving a profound ſilence, kept their eyes fixed on Calypſo's iſland, to ſee which would be victorious, Minerva or Cupid. Cupid by playing with the nymphs, had ſet the whole iſland on fire; and Minerva, in the ſhape of Mentor, made uſe of jealouſy, the inſeparable companion of Love, againſt Love himſelf. Jupiter reſolved to be a ſpectator of the combat, and to remain neuter.

Mean while Eucharis, who was apprehenſive of loſing Telemachus, practiſed a thouſand arts to hold him in her chains. She was now going a hunting with him for the ſecond time, and was attired like Diana. Venus and Cupid had adorned her with new charms, inſomuch that her beauty on that day eclipſed the beauty of the goddeſs Calypſo herſelf. Calypſo ſeeing her at a diſtance, viewed herſelf at the ſame time in the cleareſt of her fountains; and being aſhamed of her own face, ſhe hid herſelf in the moſt ſecret part of her grotto, and ſpoke thus all alone.

My endeavours then to diſturb theſe two lovers, by declaring that I would be at this chace, are it ſeems in vain! Shall I be there? What! aid her triumph, and ſuffer my beauty to be a foil to hers! Muſt Telemachus by ſeeing me be ſtill more enamoured of his Eucharis? Wretch that I am! what have I done? No, I will not go, they ſhall not go themſelves; I well know how to hinder them: I will go and find Mentor, I will deſire him to take Telemachus away, he ſhall carry him back to Ithaca. But what do I ſay? What will become of me, when Telemachus is gone? Where am I? O cruel Venus, what can I do? Venus, you have deceived me: Oh! what a treacherous preſent you made me! Pernicious boy! infectious Cupid! I opened my heart to thee only in hopes of living happy with Telemachus, and thou haſt brought into it nothing but grief and deſpair. My nymphs are revolted againſt me, and my divinity ſerves only to make my woes eternal. O! that

I could put an end to my life and my pains! Thou, Telemachus, muſt die, ſince I cannot die. I will be revenged of thy ingratitude; thy nymph ſhall ſee thee expire, I will kill thee before her eyes. But I rave! O wretched Calypſo! what wouldeſt thou? Deſtroy an innocent youth whom thou thyſelf haſt plunged into this abyſs of miſeries? It was I who applied the torch to the chaſte Telemachus's boſom. What innocence! what virtue! what horror of vice! what reſolution againſt infamous pleaſures! Should I have poiſoned his heart? He would have left me. Well! muſt he not leave me now, or I ſee him full of contempt for me, and living but for my rival? Nay, nay, I ſuffer no more than I have well deſerved. Go, Telemachus, go, croſs the ſeas; leave the wretched Calypſo, unable to bear, or to lay down, the burden of life; leave her diſconſolate, overwhelmed with ſhame, and deſpairing with thy haughty Eucharis.

Thus ſpoke Calypſo alone in her grotto; but ruſhing ſuddenly out of it, Where are you, Mentor, ſaid ſhe? is it thus that you ſupport Telemachus againſt vice, which he is now ſinking under? You ſleep, while Love watches for opportunities againſt you. I can no longer bear your ſhameful indifference. Will you always calmly ſee the ſon of Ulyſſes diſhonour his father, and neglect his high deſtiny? Was it to you or to me that his parents entruſted his conduct? I ſeek for remedies to cure his heart, and will you do nothing? There are lofty poplars, fit for building of a ſhip, in the remoteſt part of this foreſt; it was there Ulyſſes built that in which he departed from this iſland. In the ſame place you will find a deep cave wherein are all the tools which are neceſſary for forming, and for joining together, the ſeveral parts of a veſſel.

She had hardly ſpoken theſe words, but ſhe repented of them. Mentor loſt not a moment; he went to the cave, found the tools, felled the poplars, and in one day made and fitted out a veſſel for the ſea; for Minerva's

power and ſkill require but little time to finiſh the greateſt works.

Calypſo was in a terrible agony of mind; longing on the one hand to ſee if Mentor's work went on, and not having reſolution enough on the other to quit the chace, and leave Eucharis and Telemachus to their liberty. Her jealouſy would not let her loſe ſight of the two lovers, but ſhe endeavoured to turn the chace where ſhe knew that Mentor was building a ſhip. She heard the ſtrokes of the axe and the hammer; ſhe liſtened to them, and trembled at every one: But at the ſame time ſhe apprehended that her attention to Mentor might prevent her obſerving ſome ſign, or glance, which Telemachus might make to the young nymph.

Mean while Eucharis ſaid to Telemachus in a jeering tone, Are you not afraid that Mentor will chide you for going a hunting without him? Oh! how are you to be pitied for living under ſo harſh a maſter! Nothing can ſoften his auſterity; he affects an averſion to all ſorts of pleaſures, and cannot bear that you ſhould taſte of any: nay, he imputes to you as a crime the moſt innocent things. You might indeed be governed by him, while you were incapable of governing yourſelf; but after ſo many proofs of your wiſdom, you ſhould no longer ſuffer yourſelf to be uſed like a baby.

Theſe artful words pierced Telemachus's heart, and filled it with indignation againſt Mentor, whoſe yoke he wiſhed to ſhake off. He was afraid to ſee him, and was ſo troubled that he made Eucharis no reply. At laſt towards the evening, the chace having led them, under a perpetual reſtraint, from one part to another, they returned by a corner of the foreſt near the place where Mentor had been toiling all the day. Calypſo ſaw from a far that the bark was finiſhed: a cloud like that of death inſtantly overſpread her eyes; her trembling knees failed beneath her; a cold ſweat ſeized on all her limbs; ſhe was forced to lean on the ſurrounding nymphs; and Eucharis holding out her hand to ſupport

her, Calypſo gave her a terrible frown, and puſhed it away.

Telemachus ſeeing the ſhip, and not ſeeing Mentor, who had finiſhed his work and was already retired, aſked the goddeſs, to whom the veſſel belonged, and for what it was deſigned. At firſt ſhe was at a loſs for an anſwer, but at length ſhe ſaid, I ordered it to be built to ſend Mentor away; you ſhall no longer be troubled with this rigid friend, who oppoſes your happineſs, and would be jealous if you ſhould become immortal. Mentor leave me! I am ruined, cried Telemachus. O Eucharis! if Mentor forſakes me, I have none but you. Theſe words eſcaped him in the tranſport of his paſſion; he perceived his error in ſpeaking them, but he had been in too much confuſion to attend to their meaning. All the company was ſtruck dumb with ſurpriſe. Eucharis bluſhed, and ſtood behind with down-caſt eyes, quite confounded, and not daring to ſhew herſelf; but whilſt ſhame appeared on her face, gladneſs dilated her heart. Telemachus was no longer himſelf, and could not believe that he had ſpoken ſo indiſcreetly. What he had done appeared to him like a dream, but a dream which confounded and troubled him.

Calypſo, more furious than a lioneſs robbed of her young, run at random up and down the foreſt, unknowing whither ſhe went. At laſt ſhe came to the enterance of her grotto, where Mentor was waiting for her. Begone from my iſland, ſaid ſhe, ye ſtrangers, who came to trouble my repoſe; away with this young fool; and thou, raſh dotard, thou ſhalt feel the effects of a goddeſs's wrath, if thou doſt not ſnatch him hence this inſtant. I will never ſee him more, nor will I ſuffer any of my nymphs to ſpeak to him or to look upon him again: And this I ſwear by the Stygian lake, an oath at which the gods themſelves tremble. But know, Telemachus, that thy miſeries are not at an end: thou, ungrateful wretch, ſhalt not depart from my iſland but to be a prey to new misfortunes; I ſhall be revenged, and

thou in vain ſhalt regret Calypſo. Neptune, ſtill incenſed againſt thy father who offended him in Sicily, and importuned by Venus whom thou deſpiſedſt in the iſland of Cyprus, is preparing other tempeſts for thee. Thou ſhalt ſee thy father who is not dead, but thou ſhalt ſee him without knowing him; thou ſhalt not meet him in Ithaca, 'till thou haſt been the ſport of the moſt adverſe fortune. Begone, I conjure the celeſtial powers to revenge me. Mayeſt thou in the midſt of the ſea, ſuſpended on the points of a rock and blaſted by thunder, vainly invoke Calypſo, whom thy puniſhment will raviſh with joy.

She had hardly ſpoken theſe words, but her troubled mind was ready to take contrary reſolutions. Love revived in her heart the deſire of detaining Telemachus. Let him live, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, let him ſtay here; perhaps he may at laſt be ſenſible of all my good offices: Eucharis cannot like me confer immortality upon him. O blind Calypſo! thou haſt betrayed thyſelf by thy oath; thou art bound, and the waves of Styx, by which thou haſt ſworn, leave thee no room for hope. No body heard theſe words, but one might ſee the furies painted on her face; and all the baleful venom of black Cocytus ſeemed to exhale from her heart.

Telemachus was ſtruck with horror, of which Calypſo perceived the cauſe; for what does not jealous love perceive? His terror redoubled the goddeſs's rage. Like a prieſteſs of Bacchus, who fills the air and makes the lofty mountains of Thrace ring with her howlings, ſhe runs acroſs the woods with a dart in her hand, calling her nymphs, and threatening to kill all who refuſed to follow her. They, terrified at this menace, run in crouds around her. Eucharis herſelf advanced, with tearful eyes, looking from afar at Telemachus to whom ſhe no longer durſt to ſpeak. The goddeſs trembled at the nymph's approach, and inſtead of being appeaſed by her ſubmiſſion, felt a new fury when ſhe obſerved that grief brightened her beauty.

Mean while Telemachus remains alone with Mentor. He embraces his knees, for he durſt not look at nor embrace him in any other manner; he ſheds a flood of tears; he attempts to ſpeak, but his voice fails him, and his words ſtill more; he knows neither what he is doing, nor what he ought, nor what he deſires to do. At laſt he cried out, O my real father! O Mentor! deliver me from this train of woes: I can neither forſake nor follow you: Deliver me from this train of woes; deliver me from myſelf; take my life.

Mentor embraces him, comforts him, encourages him, teaches him how to ſupport himſelf in his grief without indulging his paſſion, and ſays: Son of wiſe Ulyſſes, whom the gods have ſo much loved, and whom they ſtill love, your ſuffering ſo many miſeries is an effect of their kindneſs. Who has not experienced his own weakneſs and the ſtrength of his paſſions, is not yet wiſe; for he neither knows nor is diffident of himſelf. The gods have led you as it were by the hand to the very brink of a precipice to ſhew you its depth, without ſuffering you to fall into it. Now therefore learn what you would never have known, had you not experienced it: You would in vain have been told of the treaſons of Love, who flatters to deſtroy, and under an appearance of ſweetneſs conceals the worſt of bitters. The boy, all-over charming, came amidſt the ſmiles, the ſports and the graces: You ſaw him; he ſtole away your heart, and you took a pleaſure in letting him ſteal it: You ſought for pretences to continue ignorant of its wounds, to deceive me and to flatter yourſelf, and was apprehenſive of nothing. Lo! the fruits of your raſhneſs; you now deſire death, and that is the only hope which is left you. The diſtracted goddeſs reſembles an infernal fury; Eucharis burns with a fire more tormenting than the bittereſt pangs of death, and all the jealous nymphs are ready to tear each other in pieces: Theſe are the doings of the traitor Cupid, who appears ſo ſweet and gentle. Reſume your

courage. How dear muſt you be to the gods, ſince they open you ſo eaſy a way to fly from Love, and to ſee your dear country again? Calypſo herſelf is conſtrained to drive you away; the ſhip is quite ready; why do we delay to quit this iſland, where virtue cannot dwell?

Mentor, as he ſpoke theſe words, took him by the hand, and dragged him towards the ſhore. Telemachus followed with reluctance, continually looking behind him, and gazing at Eucharis who was going away from him. Not being able to ſee her face, he viewed her lovely plaited hair, her flowing veſtments and noble gait, and would gladly have kiſſed the very prints of her feet. Nay, when he had loſt ſight of her, he ſtill liſtened, imagining that he heard her voice; though abſent, he ſaw her; her image was painted and living as it were before his eyes; he even fancied that he talked to her, not knowing where he was, nor hearing Mentor.

At length awaking as it were out of a profound ſleep, he ſaid to Mentor, I am reſolved to follow you; but I have not yet taken my leave of Eucharis: I had rather die than forſake her thus ungratefully. Stay 'till I have ſeen her once again, and taken an eternal farewel. Permit me at leaſt to ſay to her, O nymph, the cruel gods, the gods jealous of my happineſs, conſtrain me to depart; but they ſhall ſooner put a period to my life, than blot you out of my memory. O my father! grant me this laſt, this reaſonable conſolation, or rid me inſtantly of life. No, I will neither ſtay in this iſland, nor abandon myſelf to love; I have no ſuch paſſion in my breaſt; I feel no ſentiments for Eucharis but thoſe of friendſhip and gratitude; I ſhall be ſatisfied with bidding her once more farewel, and will then immediately depart with you.

How I pity you, replied Mentor! your paſſion is ſo furious that you are not ſenſible of it. You think you are calm, and yet you beg for death; you ſay that you are not vanquiſhed by love, and yet you cannot leave the nymph you doat on. You ſee, you hear nothing but

her; you are blind and deaf to every thing elſe: A man raving in a fever ſays, I am not ſick. O blind Telemachus! you are ready to renounce Penelope, who expects you; Ulyſſes, whom you ſhall ſee again; Ithaca, where are you to reign, and the glory and elevated fortune which the gods have promiſed you by the many wonders which they have wrought in your favour: You would, I ſay, renounce all theſe bleſſings to lead an inglorious life with Eucharis. And will you pretend that love does not attach you to her? What troubles you? Why do you deſire death? Why did you ſpeak with ſuch tranſport before the goddeſs? I do not accuſe you of inſincerity, but I lament your blindneſs. Fly, Telemachus, fly; love is not to be conquered but by flight. Againſt ſuch an enemy, true courage conſiſts in fear and flying; but in flying without deliberation, and without giving one's ſelf time ever to look behind one. You have not forgotten the cares which you have coſt me from your infancy, nor the dangers from which you have eſcaped by my counſels; be guided by me now, or ſuffer me to forſake you. Oh! did you but know my grief to ſee you run to your deſtruction! Did you but know what I endured while I durſt not ſpeak to you! your mother's pangs at your birth were leſs ſevere than mine. I was ſilent, I patiently bore my pains, I ſtifled my ſighs to ſee if you would return to me again. O my ſon! my dear ſon! eaſe my heart; reſtore me what is dearer to me than my life; reſtore me the loſt Telemachus, and reſtore yourſelf to yourſelf. If wiſdom get the better of love in your breaſt, I live and am happy; but if love run away with you in ſpite of wiſdom, Mentor can live no longer.

Whilſt Mentor was ſpeaking thus, he continued his way towards the ſea; and Telemachus who had not yet reſolution enough to follow him of his own accord, had enough however to ſuffer himſelf to be led without reſiſtence. Minerva, all the while concealed under the form of Mentor, covering Telemachus with her invi-

ſible Ægis, and ſhedding divine rays around him, inſpired him with a courage which he had never felt before, ſince he had been in this iſland. Coming at length to a ſteep rock on the ſea-ſhore which was perpetually buffeted by the foaming billows, and looking from this eminence to ſee if the ſhip which Mentor had got ready was ſtill in the ſame place, they were ſpectators of a melancholy ſight.

Cupid was ſtung to the quick when he ſaw that this unknown old man was not only inſenſible of his arrows, but that he was taking Telemachus alſo away from him; he wept for vexation, and went to find Calypſo, who was wandering up and down in her gloomy foreſts. She could not ſee him without ſighing, and perceived that he opened all the wounds of her heart afreſh. You a goddeſs, ſaid Cupid, and ſuffer yourſelf to be conquered by a weak mortal, who is a priſoner in your iſland! Why do you let him go? Oh! miſchievous Cupid, ſaid ſhe, I will no longer liſten to thy pernicious counſels; it was you drew me from my ſweet and profound tranquillity, and plunged me into an abyſs of woes. There is no help for it; I have ſworn by the waves of Styx that I will let Telemachus go, and Jupiter himſelf, the father of the gods, dares not, with all his power, violate this dreadful oath. Begone, Telemachus, from my iſland; and thou, pernicious boy, begone; thou haſt done me more miſchief than he.

Cupid, wiping away his tears, ſaid with a ſneering malicious ſmile: A mighty difficulty truly! Leave this affair to me, keep your oath, and do not oppoſe Telemachus's departure. Neither your nymphs nor I have ſworn by the waves of Styx to let him depart. I will inſpire them with the deſign of burning the ſhip which Mentor has built with ſo much expedition; his ſurpriſing diligence ſhall be vain; he himſelf ſhall be ſurpriſed in his turn, and have no means left of taking Telemachus from you.

Theſe ſoothing words filled Calypſo's heart with

hope and joy. As a cooling zephir on the margin of a brook revives the languiſhing flocks, which the heat of the ſummer conſumes; ſo this ſpeech allayed the goddeſs's deſpair. Her face became ſerene, her eyes grew mild, and the black cares which gnawed her heart, fled for a moment from her: ſhe ſtopped, ſhe ſmiled, ſhe careſſed the ſportful boy, and by careſſing him prepared new tortures for herſelf.

Cupid, pleaſed with having prevailed on her not to oppoſe the burning of the ſhip, went to perſuade the nymphs to do it. They were wandering and diſperſed up and down on the mountains, like a flock of ſheep which the rage of ravenous wolves has cauſed to fly from the ſhepherd. Cupid calls them together, and ſays, Telemachus is ſtill in your power, haſten to burn the bark which the raſh Mentor has built for his flight. They immediately light their torches, they run to the ſhore, they quiver with fury, they howl and ſhake their diſhevelled hair like Bacchanals. And now the flames aſcend; they conſume the veſſel, which was built of dry wood and bedaubed with roſin; whirlwinds of ſmoky flames aſcend to the clouds.

Telemachus and Mentor ſeeing the blaze from the top of the rock, and hearing the ſhouts of the nymphs, the former was tempted to rejoice at it; for his heart was not yet cured; and Mentor obſerved that his paſſion reſembled an ill-extinguiſhed fire, which from time to time breaks from under the aſhes, and ſends forth glittering ſparks. Lo! ſaid Telemachus, I am bound again in my fetters: we can no longer hope to quit this iſland.

Mentor plainly perceived that Telemachus was going to relapſe into all his weakneſſes, and that he had not a moment to loſe; he obſerved at a diſtance, in the midſt of the waves, a veſſel riding at anchor, which durſt not approach Calypſo's iſland, for all the pilots knew that it was inacceſſible to mortals. Upon this, the ſage Mentor ſuddenly puſhing Telemachus, who

was ſitting on the edge of the rocks, throws him headlong into the ſea, and leaps into it himſelf. Telemachus, ſtunned with the violence of the fall, drank in the briny waves, and became the ſport of the billows; but coming to himſelf, and ſeeing Mentor holding out his hand to aſſiſt him in ſwimming, he thought only of geting away from the fatal iſland.

The nymphs, who thought them their priſoners, ſcreamed in a terrible manner, ſeeing that they could not prevent their flight. The diſconſolate Calypſo returned to her grotto, which ſhe filled with her ſhriekings. Cupid finding his triumph changed into a ſhameful defeat, ſprung into the air, ſhook his wings, and flew to the Idalian grove, where his cruel mother was waiting for him. The ſon, ſtill more cruel, comforted himſelf only by laughing together with her at all the miſchiefs he had done.

Telemachus perceived with pleaſure that the farther he got from the iſland, the more his courage and his love of virtue revived. Now I experience, cried he to Mentor, what you told me and what I could not believe for want of experience, that vice is conquered only by flight. O my father, how gracious were the gods in giving me your aſſiſtance! I deſerved to have been deprived of it, and to have been left to myſelf. I now fear neither ſeas, nor winds, nor tempeſts; I fear nothing but my paſſions: Love alone is more to be dreaded than a thouſand ſhipwrecks.

End of the Seventh Book.

pl. IV. R. Cooper Sculp.

BRITISH MUSEUM
II
56
OCT

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the EIGHTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Adoam, the brother of Narbal, commands the Tyrian ſhip, wherein Telemachus and Mentor are kindly received. The captain, knowing Telemachus again, informs him of the tragical death of Pygmalion and Aſtarbe, and of Baleazar's advancement to the throne, whom the tyrant his father had diſgraced at Aſtarbe's inſtigation. During a repaſt which he gives to Telemachus and Mentor, Achitoas by the melody of his voice and lyre draws the Tritons, the Nereids, and the other ſea-deities around the ſhip. Mentor taking a lyre, plays upon it much better than Achitoas. Adoam afterwards relates the wonders of Betica, and deſcribes the mildneſs of the air, and the other beauties of that country, whoſe inhabitants lead a quiet life with great ſimplicity of manners.

THE ſhip which was at anchor, and towards which they advanced, was a Tyrian bark that was bound to Epirus. Theſe Phœnicians had ſeen Telemachus in his voyage from Egypt, but did not know him again in the midſt of the waves. When Mentor was near enough to be heard, he cried out with a loud voice, raiſing his head above the water, O Phœnicians,

you who are ſo ready to ſuccour all nations, refuſe not life to two men who hope it from your humanity. If you have any reverence of the gods, receive us into your veſſel; we will go where-ever you go. The commander anſwered, We will gladly receive you; we are not ignorant of what we ought to do for ſtrangers who ſeem in ſuch diſtreſs. Upon this they were immediately taken into the ſhip.

They were ſcarcely on board, but they were unable to breathe, and motionleſs; for they had ſwam a long while, and ſtruggled hard with the billows. By little and little they recovered their ſtrength, and other clothes were given them, becauſe their own were heavy with the water which had ſoaked into and poured from every part of them. When they were in a condition to ſpeak, all the Phœnicians crouding about them, deſired to know their adventures. The commander ſaid, How did you get into the iſland, from whence you came? It is reported to be poſſeſſed by a cruel goddeſs, who never ſuffers any body to land in it. Beſides, it is ſurrounded by frightful rocks, againſt which the ſea vainly ſpends its rage, and none can approach it without being wrecked.

Mentor anſwered, We were driven upon it; we are Greeks; our country is the iſland of Ithaca, which is near Epirus whither you are bound. If you are unwilling to touch at Ithaca, which is in your way, we ſhall be contented to be carried to Epirus, where we ſhall find friends who will take care to ſupply us with conveniencies for the ſhort paſſage we ſhall have from thence, and we ſhall for ever be obliged to you for the joy of ſeeing what is deareſt to us in the world.

Thus was it Mentor who ſpoke now, and Telemachus was ſilent, and ſuffered him to ſpeak; for the errors he had committed in the iſland of Calypſo, had greatly encreaſed his prudence. He was diffident of himſelf; he perceived the neceſſity of always following the wiſe counſels of Mentor; and when he could not

ſpeak to him to aſk his advice, he at leaſt conſulted his eyes, and endeavoured to gueſs at his thoughts.

The Phœnician captain fixing his eyes on Telemachus, fancied that he had ſeen him before; but he could not recollect when or where. Give me leave, ſaid he, to aſk you whether you remember that you have ever ſeen me before, for I, methinks, remember that I have ſeen you: your face is not unknown to me, it ſtruck me at firſt ſight; but I know not where I have ſeen you: your memory perhaps may help mine.

Telemachus anſwered with ſurpriſe and joy, I am in the ſame circumſtances at the ſight of you as you are with regard to me; I have ſeen you, I know you again; but I cannot call to mind whether it was in Egypt or at Tyre. Hereupon the Phœnician, like a man who awakes in the morning, and recollects by little and little the fugitive dream which vaniſhed at his waking, cried out on a ſudden, You are Telemachus with whom Narbal contracted a friendſhip in our return from Egypt; I am his brother, whom he undoubtedly often mentioned to you; I left you with him after our expedition to Egypt, being obliged to go beyond the remoteſt ſeas into the famous Betica, near the pillars of Hercules. As I did therefore but juſt ſee you, it is no wonder that I had ſo much difficulty in knowing you again at firſt ſight.

I plainly ſee, replied Telemachus, that you are Adoam. I had but a glympſe of you then, but I became acquainted with you by the converſation of Narbal. O how I rejoice at this opportunity of hearing news by you of a man who will ever be ſo dear to me! Is he ſtill at Tyre? Does he meet with no cruel treatment from the ſuſpicious and barbarous Pygmalion? Adoam interrupting him, ſaid, Know, Telemachus, that fortune commits you to one who will take all imaginable care of you; I will carry you back to the iſland of Ithaca before I go to Epirus, and Narbal's brother ſhall not have a leſs friendſhip for you than Narbal himſelf. This

ſaid, he obſerved that the wind which he waited for, began to blow; he ordered the anchors to be weighed, the ſails to be ſpread, and the ſea to be cleft by their oars. He then took Telemachus and Mentor aſide, to diſcourſe with them alone.

I will, ſaid he, looking upon Telemachus, ſatisfy your curioſity. Pygmalion is no more; the juſt gods have delivered the world from him. As he truſted no body, ſo no body could truſt him. The good ſatisfied themſelves with bewailing their miſeries and with flying from his cruelties, without being able to reſolve to do him any hurt; the wicked thought they could not ſecure their own lives but by putting an end to his. There was not a Tyrian who was not daily in danger of being the object of his jealouſy. His guards themſelves were more expoſed than others; for as his life was in their hands, he feared them more than all the reſt of men, and would on the leaſt ſuſpicion ſacrifice them to his ſafety. Thus did his endeavours to render himſelf ſafe, undermine his ſafety. Thoſe who had the care of his life were in continual danger by his ſurmiſes, and could not extricate themſelves from ſo terrible a ſituation, but by preventing the tyrant's cruel ſuſpicions by his death.

The impious Aſtarbe, of whom you have ſo often heard, was the firſt who reſolved on the king's deſtruction. She was paſſionately in love with a rich Tyrian youth, whoſe name was Joazar, and hoped to place him on the throne. To ſucceed in this deſign ſhe perſuaded the king that Phadael, the elder of his two ſons, was impatient to ſucceed his father, and had conſpired againſt him; ſhe ſuborned falſe witneſſes to prove the conſpiracy, and the unhappy king put his innocent ſon to death. The ſecond ſon, whoſe name was Baleazar, was ſent to Samos, under a pretence of learning the manners and ſciences of Greece; but in reality becauſe Aſtarbe had ſuggeſted to the king that it was neceſſary to ſend him away, that he might not enter into a correſpon-

dence with the malecontents. He was hardly ſailed, when thoſe who had the command of the ſhip, being corrupted by this cruel woman, took their meaſures to be wrecked in the night, and ſaved themſelves by ſwimming to ſome foreign barks that were waiting for them; having thrown the young prince into the ſea.

Mean while Aſtarbe's amours were known to every body but Pygmalion, who fancied that ſhe would never love any one but him. Such an entire confidence did that miſtruſtful prince repoſe in that wicked woman, and ſo exceſſively was he blinded by his paſſion for her. His avarice at the ſame time prompted him to ſeek pretences to put Joazar to death, with whom Aſtarbe was ſo paſſionately in love; all his thoughts were bent on ſeizing the riches of that young man.

But whilſt Pygmalion was a prey to ſuſpicion, love and avarice, Aſtarbe was haſtening to take away his life. She apprehended perhaps that he had diſcovered ſomething of her infamous intrigues with this youth. Beſides, ſhe knew that avarice alone would be ſufficient to induce the king to commit an act of cruelty with regard to Joazar, and concluded that ſhe had not a moment to loſe to prevent him. She ſaw the chief officers of the court ready to dip their hands in the king's blood, and daily heard of ſome new conſpiracy; but ſhe was afraid to entruſt her deſigns with any one who might betray her. At laſt, ſhe concluded that it was ſafeſt to poiſon Pygmalion.

He uſed moſt commonly to eat in private with her, and cooked himſelf all that he eat, not daring to truſt any hands but his own. He ſhut himſelf up in the moſt retired part of his palace, the better to conceal his ſuſpicions, and not to be obſerved when he was dreſſing his victuals. He apprehended all delicacies, nor could he prevail upon himſelf to taſte any thing which he knew not how to dreſs himſelf. Not only all ſorts of ragooes therefore which are prepared by cooks, but even wine, bread, ſalt, oil, milk, and all the common ali-

ments were not for his uſe. He eat only the fruits which he gathered in his garden, or the pulſe which he had ſowed and cooked himſelf. And laſtly, he never drank any water but what he drew himſelf out of a fountain, which was locked up in an apartment of his palace, and of which he always kept the key. Though he ſeemed to have ſo much confidence in Aſtarbe, yet he did not fail to take precautions againſt her; he always obliged her to eat and drink before him of every thing of which his repaſt was to conſiſt, that he might not be poiſoned without her, and that ſhe might have no hopes of ſurviving him. But ſhe took an antidote, with which an old woman, ſtill more wicked than herſelf, and the confident of her amours, had furniſhed her; after which ſhe was no longer afraid to poiſon the king, and ſhe did it in this manner.

The moment they were about to begin their repaſt, the old woman I have mentioned, made a noiſe all of a ſudden at one of the doors. The king, who continually fancied that he was going to be murdered, is alarmed and runs to the door to ſee if it was well ſecured. The old woman retires; the king is confounded, not knowing what to think of the noiſe he had heard, but afraid however to open the door to ſee what was the matter. Aſtarbe encourages him, careſſes him and urges him to eat; ſhe had put poiſon into his golden cup, whilſt he was gone to the door. Pygmalion, according to his cuſtom, made her drink firſt, which ſhe did without any apprehenſion, relying on her antidote. Pygmalion drank alſo, and ſoon after fell into a ſwoon. Aſtarbe, who knew that he was capable of killing her on the leaſt ſuſpicion, began to rend her clothes, to tear off her hair, and to make bitter lamentations; ſhe embraced the dying king; ſhe held him locked in her arms, and bedewed him with a flood of tears; for this artful woman always had tears at command. At laſt, ſeeing that the king's ſtrength was exhauſted, and that he was as it were in the agonies of death, and being

afraid that he ſhould recover and cauſe her to die with him, ſhe paſſed from careſſes and the tendereſt marks of friendſhip to the moſt horrible fury; ſhe ruſhed upon him and ſtrangled him. She afterwards tore the royal ſignet from his finger, took the diadem from his head, and called in Joazar to whom ſhe gave them both; imagining that all thoſe who had been attached to her, would eſpouſe the intereſts of her paſſion, and that her lover would be proclaimed king. But thoſe who had been moſt aſſiduous to pleaſe her, were groveling mercenary ſouls, who were incapable of a ſincere affection. Beſides, they wanted courage, and were afraid of the enemies which Aſtarbe had drawn on herſelf; they were ſtill more afraid of the haughtineſs, diſſimulation and cruelty of this impious woman, and every one for his own ſecurity wiſhed for her deſtruction.

Mean while the whole palace is filled with a fearful tumult, and on all ſides are heard cries of, The king is dead. Some are terrified, others run to arms, and all ſeem in pain for the conſequences, but overjoyed at the news. Fame carries it from mouth to mouth throughout all the great city of Tyre, and there is not a ſingle perſon who laments the king; his death is the deliverance and conſolation of all his ſubjects.

Narbal, ſtruck with ſo horrid a deed, bewailed like an honeſt man the wretched fate of Pygmalion, who had betrayed himſelf by his confidence in the impious Aſtarbe, and had choſen rather to be a monſtrous tyrant, than to be, what a king ought to be, the father of his people. He applied his thoughts to the good of the ſtate, and immediately aſſembled all men of probity to oppoſe Aſtarbe, under whom they would have ſeen a yet crueller reign than that which they now ſaw at an end.

Narbal knew that Baleazar was not drowned when he was thrown into the ſea. They who aſſured Aſtarbe that he was dead, ſpoke as they thought; but favoured by the night, he eſcaped by ſwimming, and certain mer-

chants of Crete, moved with compaſſion, took him into their ſhip. He durſt not return to his father's kingdom, ſuſpecting that the wreck was a thing concerted for his deſtruction, and dreading Pygmalion's cruel jealouſy as much as Aſtarbe's artifices. He remained a long while wandering up and down in diſguiſe, on the ſea-coaſt of Syria, where the Cretan merchants had left him, and was even obliged to tend a flock to get his bread. At laſt he found means to let Narbal know the condition he was in, not doubting but that he might ſafely entruſt his ſecret and his life with one of ſo tried a virtue. Narbal, though he was ill-treated by the father, loved the ſon, and was watchful of his intereſt; but he took care of it only to hinder him from ever failing in his duty to his father, and he prevailed on him to bear his ill fortune with patience.

Baleazar had written thus to Narbal: If you think I may venture to come to you, ſend me a gold ring, and I ſhall thereby immediately conclude that it is time for me to ſet out for Tyre. Narbal did not think proper to ſend for Baleazar while Pygmalion was alive; he would thereby have hazarded the prince's life and his own, ſo difficult was it to be ſecure againſt the rigorous inquiſitions of Pygmalion. But as ſoon as that unhappy king had ſuffered a fate ſuitable to his crimes, Narbal ſent the gold ring to Baleazar. The latter ſet out immediately, and arrived at the gates of Tyre, when the whole city was in confuſion about Pygmalion's ſucceſſor. He was readily acknowleged by the principal Tyrians and all the people; for they loved him, not out of any affection for the late king his father, who was univerſally hated, but on account of his own moderation and the ſweetneſs of his temper. And then his long ſufferings gave him a kind of luſtre which brightened all his good qualities, and moved all the Tyrians in his favour.

Narbal convened the chief of the people, the old men who compoſe the council, and the prieſts of the great

goddeſs of Phœnicia, who all ſaluted Baleazar as their king, and ordered him to be proclaimed by the heralds. The people anſwered by a thouſand ſhouts of acclaim, which Aſtarbe heard from the retired part of the palace, where ſhe was locked up with her baſe and infamous Joazar. All the profligate wretches ſhe had employed during Pygmalion's life, had forſaken her; for the wicked miſtruſt and are afraid of the wicked, and do not deſire to ſee them in power, well knowing how perſons like themſelves will abuſe it, and how great their oppreſſion will be. But they are more eaſily reconciled to the good, becauſe they hope to find them at leaſt moderate and indulgent. Aſtarbe had none left about her but ſuch as were acceſſory to her moſt atrocious crimes, and could expect nothing but puniſhment.

The palace was forced open; thoſe wretches not daring to make a long reſiſtance, nor thinking of ought but flight. Aſtarbe, diſguiſed like a ſlave, endeavoured to make her eſcape; but a ſoldier knowing her, ſhe was taken, and with great difficulty ſaved from being torn in pieces by the enraged populace, who were dragging her along in the dirt, when Narbal reſcued her out of their hands. Upon this ſhe begged to ſpeak to Baleazar, hoping to dazzle him with her charms, and to make him believe that ſhe could let him into ſecrets of importance. Baleazar could not refuſe to hear her. At firſt ſhe diſcovered beſides her beauty ſuch ſweetneſs and modeſty as were capable of touching the moſt irritated heart. She flattered the prince by the moſt delicate and inſinuating praiſes; ſhe repreſented to him how greatly Pygmalion had loved her; ſhe conjured him by his father's aſhes to pity her; ſhe invoked the gods as if ſhe had ſincerely adored them; ſhe ſhed floods of tears, and threw herſelf at the new king's feet. But ſhe afterwards uſed all her arts to render his beſt-affected ſervants ſuſpected and odious to him. She accuſed Narbal of having entered into a conſpiracy againſt Pygmalion, and of having tampered with the people to make himſelf king to Ba-

leazar's prejudice; adding that he deſigned to poiſon this young prince. She invented the like calumnies of all other Tyrians who were lovers of virtue, and hoped to find in Baleazar's heart the ſame diffidence and ſuſpicions which ſhe had ſeen in that of the king his father. But Baleazar, unable longer to endure her black malice, interrupted her, and called for a guard. She was conveyed to priſon, and the wiſeſt old men were commiſſioned to enquire into all her actions.

They diſcovered with horror that ſhe had poiſoned and ſtrangled Pygmalion; the whole courſe of her life ſeemed to be a chain of monſtrous crimes; and they were going to ſentence her to be burnt in a ſlow fire, a puniſhment which is appointed for the greateſt offences in Phœnicia. But when ſhe perceived that ſhe had no hopes left, ſhe became like a fury broke looſe from hell, and ſwallowed poiſon, which ſhe always carried about her to end her life, in caſe ſhe ſhould be doomed to ſuffer lingering tortures. Her guards perceived that ſhe was in a violent agony, and endeavoured to comfort her; but ſhe anſwered them only by ſigns, that ſhe deſired none of their comfort. She was put in mind of the righteous gods whom ſhe had offended; but inſtead of ſhewing the confuſion and repentance due to her guilt, ſhe lifted up her eyes to heaven with contempt and arrogance, as it were to inſult the gods.

Rage and impiety were ſtamped on her dying viſage; one ſaw no remains of that beauty which had been fatal to ſo many men; all her charms were faded; her deadened eyes rolled in her head, and caſt forth wild and ſavage glances; convulſions ſhook her lips, and kept her mouth gaping horribly wide; her ſhrunk and ſhrivelled face made hideous grimaces; a livid paleneſs and deadly cold had ſeized on all her limbs. Sometimes ſhe ſeemed to recover her ſtrength and ſpirits, but it was only to ſpend them in howling. At laſt ſhe expired, leaving all who beheld her full of affright and horror. Her impious ſoul undoubtedly deſcended to thoſe regions of

ſorrow, where the cruel Danaids are eternally drawing water in leaky veſſels; where Ixion for ever turns his wheel; where Tantalus burning with thirſt, cannot taſte the ſtream which flies from his lips; where Siſyphus in vain up-rolls an ever-falling ſtone; and where Tityus will eternally feel the gnawing vulture in his ever-growing bowels.

Baleazar being rid of this monſter, returned the gods thanks by innumerable ſacrifices. He has begun his reign by a conduct directly oppoſite to Pygmalion's; he applies himſelf to the reviving of commerce, which daily languiſhed more and more; he follows Narbal's counſels in his moſt momentous affairs, and yet is not governed by him; for he inſiſts on ſeeing every thing with his own eyes. He hears all the different advices which are given him, and purſues that which ſeems to him the beſt. He is beloved of the people, and in poſſeſſing their hearts, he poſſeſſes greater treaſures than his father amaſſed by his cruel avarice; for there is no family which would not give him their all, were he in any preſſing neceſſity: What he leaves them therefore is more his own than if he took it from them. He has no need to take any precautions with regard to the ſecurity of his life; for he is always ſurrounded by the ſureſt of guards, the love of his people. There is not one of them who does not fear to loſe him, and would not hazard his own life to preſerve that of ſo good a king. He is happy, and all his ſubjects are happy alſo; he is fearful of over-burdening them, and they of not offering him a ſufficient portion of their ſubſtance. He ſuffers them to abound, and their abundance renders them neither intractable nor inſolent; for they are laborious, addicted to trade, and ſtedfaſt in preſerving the purity of their ancient laws. Phœnicia is riſen again to her high pitch of grandeur and glory, and it is to her young king that ſhe is indebted for ſo much proſperity. Narbal governs under him. O Telemachus! were he to ſee you now, with what joy would he load you with pre-

ſents! What a pleaſure would it be to him to ſend you back in a magnificent manner to your own country! And how happy am I in doing what he would rejoice to do, in going to the iſland of Ithaca to place the ſon of Ulyſſes on the throne, that he may reign there as wiſely as Baleazar reigns at Tyre!

When Adoam had ſpoken thus, Telemachus, charmed with the hiſtory which the Phœnician had recited, and ſtill more ſo with the marks of friendſhip which he received from him in his diſtreſs, embraced him with great tenderneſs. Adoam then aſked him by what accident he had entered Calypſo's iſland. Telemachus in his turn related his departure from Tyre; his paſſage to the iſle of Cyprus; the manner of his finding Mentor again; their voyage to Crete; the public games for the election of a king after Idomeneus's flight; the reſentment of Venus; their ſhipwreck; the pleaſure with which Calypſo received them; this goddeſs's jealouſy of one of her nymphs, and how Mentor threw him into the ſea, as ſoon as he deſcribed the Phœnician ſhip.

After theſe relations, Adoam ordered a magnificent repaſt, and to expreſs the greater joy, united all the pleaſures which were to be had. During the repaſt, which was brought in by young Phœnicians, clad in white, with garlands of flowers on their heads, the moſt exquiſite perfumes of the eaſt were burnt; and all the rowers benches were crouded with players on flutes, whom Architoas interrupted from time to time by the ſweet harmony of his voice and lyre, which were worthy of being heard at the table of the gods, and of raviſhing the ears of Apollo himſelf. The Tritons, the Nereids, all the deities which are ſubject to Neptune, and the ſea-monſters themſelves, allured by this divine melody, iſſued from their deep and humid grottoes, and ſwam in ſhoals around the ſhip. A company of Phœnician boys of an uncommon beauty, clad in fine linen that was whiter than ſnow, danced a long while the dances of their own country, then thoſe of Egypt,

and laſtly thoſe of Greece. Trumpets from time to time made the waves reſound to diſtant ſhores. The ſilence of the night, the calmneſs of the ſea, the trembling light of the moon that danced on the ſurface of the waters, and the duſky azure of the ſky beſpangled with glittering ſtars, ſerved to heighten the beauty of the ſcene.

Telemachus being of a lively temper and eaſily affected, reliſhed all theſe pleaſures; but he was afraid to give a looſe to his inclinations. Since he had ſo ſhamefully experienced in the iſle of Calypſo how apt youth is to be inflamed, he was apprehenſive even of the moſt innocent pleaſures, and ſuſpected every thing. He looked on Mentor, to learn from his face and eyes what he ought to think of all theſe diverſions.

Mentor was very glad to ſee him in this perplexity, and ſeemed to take no notice of it. At laſt being moved with Telemachus's moderation, he ſaid to him with a ſmile, I know what you are afraid of, and I commend you for your fear; but you ſhould not carry it too far. No body is more willing than I that you ſhould taſte of pleaſures, provided they are pleaſures that do not take too firm a hold of you, nor enervate you. Pleaſures which refreſh you, and which you may enjoy and yet continue to be maſter of yourſelf, are neceſſary; but not pleaſures which run away with you. I would recommend calm and moderate pleaſures, which do not deprive you of your reaſon, nor ever degrade you into a furious brute. It is now ſeaſonable to unbend after all your toils. Be complaiſant to Adoam, and taſte the pleaſures which he offers you. Be merry, Telemachus, be merry. Wiſdom has nothing of auſterity: it is ſhe that beſtows ſubſtantial pleaſures; ſhe alone knows to ſeaſon and to make them pure and laſting; ſhe knows to mix paſtime and mirth with grave and ſerious affairs; ſhe prepares pleaſure by fatigue, and unbends from fatigue by pleaſure. Wiſdom is not aſhamed of being gay when it is needful to be ſo.

This ſaid, Mentor took a lyre, and played on it

with ſo much art, that Achitoas let his fall through envy and vexation. His eyes flamed, his troubled viſage changed its colour, and every body would have obſerved his ſhame and confuſion, had not Mentor's lyre raviſhed the ſouls of all who were preſent. They hardly dared to breathe leſt they ſhould break the ſilence, and loſe ſomething of the heavenly ſong; they were all the while afraid that it would end too ſoon. Mentor's voice had no effeminate ſoftneſs; but it was various, ſtrong, and humoured even the minuteſt things.

He ſung firſt the praiſes of Jupiter, the father and king of gods and men, who ſhakes the univerſe with his nod. Then he repreſented Minerva iſſuing out of his head, that is, wiſdom, of which this god is the ſource, and which flows from him for the inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to learn. Mentor ſung theſe truths with ſo affecting a voice, and with ſuch devotion, that the whole aſſembly thought themſelves tranſported to the higheſt Olympus and the preſence of Jupiter, whoſe looks are more piercing than his thunder. Afterwards he ſung the fate of the youth Narciſſus, who falling deſperately in love with his own beauty, which he was continually viewing on the margin of a fountain, pined away with grief, and was changed into the flower which bears his name. And laſtly, he ſung the tragical death of the lovely Adonis, whom a wild boar tore in pieces, and the enamoured Venus could not revive by all her bitter complaints to heaven.

None who heard him could retain their tears, and every one felt I know not what of pleaſure in weeping. When he had done ſinging, the Phœnicians looked on each other with aſtoniſhment. One ſaid, This is Orpheus; it was thus that he tamed the ſavage beaſts with his lyre, and removed the woods and the rocks; it was thus that he enchanted Cerberus, that he ſuſpended the torments of Ixion and the Danaids, and moved the inexorable Pluto, to permit him to bring the fair Eurydice from hell. Another cried, No, it is Linus the ſon of

Apollo. You are miſtaken, replied a third, it is Apollo himſelf. Telemachus was little leſs ſurpriſed than the reſt; for he did not know that Mentor could ſing and play on the lyre in ſo exquiſite a manner. Achitoas having had leiſure to hide his jealouſy, began to praiſe Mentor; but he bluſhed as he praiſed him, and could not go through with his ſpeech. Mentor obſerving his confuſion, took the word as it were with a deſign to put a ſtop to his encomiums, and endeavoured to make him eaſy by giving him all the commendations he deſerved. Achitoas however was diſconſolate; for he perceived that Mentor excelled him ſtill more by his modeſty, than by the charms of his voice.

Mean-time Telemachus ſaid to Adoam, I remember that you mentioned a voyage you made to Betica, after we left Egypt. Now Betica is a country of which ſo many wonders are told, that one can hardly believe them. Pleaſe to tell me if all that is reported of it be true. I ſhall with pleaſure, ſaid Adoam, give you a deſcription of this famous country, which is worthy of your curioſity, and ſurpaſſes all that fame relates of it. Whereupon he began thus.

The river Betis glides through a fertile country, and under a temperate and ever-ſerene ſky. The country took its name from this river, which falls into the grand ocean near the pillars of Hercules, and the place where the raging ſea, breaking down its mounds, formerly ſeparated the territories of Tarſis from thoſe of Great Africa. This country ſeems to have preſerved the pleaſures of the golden age. The winters are mild, the bleak north-winds never blow there, and the heat of the ſummer is always tempered by refreſhing Zephirs, which cool the air towards the middle of the day. Thus the whole year is an happy union of the ſpring and the autumn, which ſeem to ſhake hands together. The ſoil in the vallies and the plains yields two harveſts in a year. The high-ways are bordered with lawrels, pomgranates, jeſſamins, and other trees, which are always

green and always in bloom. The mountains are covered with flocks which yield a fine wool that is ſought after by all the known nations of the world. There are ſeveral gold and ſilver mines in this beautiful country; but the inhabitants, plain and happy in their plainneſs, do not even deign to reckon gold and ſilver among their riches; they eſteem nothing but what really ſubſerves the wants of man.

When we firſt began to trade with theſe people, we found gold and ſilver applied amongſt them to the ſame uſes as iron, as in plough-ſhares for inſtance. As they had no foreign trade, they had no occaſion for money. They are almoſt all ſhepherds or huſbandmen. There are but few artificers in this country, for they tolerate no arts but thoſe which ſubſerve the real neceſſities of man. But though moſt of the men are addicted to agriculture and the tendance of their flocks, yet they neglect not the exerciſe of ſuch arts as are neceſſary to their plain and frugal way of life.

The women ſpin this wool, and make it into a fine and wonderfully white cloth; they make the bread, and dreſs the victuals, which is but little trouble; for they eat only fruits, or milk, and now and then a little fleſh. The ſkins of their ſheep they uſe in making a thin ſort of covering for their legs and feet, and for thoſe of their huſbands and children. They build tents, ſome of waxed hides and others of the bark of trees; they make and waſh all the clothes of the family, and keep their houſes in order and wonderfully neat. Their clothes are eaſily made; for in this mild climate they wear only a ſingle piece of fine light cloth, which is not cut at all, and which every one, for the ſake of decency, wraps in large folds about his body, giving it what form he pleaſes.

The men exerciſe no arts, beſides the culture of their lands and the tendance of their flocks, but that of working in wood and in iron: And indeed they ſeldom uſe iron, except for the tools which are neceſſary to tillage. All the arts which relate to architecture are uſeleſs to

them, for they never build houſes. It is, ſay they, being too much attached to this world, to erect a manſion in it, which is much more laſting than we; a ſhelter from the injuries of the weather is ſufficient. As for all the other arts which are eſteemed among the Greeks, Egyptians and all other civilized nations, they deteſt them as the inventions of vanity and luxury.

When they are told of nations that have the art of erecting ſtately edifices, and of making gold and ſilver furniture, ſtuffs adorned with embroidery and precious ſtones, exquiſite perfumes, delicate diſhes, and inſtruments whoſe harmony is tranſporting; they anſwer in theſe words, Thoſe nations are very unhappy in having employed ſo much pains and induſtry to corrupt themſelves. Thoſe unneceſſary things enervate, intoxicate, and plague thoſe who poſſeſs them, and tempt thoſe who are deſtitute of them, to endeavour to acquire them by injuſtice and violence. And can one call a good, a ſuperfluity which ſerves only to make men evil? Are the inhabitants of thoſe countries more healthful and more robuſt than we? Do they live longer? Do they agree better among themſelves? Do they live a more free, a more quiet, a more chearful life? On the contrary, they muſt needs be jealous of each other, they muſt feel the gnawings of black and ſhameful envy, they muſt be always tortured by ambition, by fear, by avarice, and be incapable of pure and ſimple pleaſures, ſince they are the ſlaves of ſo many imaginary wants, on which they make all their happineſs depend.

It is thus, continued Adoam, that theſe wiſe people reaſon, who have learnt wiſdom only by the ſtudy of ſimple nature. They abhor our politeneſs, and it muſt be owned that theirs is great in their amiable ſimplicity. They live all together without dividing their lands; every family is governed by its head, who is indeed its king. The father has a right to puniſh his children or grand-children, who commit any evil action; but before he puniſhes them, he conſults the reſt of the family.

Theſe puniſhments hardly ever happen; for innocence of manners, ſincerity, obedience, and an horror of vice inhabit this happy region. It ſeems as if Aſtrea, who is ſaid to have taken her to heaven, were ſtill concealed among theſe people here below. There is no need of judges among them; for their own conſcience is their judge. All their goods are in common; the fruits of the trees, the product of the earth, and the milk of their flocks and herds are ſuch abundant riches, that ſo ſober and abſtemious a people have no occaſion to divide them. Each family, wandering up and down in this beautiful country, removes its tents from one place to another, when it has conſumed the fruits and ate up the paſtures of that where it was ſettled. They have therefore no private intereſts to maintain among themſelves, and they love each other with a brotherly love which nothing interrupts. It is their abriging themſelves of vain riches and chimerical pleaſures, which preſerves this peace, union and liberty. They are all free, and all equal. There is no diſtinction among them, but what is derived from the experience of the wiſe old men, or the extraordinary wiſdom of ſome young men, who equal the conſummate virtue of the ſeniors. The cruel and peſtilent voice of fraud, violence, perjury, law and war is never heard in a country ſo dear to the gods. Never did this climate bluſh with human blood; nay, that of lambs is hardly ever ſhed there. When they are told of the bloody battles, the rapid conqueſts, and revolutions which happen in other nations, they are at a loſs to expreſs their aſtoniſhment. What! ſay they, do not men die faſt enough, without deſtroying each other? How ſhort their ſpan of life! and yet one would think that it ſeems too long to them. Are they ſent into the world to tear each other in pieces, and to make themſelves mutually wretched?

To conclude, the Beticans cannot conceive why conquerors who ſubdue vaſt empires, are ſo much admired. What madneſs is it, ſay they, to place one's happineſs

in governing other men, ſince it is ſo painful an office, if it be diſcharged with wiſdom and juſtice! But why ſhould one take a pleaſure in governing them whether they will or no! All a wiſe man can do, is to ſubmit to govern a willing people whom the gods have committed to his care, or a people who entreat him to be as it were their father and their ſhepherd. But to govern a people againſt their will, is to make one's ſelf very miſerable for the ſake of the falſe honour of making them ſlaves. A conqueror is one whom the gods, incenſed againſt mankind, have ſent into the world in their wrath, to ravage kingdoms, to ſpread every where terror, miſery and deſpair, and to make as many ſlaves as there are free men. Does not a man who ſeeks for glory, abundantly find it, in wiſely governing thoſe whom the gods have ſubjected to his power? Does he think that he cannot merit praiſe but by being violent, unjuſt, haughty, an uſurper and tyrannical to all his neighbours? He ſhould never think of war, but to defend his liberty. Happy he, who not being the ſlave of another, has not the mad ambition of making another his ſlave! The mighty conquerors, who are repreſented to us in ſuch glorious colours, reſemble overflowing rivers, which though they ſeem majeſtic, ravage all the fruitful fields which they ought only to water.

After Adoam had drawn this picture of Betica, Telemachus, who was charmed with it, aſked him ſeveral curious queſtions. Pray do theſe people drink wine, ſaid he? They are ſo far from drinking it, replied Adoam, that they never make any. Not that they want grapes: no country yields more delicious: but they content themſelves with eating them like other fruits, and dread wine as the corrupter of mankind. It is a kind of poiſon, ſay they, which inſpires madneſs; it does not indeed kill a man, but it degrades him into a brute. Men may preſerve their health and ſtrength without wine, and with it they run the riſk of ruining both their health and their morals.

Telemachus then ſaid, I ſhould be glad to know their laws relating to marriage. A man, replied Adoam, can have but one wife, and he is obliged to keep her as long as ſhe lives. The honour of the men in this country depends as much on their fidelity to their wives, as the honour of women in others on their fidelity to their huſbands. Never were people ſo virtuous, nor ſo jealous of their chaſtity. The women are beautiful and engaging; but plain, modeſt and laborious. Their marriages are peaceful, fertile and unſpotted. The huſband and the wife ſeem to have but one ſoul in two different bodies, and they divide all their domeſtic cares between them. The huſband manages all affairs abroad, and the wife confines herſelf to thoſe of the houſe. She comforts her huſband; ſhe ſeems born only to pleaſe him; ſhe wins his confidence; ſhe charms him leſs by her beauty than her virtue, and the pleaſure they take in each other's company laſts as long as they live. The ſobriety of this people, their temperance and purity of manners procure them a long life, and exempt them from diſeaſes. There are amongſt them men of an hundred and of an hundred and twenty years old, who are ſtill ſprightly and vigorous.

I ſtill want to know, added Telemachus, what they do to avoid wars with their neighbours. Nature, ſaid Adoam, has ſeparated them from other nations, on one hand by the ſea, and on the other, towards the north, by high mountains. Beſides, their neighbours reſpect them for their virtue. Other nations not being able to agree together, have often made them the umpires of their differences, and pledged in their hands the lands and cities which were in diſpute between them. As this wiſe people never committed any violence, no body is miſtruſtful of them. They ſmile, when they hear of kings who cannot ſettle the limits of their dominions among themſelves. Are they afraid, ſay they, that the earth will not ſuffice mankind? There will always be more lands than they can cultivate. Whilſt there are

any free and untilled tracts, we would not defend even our own againſt neighbours who would ſeize upon them. There is no ſuch thing in any of the inhabitants of Betica as pride, haughtineſs, treachery, or a deſire of extending their dominion. As their neighbours therefore have nothing to fear from ſuch a people, nor any hopes of making themſelves feared by them, they ſuffer them to be quiet. The Beticans would forſake their country, or chuſe to die, rather than ſubmit to ſervitude. It is therefore as difficult to ſubdue them, as they are incapable of deſiring to ſubdue others. This is the cauſe of the profound peace between them and their neighbours.

Adoam concluded his account by relating in what manner the Phœnicians carried on their trade in Betica. Theſe people, ſaid he, were ſurpriſed when they ſaw that ſtrangers came ſo far through the waves of the ſea; they ſuffered us to build a city in the iſle of Gades; they received us kindly among themſelves, and gave us a part of all that they had, without permitting us to pay for it. They offered likewiſe freely to give us all that remained of their wool, after they had made a proviſion for their own uſe: And indeed they ſent us a rich preſent of it; it is a pleaſure to them to beſtow their ſuperfluity on ſtrangers.

As for their mines, they abandoned them to us without any difficulty: they were uſeleſs to them. Men, they thought, were not over-wiſe in ſeeking with ſo much labour in the bowels of the earth, for what cannot make them happy, nor ſatisfy any real want. Dig not, ſaid they to us, ſo deep into the earth; be contented with ploughing it, and it will yield you the ſubſtantial bleſſings of food; you will reap fruits from it which are of greater worth than ſilver and gold, ſince men deſire ſilver and gold only to purchaſe aliments which are the ſupport of life.

We frequently offered to teach them navigation, and to carry their young men into Phœnicia; but they would

never conſent that their children ſhould be taught to live like us. They would learn, ſaid they, to want all the things which are become neceſſary to you; nay, they would have them, for they would relinquiſh virtue in order to obtain them by fraud. They would become like a man that has good legs, who by a diſguiſe of walking, brings himſelf at laſt to the neceſſity of being always carried like a perſon that is ſick. As for navigation, they admire the induſtry of that art; but they think that it is a pernicious art. If theſe men, ſay they, have a ſufficiency of the neceſſaries of life in their own country, what do they go in queſt of to another? Is not what ſuffices the calls of nature, ſufficient for them? They deſerve to be wrecked, ſince they ſeek for death in the midſt of tempeſts, to glut the avarice of merchants, and to humour the paſſions of others.

Telemachus was charmed at hearing Adoam's relation, and rejoiced that there was ſtill in the world a people, who following uncorrupted nature, were at once ſo wiſe and happy. Oh! how different, ſaid he, are theſe manners from the vain and ambitious manners of the nations who are eſteemed the wiſeſt! We are ſo depraved that we can hardly believe that ſo natural a ſimplicity can be real. We look on the manners of theſe people as a beautiful fable, and they muſt needs look upon ours as a monſtrous dream.

End of the Eighth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the NINTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Venus, ſtill incenſed againſt Telemachus, begs his deſtruction of Jupiter; but Deſtiny not permitting him to periſh, the goddeſs goes to concert with Neptune the means to drive him from Ithaca, whither Adoam was carrying him. They imployed a deceitful deity to impoſe upon the pilot Athamas, who thinking that he was arrived at Ithaca, enters full ſail into the port of the Salentines. Idomeneus their king receives Telemachus into his new city, where he was then preparing a ſacrifice to Jupiter for the ſucceſs of a war againſt the Mandurians. The prieſt conſulting the entrails of the victims, promiſes Idomeneus all he could hope for, and gives him to underſtand that he would owe his good fortune to his two new gueſts.

WHILE Telemachus and Adoam were thus diſcourſing together, forgetful of ſleep, and not perceiving that the night was already in the middle of her courſe, an unfriendly and deceitful deity drove them from Ithaca, which their pilot Athamas ſought for in vain. Neptune, though propitious to the Phœnicians, could no longer brook Telemachus's eſcape from the tempeſt, which had thrown him on the rocks of Calypſo's

iſland. Venus was ſtill more provoked to ſee the youth triumphing after his victory over Love and all his charms. In a tranſport of grief ſhe quitted Cythera, Paphos, Idalia, and all the honours which are paid her in the iſle of Cyprus. She could no longer ſtay where Telemachus had deſpiſed her power. She aſcends to bright Olympus, where the gods were aſſembled around the throne of Jupiter. From hence they behold the ſtars rolling beneath their feet, and view the ball of earth like a little lump of dirt. The immenſe ſeas ſeem to them but as drops of water, with which this clod is a little diluted. The greateſt kingdoms are in their eyes but a few grains of ſand on the ſurface of this clod. Innumerable nations and the mightieſt hoſts are but like ants, quarreling with each other for a blade of graſs on this mole-hill. The immortals laugh at the moſt ſerious affairs which diſquiet feeble mortals, and look upon them only as the ſports of children. What men ſtile greatneſs, glory, power, deep policy, ſeems to theſe ſupreme deities but miſery and weakneſs.

It is in this abode, ſo high above the earth, that Jupiter has fixed his immoveable throne. His eyes pierce the deepeſt abyſs, and enlighten all the ſecret receſſes of the heart. His mild and ſerene looks diffuſe tranquillity and joy throughout the univerſe. On the contrary, when he moves his head, he ſhakes the heavens and the earth. The gods themſelves, dazzled with the rays of glory which ſurrounds him, tremble as they approach him.

All the celeſtial deities were at this inſtant around him. Venus preſented herſelf in all her native charms. Her flowing robe was brighter than all the colours wherewith Iris decks herſelf amidſt the duſky clouds, when ſhe promiſes affrighted mortals an end of ſtorms, and proclaims the return of fair weather. It was bound with the famous girdle on which the Graces are repreſented. The goddeſs's treſſes were tied negligently behind with a ribbon of gold. All the gods were ſur-

priſed at her beauty, as if they had never ſeen her before, and their eyes were dazzled with it, as thoſe of mortals are, when Phoebus, after a long night, enlightens them with his rays. They looked on each other with amazement, and their eyes continually returned to Venus. But they perceived that thoſe of the goddeſs were bathed in tears, and that grief was painted on her face.

Mean while ſhe moves towards the throne of Jupiter with a ſwift eaſy pace, like the rapid flight of a bird cleaving the immenſe ſpaces of air. He beheld her with complacency, gave her a gracious ſmile, and roſe and embraced her. My dear daughter, ſaid he, what grieves you? I cannot ſee your tears without concern; be not afraid to diſcloſe your heart to me; you know my fondneſs and indulgence.

Venus replied with a ſweet voice, interrupted by deep ſighs, O father of gods and men! can you who ſee all things, be ignorant of the cauſe of my grief? Minerva is not ſatisfied with eraſing even the very foundations of the ſtately city of Troy which I protected, and with being revenged on Paris, who preferred my beauty to hers; ſhe conducts through every land and ſea the ſon of Ulyſſes, that cruel ſubverter of Troy. Telemachus is accompanied by Minerva, which is the cauſe of her not appearing here in her place with the other deities. She hath led this raſh boy to the iſland of Cyprus to affront me; he has deſpiſed my power; he has not ſo much as deigned to burn incenſe on my altars; he has expreſſed an abhorrence of the feſtivals which are celebrated in my honour; he has ſhut his heart againſt all my pleaſures. In vain has Neptune, to puniſh him at my requeſt, irritated the winds and the waves againſt him. Telemachus, thrown by a dreadful ſhipwreck on the iſland of Calypſo, has triumphed over Love himſelf whom I ſent into that iſland, to ſoften the heart of this young Greek. Neither the youth, nor the charms of Calypſo and her nymphs, nor Cupid's burning ſhafts

have been able to defeat the arts of Minerva. She has ſnatched him from that iſland; I am confounded; a boy is triumphant over me.

Jupiter, to comfort Venus, ſaid, It is true, my daughter, that Minerva protects the heart of this young Greek againſt all the arrows of your ſon, and that ſhe is preparing him a glory which no youth ever deſerved. I am ſorry that he has deſpiſed your altars, but I cannot ſubject him to your power. I conſent, through my love of you, that he ſhall ſtill wander by land and ſea, and that he ſhall live far from his native country, expoſed to all ſorts of evils and dangers; but Deſtiny does not permit him to periſh, nor his virtue to yield to the pleaſures with which you ſoothe mankind. Be comforted therefore, my daughter, and content yourſelf with your dominion over ſo many other heroes and immortals.

As he ſpoke theſe words, he ſmiled on Venus with the utmoſt grace and majeſty. Rays, as bright as the moſt piercing lightening, ſhot from his eyes. As he fondly kiſſed the goddeſs, he ſhed ambroſial odors which perfumed Olympus. Venus could not but be ſenſible to this ſalute of the greateſt of the gods. Notwithſtanding her tears and her grief, joy diffuſed itſelf over her face, and ſhe let down her veil to hide the bluſh on her cheeks, and her confuſion. All the aſſembly of the gods applauded the words of Jupiter; and Venus, without loſing a moment, went to find Neptune, to concert with him the means of revenging herſelf on Telemachus.

She related to Neptune, what Jupiter had ſaid to her. I knew before, anſwered Neptune, the unalterable decree of deſtiny; but if we cannot deſtroy Telemachus in the billows, let us at leaſt try all methods to make him miſerable, and to retard his return to Ithaca. I cannot conſent to wreck the Phœnician ſhip wherein he is imbarked; I love the Phœnicians; they are my people; no country cultivates my empire like them; to them it is owing that the ſea is become the bond of the union of all the nations of the earth; they honour me

by continual ſacrifices on my altars; they are juſt, wiſe and induſtrious in trade, and every where diffuſe riches and plenty. No, goddeſs, I cannot ſuffer one of their ſhips to be wrecked; but I will cauſe the pilot to loſe his way, and to ſteer far from Ithaca, whither he deſigns to go. Venus, ſatisfied with this promiſe, ſmiled maliciouſly, and returned in her flying car to the blooming meadows of Idalia, where the graces, the ſports and the ſmiles expreſs their joy to ſee her again, dancing around her on the flowers which perfume this enchanting abode.

Neptune immediately diſpatched a deceitful deity of the ſame nature as dreams, ſave only that dreams do not deceive but during the time of ſleep, whereas this deity inchants the ſenſes of thoſe who are awake. This evil god ſurrounded by an innumerable croud of winged illuſions, that hovered around him, came and ſhed a ſubtle and inchanted liquor on the eyes of the pilot Athamas, as he was attentively viewing the brightneſs of the moon, the courſe of the ſtars, and the coaſt of Ithaca, whoſe ſteep rocks he already diſcovered near him. The ſame inſtant the pilot's eyes no longer ſaw any thing that was real. A falſe heaven and a falſe earth were preſented to him. The ſtars ſeemed as if they had changed their courſe, and were rolled back again. All Olympus appeared to move by new laws, and the earth itſelf was changed. A falſe Ithaca perpetually preſented itſelf to the pilot to amuſe him, whilſt he was ſteering from the true. The nearer he approached to this illuſive image of the coaſt of the iſland, the farther this image retired; it perpetually fled before him, and he knew not what to think of its flight. Sometimes he fancied that he already heard the noiſe uſual in ports, and prepared, according to the orders he had received, to land privately in a little iſland which is near the great one, to conceal Telemachus's return from Penelope's ſuitors, who had formed a conſpiracy againſt him. Sometimes he was afraid of the rocks, with which this

coaſt of the ſea is bordered, and fancied that he heard the terrible roaring of the billows breaking againſt them. Then all of a ſudden he obſerved that the land ſeemed ſtill a great way off. The mountains appeared to his eyes at this diſtance but like little clouds, which ſometimes darken the horizon at the ſetting of the ſun. Thus was Athamas aſtoniſhed, and the impreſſion of the deluſive deity which bewitched his eyes, ſunk his ſpirits to a degree which he had never experienced before. He was even tempted to believe that he was not awake, but under the deluſion of a dream. Mean while Neptune commanded the eaſt-wind to blow, to drive the ſhip on the coaſt of Heſperia. The wind obeyed with ſo much violence, that the bark quickly reached the ſhore which Neptune had appointed.

Already was Aurora uſhering in the day, and the ſtars which dread and are jealous of the rays of the ſun, were going to hide their glimmering fires in the ocean, when the pilot cried out, I can at length no longer doubt it, we almoſt touch the iſland of Ithaca; rejoice, Telemachus; you in an hour will ſee Penelope again, and perhaps find Ulyſſes re-ſeated on his throne.

At theſe words, Telemachus, who was motionleſs in the arms of ſleep, awakes, ſtarts up, goes to the helm, embraces the pilot, and with eyes yet hardly open ſurveys attentively the neighbouring coaſt, and ſighs when he finds not the ſhores of his native country. Alas! where are we, ſaid he? This is not my dear Ithaca; you are miſtaken, Athamas, and not well acquainted with a coaſt ſo remote from your own. No, no, replied Athamas, I cannot be miſtaken when I view the ſhores of this iſland. How many times have I entered your port! I know even its ſmalleſt rocks; the coaſt of Tyre is hardly deeper imprinted on my memory. Obſerve yon jutting mountain; ſee that rock which riſes like a tower; do you not hear the billows breaking againſt thoſe other rocks, which ſeem to menace the ſea with their fall? But do you not take notice of that

temple of Minerva which cleaves the clouds? Lo! there is the caſtle and houſe of your father Ulyſſes. O Athamas! you are miſtaken, anſwered Telemachus; I ſee on the contrary an high but level coaſt; I perceive a city which is not Ithaca. Is it thus, ye gods! that you ſport with mankind!

Whilſt he was ſpeaking theſe words, the eyes of Athamas were all of a ſudden reſtored; the charm was broken; he ſaw the coaſt ſuch as it really was, and acknowleged his error. I own, Telemachus, cried he, that ſome malicious deity had inchanted my eyes: I thought that I beheld Ithaca, and a perfect image of it was preſented to me; but now it vaniſhes like a dream. I ſee another city, which is undoubtedly Salentum, that Idomeneus, a fugitive from Crete, has lately founded in Heſperia. I perceive its riſing and as yet unfiniſhed walls; I ſee a port that is not entirely fortified.

Whilſt Athamas was obſerving the various buildings lately erected in this riſing city, and Telemachus was deploring his fate; the wind which Neptune cauſed to blow, drove them full ſail into a road, where they were under ſhelter, and very near the port.

Mentor, who was neither ignorant of Neptune's revenge, nor of the cruel artifice of Venus, only ſmiled at the miſtake of Athamas. When they were in this road, he ſaid to Telemachus, Jupiter tries you, but does not will your deſtruction: On the contrary, he only tries you to open the path of glory to you. Remember the labours of Hercules, and let thoſe of your father be continually before your eyes. Who knows not to ſuffer, has not a noble ſoul. You muſt by your patience and fortitude weary out the cruel fortune, that delights to perſecute you. I am leſs apprehenſive for you of the moſt dreadful frowns of Neptune, than I was of the flattering careſſes of the goddeſs who detained you in her iſland. What do we wait for? Let us enter the port; theſe people are friends; we arrive among Greeks: Idomeneus, who has been ill uſed by fortune,

will pity the unfortunate. Upon this they entered the port of Salentum, where the Phœnician ſhip was admitted without any difficulty, becauſe the Phœnicians are at peace, and trade with, all nations of the world.

Telemachus beheld this riſing city with admiration. As a tender plant, which has been nouriſhed by the ſweet dews of the night, and feels in the morning the embelliſhing rays of the ſun, thrives and opens its tender buds, and expands its verdant foliage, and diſcloſes its odorous bloſſoms with a thouſand new colours, and diſplays every moment one views it a freſh luſtre; ſo flouriſhed Idomeneus's new city on the ſea-ſhore: Each day, each hour, it roſe with magnificence, and preſented ſtrangers, who were afar off on the ſea, with new ornaments of architecture which reached even to the heavens. The whole coaſt rung with the clamors of the workmen, and the ſtrokes of the hammers. Stones were ſuſpended in the air by corded cranes; all the chiefs animated the people to labour, as ſoon as Aurora dawned; and king Idomeneus, giving orders every where himſelf, cauſed the works to advance with incredible ſpeed.

The Phœnician ſhip was hardly arrived, but the Cretans gave Telemachus and Mentor all the marks of a ſincere friendſhip, and made haſte to inform Idomeneus of the arrival of the ſon of Ulyſſes. The ſon of Ulyſſes, cried he! of Ulyſſes that dear friend, that wiſe hero, by whom we at laſt ſubverted the city of Troy! Conduct him hither, and let me convince him how much I loved his father. Telemachus was immediately preſented to him, and claims the rites of hoſpitality, by telling him his name. Idomeneus anſwered with a courteous ſmiling countenance, Though I had not been told who you are, I think that I ſhould have known you. Lo! there is Ulyſſes himſelf. Lo his ſparkling eyes, and ſteady looks. Lo his air, at firſt cold and reſerved, which concealed ſo much ſprightlineſs and ſuch numberleſs graces. I perceive even that delicate ſmile, that

careleſs action, that ſweetneſs, ſimplicity and inſinuation of ſpeech, which perſuaded before one had time to ſuſpect it. Yes, you are the ſon of Ulyſſes, but you ſhall be mine alſo. O my ſon! my dear ſon! what adventure brings you to this ſhore? Is it to ſeek your father? Alas! I have no tidings of him. We have both been perſecuted by fortune; he has had the misfortune of not being able to find his country again, and I that of finding mine filled with the wrath of the gods againſt me. While Idomeneus was ſpeaking theſe words, he looked ſteadfaſtly upon Mentor, as one whoſe face was not unknown to him, but whoſe name he could not recollect.

Telemachus anſwered with tears in his eyes. O king! pardon a ſorrow which I cannot conceal at a time when I ought only to expreſs my joy and gratitude for your goodneſs. By your lamenting the loſt Ulyſſes, you yourſelf teach me to feel the misfortunes of not finding my father. I have long been ſeeking him in every ſea; but the angry gods neither permit me to ſee him again, nor to learn if he be wrecked, nor to return to Ithaca, where Penelope is pining away with the deſire of being delivered from her ſuitors. I thought I ſhould have found you in the iſland of Crete; I was there informed of your hard fate, and little imagined that I ſhould ever have come near to Heſperia, where you have founded a new kingdom. But fortune, who ſports with mankind, and continues me a vagrant in every land remote from Ithaca, has at length thrown me on your coaſts. And of all the wrongs ſhe has done me, this is that which I bear the moſt willingly. Though ſhe drives me far from my native country, ſhe at leaſt gives me to know the moſt generous of princes.

At theſe words Idomeneus tenderly embraced Telemachus, and leading him to his palace, ſaid, Pray, who is this wiſe ſenior who accompanies you? I have, methinks, ſeen him before. It is Mentor, replied Telemachus, Mentor the friend of Ulyſſes, who entruſted him

with the care of my infancy. What tongue can expreſs my obligations to him!

Upon this Idomeneus advances and takes Mentor by the hand. We have, ſaid he, ſeen one another before now. Do you remember the voyage you made to Crete, and the good counſels you gave me? But the warmth of youth at that time, and an appetite for vain pleaſures hurried me away; it was neceſſary for me to be inſtructed by my misfortunes, to learn what I was unwilling to believe. O wiſe old man, would to the gods, that I had followed your advice. But I obſerve with aſtoniſhment, that you are hardly at all altered in ſo many years; you have the ſame freſhneſs of countenance, the ſame upright ſtature, the ſame vigour; your hair only is a little whitened.

O mighty king, anſwered Mentor, were I a flatterer, I ſhould tell you alſo that you ſtill retain the ſame flower of youth which bloomed on your face before the ſiege of Troy; but I had rather diſpleaſe you than wound the truth. Beſides, I ſee by your wiſe diſcourſe that you do not love flattery, and that one runs no riſk in ſpeaking to you with ſincerity. You are very much altered; I ſhould hardly have known you again. I plainly perceive the cauſe; it is your having laid your afflictions to heart. But you have gained by your ſufferings, ſince you have acquired wiſdom. A man ſhould not be much concerned at the wrinkles which overſpread his face, when his heart is exerciſed and ſtrengthened in virtue. And then you muſt know that kings always decay ſooner than other men. In adverſity, the troubles of the mind and the toils of the body make them grow old before their time; in proſperity, the pleaſures of a luxurious life wear them away ſtill faſter than all the fatigues of war, for nothing is ſo unhealthful as immoderate pleaſures. Hence it is that princes, both in peace and war, have always pains and pleaſures, which bring on old age before its natural ſeaſon. Whereas a life of ſobriety, temperance and ſimplicity,

BRITISH MUSEUM
11
56
OCT

Pag. 265 Tom. 1.

Pl. V. R. Cooper Sculp.

free from diſquietudes and paſſions, regular and laborious, preſerves in the limbs of a wiſe man the ſprightly vigour of youth, which without theſe precautions is always ready to take its flight on the wings of time.

Idomeneus, charmed with Mentor's diſcourſe, would have heard him a long while, had he not been put in mind of a ſacrifice which he was to offer to Jupiter. Telemachus and Mentor followed him, ſurrounded by a great croud of people, who gazed at the two ſtrangers with great curioſity and eagerneſs. The Salentines ſaid one to another, Theſe two men are very different. The young one has ſomething wonderfully lively and amiable; all the charms of youth and beauty are diffuſed over his face and body; but this beauty has nothing ſoft nor effeminate: With this tender bloom of youth he appears vigorous, robuſt and hardened to labour. The other, though much older, has loſt nothing of his ſtrength. His mein ſeems at firſt ſight leſs majeſtic, and his countenance leſs graceful; but when one views him near, one finds in his ſimplicity the marks of wiſdom and virtue, with an aſtoniſhing elevation of ſoul. When the gods deſcended to the earth to reveal themſelves to mortals, they undoubtedly aſſumed ſuch forms of ſtrangers and travellers.

Mean time they arrive at the temple of Jupiter, which Idomeneus, who was deſcended from that god, had adorned with great magnificence. It was ſurrounded with a double row of green marble pillars. The chapiters were ſilver. The temple was all incruſted with marble with bas-reliefs, which repreſented Jupiter's transformation into a bull, the rape of Europa, and her paſſage to Crete through the waves, which ſeemed to reverence Jupiter, though he was in a borrowed ſhape. Afterwards were ſeen the birth and youthful age of Minos; and then that wiſe king, more advanced in years, giving laws to all his iſland to make it flouriſh for ever. Here alſo Telemachus obſerved the principal events of the ſiege of Troy, in which Idomeneus had acquired the glory of a

great captain. Among the repreſentations of the battles, he looked for his father; he found him ſeizing the horſes of Rheſus, whom Diomed had juſt ſlain; afterwards diſputing with Ajax for the arms of Achilles before an aſſembly of all the chiefs of the Grecian army; and laſtly, iſſuing from the fatal horſe to ſhed the blood of numberleſs Trojans.

Telemachus immediately knew him by theſe famous actions, of which he had often heard, and which Mentor had related to him. The tears flowed from his eyes, his colour changed, and his countenance was diſordered. Idomeneus perceived it, though Telemachus turned aſide, to conceal his grief. Be not aſhamed, ſaid Idomeneus, to let us ſee how much you are affected with the glory and misfortunes of your father.

Mean time the people aſſembled in crouds under the vaſt porticoes, formed by the double row of pillars which environed the temple. There were two companies of boys and girls ſinging hymns in praiſe of the god who holds the thunder in his hands. Theſe children, who were ſelected for their extraordinary beauty, had long hair flowing over their ſhoulders; their heads were crowned with roſes and perfumed, and they were all clad in white. Idomeneus offered a ſacrifice of an hundred bulls to Jupiter, to render him propitious in a war which he had undertaken againſt his neighbours. The blood of the victims ſmoked on all ſides, and ſtreamed like rivers into deep vaſes of ſilver and gold.

Old Theophanes, beloved of the gods, and the prieſt of the temple, kept his head during the ſacrifice wrapped up in the lappet of his purple robe. He afterwards conſulted the yet-panting entrails of the victims, and then aſcending the ſacred tripod, Ye gods! cried he, who are theſe two ſtrangers whom heaven ſends hither? But for them, the war we have undertaken would be fatal to us, and Salentum would fall into ruins before its foundations were well finiſhed. I ſee a young hero

whom wiſdom leads by the hand; it is not permitted to a mortal mouth to utter more.

As he ſpoke theſe words, his looks were wild, and his eyes ſparkled; he ſeemed to gaze on other objects than thoſe which were preſent before him; his face flamed; he was diſordered and beſide himſelf; his hair ſtood upright, his mouth foamed, his arms were raiſed and motionleſs; his loudened voice was more than human; he was out of breath, and could not contain within him the divine ſpirit which poſſeſſed him.

O happy Idomeneus, cried he again! What do I ſee! What evils avoided! What a ſweet peace at home, but abroad what battles! What victories! O Telemachus! thy toils ſurpaſs thoſe of thy father; the proud foe groans in the duſt beneath thy ſword; the brazen gates, the inacceſſible ramparts fall at thy feet. O mighty goddeſs, let his father—O young man! thou at length again ſhalt ſee—At theſe words his ſpeech dies in his mouth, and he remains, as it were in ſpite of himſelf, amazingly ſilent.

All the people are frozen with fear; Idomeneus trembles, and dares not aſk him to make an end of his ſpeech. Telemachus himſelf is ſurpriſed, hardly underſtands what he hears, and can ſcarcely believe that he has heard thoſe glorious predictions. Mentor was the only one whom the divine ſpirit did not terrify. You hear, ſaid he to Idomeneus, the purpoſe of the gods: Againſt whatever nation you fight, the victory will be yours, and you will owe to the young ſon of your friend the ſucceſs of your arms. Be not jealous of him, but make a right uſe of what the gods give you by him.

Idomeneus not being yet recovered from his ſurpriſe, ſought for words in vain; his tongue continued motionleſs. Telemachus coming ſooner to himſelf, ſaid to Mentor, The promiſe of ſo much glory affects me not; but, pray, to what can theſe laſt words refer, Thou again ſhalt ſee? To my father, or to Ithaca only? Why, alas! did he not proceed? he has left me more doubt-

ful than I was. O Ulyſſes! O my father! is it you yourſelf whom I am to ſee again? Can it be true? But I flatter myſelf; cruel oracle! thou delighteſt to ſport with a miſerable wretch; one word more, and I had been completely happy.

Mentor ſaid to him, Revere what the gods reveal, and do not attempt to pry into things which they are pleaſed to hide: raſh curioſity deſerves to be put to confuſion. It is through wiſdom and goodneſs that the gods wrap up the fates of feeble mortals in an impenetrable night. It is uſeful to foreſee what depends on us, that we may perform it well; but it is not leſs uſeful to be ignorant of what does not depend on our care, and of what the gods deſign to do with us.

Telemachus, touched with theſe words, contained himſelf, though not without great difficulty. Idomeneus, who was recovered from his ſurpriſe, began on his part to give thanks to almighty Jupiter for ſending him the young Telemachus and the wiſe Mentor, to make him victorious over his enemies. After a ſumptuous repaſt, which followed the ſacrifice, he thus addreſſed the two ſtrangers:

I confeſs that I was not ſufficiently verſed in the art of government at my return to Crete, after the ſiege of Troy. You know, my dear friends, the misfortunes which robbed me of my crown in that great iſland, as you ſay that you have been there ſince I departed from it. And yet am I happy, abundantly happy, if my moſt cruel diſaſters have inſtructed and made me wiſer. I croſſed the ſeas like a fugitive, purſued by the vengeance of gods and men. All my former glory ſerved but to make my fall the more ignominious and the more inſupportable. I came to ſhelter my houſehold gods on this deſert coaſt, where I found nothing but lands uncultivated and over-run with thorns and brambles, foreſts as old as the earth itſelf, and rocks which were almoſt inacceſſible, and which ſerved for a harbour to the ſavage beaſts. And yet was I reduced to the neceſſity of

being glad to poſſeſs, with the handful of ſoldiers and companions, who were ſo kind as to accompany me in my misfortunes, this ſavage land, and to make it my country; deſpairing of ever ſeeing that happy iſland again, where the gods gave me to be born and to reign. Alas! ſaid I to myſelf, what a change! What a fearful example am I to princes! I ſhould be ſhewn to all the rulers of the world as a leſſon of inſtruction to them. They fancy that they have nothing to fear, becauſe of their elevation above the reſt of men: Alas! their very elevation is the cauſe of their having every thing to fear. I was formidable to my enemies, and beloved by my ſubjects; I commanded a powerful and warlike people; fame had ſounded my renown in the moſt diſtant nations; I reigned in a fertile and delightful iſland; an hundred cities paid me an annual tribute of their riches; my ſubjects acknowleged that I was deſcended from Jupiter, who was born in their country, and they loved me as the grandſon of the wiſe Minos, whoſe laws make them ſo powerful and happy. What was wanting to my felicity, except the knowing how to enjoy it with moderation? But my pride, and the adulation I liſtened to, ſubverted my throne. Thus will all kings fall, who give themſelves up to their paſſions, and to the counſels of flatterers. I endeavoured all the day to wear a face of chearfulneſs and hope, to keep up the ſpirits of my companions. Let us build, ſaid I to them, a new city, which may make us amends for all our loſſes. We are ſurrounded by nations, who have ſet us a good example for ſuch an enterpriſe. We ſee Tarentum riſing near us, a new kingdom founded by Phalantus and his Lacedæmonians. Philoctetes gives the name of Petilia to a great city which he is building on the ſame coaſt. Metapontum is alſo a colony of the like kind. Shall we do leſs than all theſe ſtrangers who are wanderers as well as we? Fortune is not more rigorous to us.

While I endeavoured by theſe words to ſweeten the toils of my companions, I concealed a deadly anguiſh

in the bottom of my heart. It was ſome comfort to me when the day-light forſook and night wrapped me in her ſhades, to be at liberty to bewail my wretched condition. Two floods of bitter tears would then ſtream from my eyes, and gentle ſlumber was a ſtranger to me. The next day I renewed my toils with freſh ardour. Lo the cauſe, Mentor, that you find me grown ſo old.

When Idomeneus had ended the relation of his miſeries, he begged Telemachus and Mentor to aſſiſt him in the war wherein he was engaged. I will ſend you back, ſaid he, to Ithaca as ſoon as the war is ended. Mean while I will ſend ſhips to all the moſt diſtant ſhores, to learn news of Ulyſſes. On what part ſoever of the known world ſtorms or the anger of ſome deity may have thrown him, I ſhall eaſily bring him from thence. The gods grant that he be ſtill alive! As for you, I will ſend you home with the beſt ſhips which were ever built in the iſland of Crete; they are built of timber felled on the true mount Ida, where Jupiter was born. The ſacred wood is unperiſhable in the waves, and the winds and the rocks dread and revere it; nay, Neptune himſelf in his greateſt rage is afraid to ſtir up the billows againſt it. Be aſſured therefore of returning happily and without any difficulty to Ithaca, and that no adverſe deity will again be able to make you wander over ſo many ſeas. The paſſage is ſhort and eaſy. Send away the Phœnician ſhip which brought you hither, and think only of acquiring the glory of eſtabliſhing the new kingdom of Idomeneus, to make him amends for all his misfortunes. It is at this price, O ſon of Ulyſſes, that you will be deemed worthy of your father. Though rigorous deſtiny ſhould already have ſent him down to Pluto's dreary realm, yet will all raviſhed Greece believe that it ſees him again in you.

Here Telemachus interrupted Idomeneus. Let us ſend back the Phœnician ſhip, ſaid he. Why do we delay to take arms and attack your enemies? They are become ours. If we were victorious when we fought in Sicily

for Aceſtes, a Trojan and an enemy to Greece, ſhall not we be ſtill more ardent and more favoured by the gods, when we fight for one of the Grecian heroes, who ſubverted the unrighteous city of Priam? The oracle we have juſt heard does not permit us to doubt it.

End of the Ninth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus informs Mentor of the grounds of the war against the Mandurians. He relates that those people had at first yielded to him the coast of Hesperia, where he had founded his city; that they retired to the neighbouring mountains, where some of their nation having been ill-treated by a party of his, they had deputed two old men to him, with whom he had settled articles of peace; and that, after an infraction of this treaty by some of his subjects who were ignorant of it, these people were preparing to make war against him. During this relation of Idomeneus, the Mandurians, who had immediately taken arms, appear at the gates of Salentum. Nestor, Philoctetes and Phalantus, whom Idomeneus thought neuter, are against him in the army of the Mandurians. Mentor goes alone out of Salentum, to propose conditions of peace to the enemy.

MENTOR, looking with a mild and serene aspect on Telemachus, who was already filled with a noble ardour for battle, answered him thus. I am very glad, son of Ulysses, to see in you so laudable a passion for glory; but remember that your father did

not obtain ſo much among the Greeks at the ſiege of Troy, but by ſhowing himſelf to be the wiſeſt and the moſt moderate among them. Achilles, though invincible and invulnerable, though ſure of ſpreading terror and death where-ever he fought, was not able to take the city of Troy; he fell himſelf beneath the walls of that city, which triumphed over the vanquiſher of Hector. But Ulyſſes, whoſe prudence governed his courage, carried fire and ſword amongſt the Trojans, and to him is owing the fall of thoſe high and haughty towers, which threatened, for ten years together, a confederacy of all Greece. As much as Minerva is ſuperior to Mars, ſo much does a diſcrete and foreſeeing valour ſurpaſs a hot and ſavage courage. Let us therefore begin by informing ourſelves of the circumſtances of this war. I ſhall not ſhun any dangers; but I think, Idomeneus, that you ſhould firſt let us ſee if your war be juſt; then againſt whom you make it; and laſtly, on what forces you build your hopes of an happy event.

Idomeneus replied, When we arrived on this coaſt, we found here a ſavage people, who wandered up and down the woods, and lived by hunting and on the fruits which the trees ſpontaneouſly produce. Theſe people, who are called Mandurians, were affrighted at the ſight of our ſhips and arms, and retired to the mountains; but as our ſoldiers were curious to ſee the country, and deſirous to chace the ſtaggs, they met with theſe fugitive ſavages: Whereupon their chiefs beſpoke them thus. We abandoned the pleaſant ſea-ſhores, to yield them up to you, and have nothing left but almoſt inacceſſible mountains; it is certainly reaſonable that you ſhould ſuffer us here to enjoy peace and liberty. We find you wandering, diſperſed and weaker than we, and have it in our power to kill you, and to conceal even the very knowlege of your fate from your companions; but we would not dip our hands in the blood of thoſe who are men as well as we. Retire, and remember that you owe your lives to our humanity; remember that it is from

a people whom you ſtile rude and ſavage, that you receive this leſſon of moderation and generoſity.

Thoſe of our men who were thus ſent back by theſe barbarians, returned to the camp, and related what had befallen them. The ſoldiers were enraged at it; being aſhamed that Cretans ſhould owe their lives to a band of fugitives, who ſeemed to them more like bears than men. They went to hunt in greater numbers than before, and with all ſorts of arms, and quickly met with the ſavages, and attacked them. The combat was bloody; the arrows flying from each party as hail falls in a field during a ſtorm. The ſavages were forced to retire to their ſteep mountains, where our men did not dare to purſue them.

A little while after, theſe people ſent to me two of their wiſeſt old men, who came to ſue for peace, and brought me preſents of the ſkins of ſome wild beaſts which they had killed, and of the fruits of their country. After they had preſented them to me, they ſpoke thus:

O king, we hold, as thou ſeeſt, the ſword in one hand, and the olive branch in the other; (and indeed they held them both in their hands) there is peace or war; take thy choice; we ſhould chuſe peace. It was for her ſake that we were not aſhamed to yield to thee the pleaſant ſea-coaſt, where the ſun fertilizes the earth, and produces ſuch a variety of delicious fruits; peace is ſweeter than fruits. It was for her that we retired to thoſe lofty mountains, eternally covered with ice and ſnow, where we never ſee the flowers of the ſpring, nor the rich product of autumn. We abhor that brutality, which under the ſpecious names of ambition and glory madly ravages whole provinces, and ſheds the blood of men who are all brothers. If thou art affected by this falſe glory, we are far from envying thee; we pity thee, and beſeech the gods to preſerve us from the like madneſs. If the ſciences which the Greeks are ſo careful to learn, and the politeneſs they boaſt of, inſpire them

with this deteſtable injuſtice, we think ourſelves very happy in not having thoſe accompliſhments; we ſhall always glory in being ignorant and barbarous, but juſt, humane, faithful, diſintereſted, accuſtomed to live on a little, and to deſpiſe the falſe delicacy which makes men want a great deal. What we eſteem, is health, frugality, liberty, vigour of mind and body; it is the love of virtue, a reverence of the gods, benevolence to our neighbours, zeal for our friends, fidelity to all mankind, moderation in proſperity, fortitude in adverſity, courage always to ſpeak the truth boldly, an abhorrence of flattery. Such are the people whom we offer thee for neighbours and allies. If the angry gods blind thee ſo far as to make thee refuſe peace, thou wilt find, but too late, that the men who through moderation love peace, are the moſt formidable in war.

While theſe old men were talking to me thus, I was unwearied with looking upon them. Their beards were long and uncouth, their hair ſhorter and hoary, their eye-brows buſhy, their eyes lively, their looks and countenance reſolute, their ſpeech grave and full of authority, and their manners plain and ingenuous. The furs, which ſerved them for clothes, being tied in a knot on their ſhoulders, one ſaw more nervous arms, and larger muſcles than thoſe of our wreſtlers. My anſwer to theſe two envoys was, that I deſired peace. We with the utmoſt candour ſettled ſeveral articles between us; we called all the gods to witneſs them, and I ſent theſe two men back with preſents. But the gods who drove me from the kingdom of my anceſtors, were not yet weary with perſecuting me. Our hunters, who could not ſo ſoon be informed of the peace we had concluded, meeting the ſame day a large body of theſe barbarians, who accompanied their envoys in their return from our camp, attacked them with fury, killed ſome of them, and purſued the reſt to the woods. Thus is the war kindled again. Theſe Barbarians believe that they can no longer rely on our promiſes or oaths.

To ſtrengthen themſelves againſt us, they have called to their aſſiſtance the Locrians, Apulians, Lucanians, Bruttians, and the people of Crotona, Neritum and Brunduſium. The Lucanians come with chariots armed with ſharp ſcythes. Among the Apulians every one is covered with ſome ſkin of a wild beaſt which he has killed; they carry clubs full of great knots, and beſet with ſpikes of iron; they are almoſt all of a gigantic ſtature, and their bodies are rendered ſo robuſt by the hard exerciſe to which they accuſtom themſelves, that their very ſight is frightful. The Locrians, who came from Greece, ſtill ſavour of their origin, and are more humane than the others; but they have joined to the exact diſcipline of the Grecian troops the ſtrength of the Barbarians, and an habit of living hard, which makes them invincible. They have light wicker ſhields covered with ſkins, and long ſwords. The Bruttians are as ſwift in the race as the hart and the deer; one would think that even the tendereſt graſs were not depreſt under their feet; they hardly leave any footſteps in the ſand. They ruſh ſuddenly on the foe, and then diſappear with equal rapidity. The people of Crotona are expert archers: A common man among the Greeks could not bend ſuch a bow as one uſually ſees amongſt the Crotonians, and ſhould they ever apply themſelves to our games, they will certainly obtain the prizes. Their arrows are dipped in the juice of certain venemous herbs, ſaid to be brought from the banks of Avernus, whoſe poiſon is mortal. As for thoſe of Neritum, Meſſapia and Brunduſium, they are endued only with ſtrength of body and valour without art. The out-cries which they ſend even to the heavens, at the ſight of the enemy, are terrible; they are pretty expert ſlingers, and darken the air with ſhowers of hurled ſtones, but they fight, without any order. This, Mentor, is what you deſired to be informed of; you now know the riſe of this war, and who are our enemies.

After this explanation, Telemachus, impatient to en-

gage, thought nothing remained but to have recourſe to arms. Mentor checked him again, and thus beſpoke Idomeneus. Whence comes it that even the Locrians, a people of Greek extraction, joined themſelves to Barbarians againſt Greeks? Whence comes it that ſo many colonies flouriſh on this coaſt of the ſea, without having the ſame wars as you to maintain? O Idomeneus, you ſay that the gods are not yet weary of perſecuting you, and I ſay that they have not yet thoroughly inſtructed you. The many evils you have ſuffered have not yet taught you what ought to be done to prevent a war. What you yourſelf relate of the integrity of theſe Barbarians, ſuffices to ſhew that you might have lived in peace with them; but haughtineſs and pride draw on the moſt dangerous wars. You might have given them hoſtages, and taken ſome of them; it had been an eaſy thing to have ſent ſome of your chiefs with their ambaſſadors to conduct them back in ſafey. And ſince this renewal of the war, you ſhould have pacified them again, by repreſenting that your people had attacked them for want of knowing of the treaty which had juſt been ſworn to; you ſhould have offered them any ſecurity they might have demanded, and ſhould have decreed ſevere puniſhments againſt ſuch of your ſubjects as ſhould break the alliance. But what has happened ſince this beginning of the war?

I thought, replied Idomeneus, that it would be mean in us to ſue to theſe Barbarians, who had preſently aſſembled all their fighting men, and had implored the aſſiſtance of all the neighbouring nations, to whom they rendered us ſuſpected and odious. It ſeemed to me that our ſafeſt courſe was immediately to ſeize on certain defiles in the mountains, which were ill-guarded. We ſeized them without any difficulty, and thereby put ourſelves in a condition to harraſs the Barbarians. Here I have cauſed towers to be erected, from which our troops can with their arrows oppreſs all our enemies who may attempt to come from the mountains into

our country; and we can enter into theirs, and ravage, whenever we pleaſe, their principal ſettlements. By this means we are able with unequal forces to reſiſt the innumerable multitude of enemies which ſurround us. In fine, a peace between them and us is become very difficult; for we cannot give up theſe towers to them, without expoſing ourſelves to their incurſions, and they look upon them as citadels, which we deſign to make uſe of to reduce them to ſlavery.

Mentor anſwered Idomeneus thus. You are a wiſe king, and deſire to be told the truth without any ſoftenings. You are not like thoſe weak men, who are afraid to view it, and who for want of reſolution and magnanimity to correct their errors, uſe their authority only to maintain thoſe they have committed. Know therefore that this barbarous people gave you an admirable leſſon, when they came to you to ſue for peace. Was it through weakneſs that they ſued for it? Did they want courage or forces to oppoſe you? You ſee that they did not, ſince they are ſo inured to the hardſhips of war, and ſupported by ſo many formidable neighbours. Why did you not imitate their moderation? Miſtaken notions of ſhame and honour have plunged you into theſe evils. You were afraid of making your enemies too haughty, but you were not afraid of making them too powerful, by uniting ſo many nations againſt you by a haughty unjuſt conduct. Of what uſe are the towers you ſo much boaſt of, but to lay all your neighbours under a neceſſity of periſhing, or of cauſing you to periſh, to ſave themſelves from approaching ſlavery. You erected theſe towers only for your own ſecurity, and it is by theſe very towers that you are brought into ſuch imminent danger. The ſafeſt bulwark of a ſtate is juſtice, moderation, integrity, and the aſſurance your neighbours have of your being incapable of uſurping their territorites. The ſtrongeſt walls may fall by divers unforeſeen accidents, and fortune is capricious and fickle in war; but the love and confidence of

your neighbours, when they have experienced your moderation, render your ſtate invincible, and almoſt always prevent its being attacked: And though an unjuſt neighbour ſhould attack it, all others being intereſted in its preſervation, immediately take arms in its defence. This aſſiſtance of ſo many nations, who find their true intereſt in ſupporting yours, would have made you much more powerful than theſe towers, which render your evils incurable. Had you at firſt taken care to prevent the jealouſy of all your neighbours, your riſing city would have flouriſhed in an happy peace, and you would have been the arbiter of all the nations of Heſperia. But let us confine ourſelves at preſent to enquire how you may retrieve the paſt by the future. You began with telling me that there are ſeveral Greek colonies on this coaſt. Now they muſt be diſpoſed to aſſiſt you; they have not forgot either the great reputation of Minos the ſon of Jupiter, or your own labours at the ſiege of Troy, where you ſo often ſignalized yourſelf among the Grecian princes in the common quarrel of all Greece. Why do you not try to induce theſe colonies to eſpouſe your cauſe?

They are all reſolved, replied Idomeneus, to remain neuter: Not but that they had ſome inclination to aſſiſt me; but the too great luſtre which this city had from its birth, has alarmed them. Theſe Greeks, as well as the other nations, were afraid that we had deſigns on their liberty. They fancied, that after ſubduing the Barbarians of the mountains, we ſhould puſh our ambition further. In a word, they are all againſt us: even they who do not openly engage in the war, wiſh to ſee us humbled; jealouſy leaves us not a ſingle ally.

Strange misfortune, replied Mentor! By endeavouring to appear too powerful, you ruin your power; and while you are abroad the object of the fear and hatred of your neighbours, you exhauſt yourſelf at home by the efforts which are neceſſary to ſupport ſuch a war. O unhappy, thrice unhappy Idomeneus, whom even his

misfortunes have inſtructed but by halves! Do you need a ſecond fall, to learn to foreſee the evils which threaten the greateſt kings? Come, leave this affair to me; do you only give me a particular account of theſe Greek cities that refuſe to enter into an alliance with you.

The chief, replied Idomeneus, is the city of Tarentum, founded three years ſince by Phalantus. He collected together a great number of young men, born of women who forgot their huſbands during the Trojan war. When the huſbands returned, their wives endeavoured to pacify them, and diſowned their crimes. Theſe numerous youths, who were born out of wedlock, and knew neither father nor mother, lived in a boundleſs licentiouſneſs; and the ſeverity of the laws being a check upon their lives, they united under Phalantus, a bold, intrepid and ambitious chief, who had won their hearts by his artifices. He came to this ſhore with theſe young Laconians, where they have made Tarentum a ſecond Lacedæmon. On the other ſide, Philoctetes, who acquired ſuch great renown at the ſiege of Troy by carrying the arrows of Hercules thither, has built in this neighbourhood the walls of Petilia, leſs powerful indeed but more wiſely governed than Tarentum. And laſtly, we have hard by us the city of Metapontum, founded by the ſage Neſtor and his Pylians.

How, replied Mentor! Is Neſtor in Heſperia, and have you not been able to engage him in your intereſt! Neſtor! who has ſo often ſeen you combat againſt the Trojans, and whoſe friend you was! I loſt his friendſhip, anſwered Idomeneus, by the artifice of theſe people, who have nothing of barbarous but the name; they have been artful enough to perſuade him that I deſigned to make myſelf the tyrant of Heſperia. We will undeceive him, ſaid Mentor. Telemachus viſited him at Pylos before he came to ſettle his colony, and before we undertook our long voyages in queſt of Ulyſſes. He cannot yet have forgot this hero, nor the marks of affection which he gave his ſon Telemachus. But the

main thing is to cure him of his jealouſy. It was by the umbrage given to all your neighbours, that this war was kindled, and it is by removing theſe vain ſurmiſes that it may be extinguiſhed. Once more I ſay, leave the management of this affair to me.

At theſe words Idomeneus embracing Mentor, diſſolved into tears, and was not able to ſpeak. At length he with difficulty uttered theſe words: O wiſe ſenior, ſent by the gods to repair all my errors, I confeſs that I ſhould have been provoked at any other who ſhould have ſpoken ſo freely to me as you have done; I confeſs that you alone could induce me to ſue for peace. I was reſolved to periſh, or to conquer all my enemies; but it is fit to be guided by your counſels rather than by my paſſion. O happy Telemachus! you can never go aſtray like me, ſince you have ſuch a guide. You, Mentor, may do what you pleaſe; the wiſdom of the gods reſides in you; even Minerva herſelf could not give more ſalutary counſels. Go, promiſe, conclude, yield up all that I have; Idomeneus will conſent to all that you ſhall think proper to do.

While they were thus diſcourſing together, there was ſuddenly heard a confuſed noiſe of chariots, neighing horſes, terrible outcries of men, and trumpets which filled the air with their martial clangors. The general cry is, Lo! the enemy has made a large circuit to avoid the guarded defiles! Lo! they come to beſiege Salentum. The old men and the women are in the utmoſt conſternation. Alas! ſaid they, did we forſake our dear country, the fruitful Crete, and follow an unhappy prince through ſo many ſeas, to found a city which will be laid in aſhes like Troy? They ſaw from the tops of their new-erected walls, in the ſpacious plain below, the helmets, cuiraſſes and ſhields of the enemy glitter in the ſun; their eyes were dazzled with them. They alſo beheld briſtling pikes that covered the earth, as it is covered by a plentiful harveſt, which Ceres prepares in the fields of Enna in Sicily, during the

heat of the ſummer, to reward the huſbandman for all his toils. They already perceived the chariots armed with ſharp ſcythes, and could eaſily diſtinguiſh every nation which was come to this war.

Mentor aſcended an high tower to have a better view of them. Idomeneus and Telemachus followed him. He was hardly there but he perceived on one ſide Philoctetes, and on the other Neſtor with his ſon Piſiſtratus. Neſtor was eaſily known by his venerable old age. How, cried Mentor! You imagined, Idomeneus, that Philoctetes and Neſtor would be ſatisfied with not aſſiſting you: Lo! they have taken arms againſt you. And if I am not miſtaken, thoſe other troops which march ſo ſlowly and in ſuch good order, are Lacedæmonians commanded by Phalantus. All are againſt you: there is not a ſingle neighbour on this coaſt, whom you have not made your enemy without deſigning it.

This ſaid, Mentor deſcends in haſte from the tower; he goes to a gate in that part of the city towards which the enemy was advancing; he orders it to be opened, and Idomeneus, ſurpriſed at the majeſty with which he does theſe things, does not dare even to aſk him his deſign. Mentor makes a ſign with his hand that no body ſhould follow him, and goes to meet the enemy, who were ſurpriſed to ſee a ſingle perſon preſenting himſelf before them. He at a diſtance ſhowed them an olive-branch as a ſign of peace; and when he was near enough to be heard, he deſired them to convene all their chiefs: The chiefs immediately aſſembled, and he beſpoke them thus.

Generous aſſembly of ſo many nations which flouriſh in rich Heſperia, I know that you are not come hither but for the common cauſe of liberty. I commend your zeal; but give me leave to repreſent to you an eaſy way to preſerve the liberty and honour of all your people, without an effuſion of human blood.

O Neſtor! O ſage Neſtor! whom I ſee in this aſſem-

bly, you are not ignorant how fatal war is even to thoſe who undertake it juſtly, and under the protection of the gods. War is the greateſt of evils with which the gods afflict mankind. You will never forget what the Greeks ſuffered for ten years together before unhappy Troy. What diviſions among their chiefs! What fickleneſs of fortune! What havock of the Greeks by the hands of Hector! What diſtreſs occaſioned by this war in all the moſt powerful cities, during the abſence of their kings! At their return ſome were ſhipwrecked at the promontory of Caphareus, and others met a dreadful death even in the boſom of their wives. Ye gods! it was therefore in your anger that you armed Greece for this celebrated expedition. O ye nations of Heſperia, may the gods never give you ſo fatal a victory! Troy indeed lies in aſhes; but it had been better for the Greeks, were it ſtill in all its glory, and the effeminate Paris in the enjoyment of his infamous amour with Helena. O Philoctetes! ſo long miſerable and deſerted in the iſle of Lemnos, are you not afraid of meeting the like calamities in a like war? I know the Laconians have likewiſe experienced the troubles occaſioned by the long abſence of the princes, captains and ſoldiers, who went againſt the Trojans. O ye Greeks, who are come into Heſperia, your coming hither was only a continuation of the calamities, which ſprung from the Trojan war.

Having ſpoken thus, Mentor went towards the Pylians; and Neſtor, who knew him again, advanced alſo to ſalute him. O Mentor, ſaid he, it is with pleaſure that I ſee you again. It is many years ſince I ſaw you firſt at Phocis; you were but fifteen, and yet I then foreſaw that you would be as wiſe as you have ſince approved yourſelf to be. But what adventure has brought you to theſe parts? Pray, what is your expedient to put an end to this war? Idomeneus has conſtrained us to attack him. We deſire nothing but peace; each of us had urgent reaſons to wiſh for it; but we

can no longer be ſafe with him. He has violated all his promiſes with regard to his neareſt neighbours. Peace with him would not be a peace; it would only give him an opportunity to break our league, which is our only reſource. He has diſcovered to all other nations his ambitious deſign of enſlaving them, and has left us no means of defending our liberty, but by endeavouring to overturn his new kingdom. His treachery has reduced us to the neceſſity of deſtroying him, or of receiving the yoke of bondage from him. If you can find any expedient whereby we may ſafely confide in him, and be aſſured of a good peace; all the nations you ſee here will gladly lay down their arms, and we ſhall own with joy that you ſurpaſs us in wiſdom.

Mentor replied, You know, ſage Neſtor, that Ulyſſes entruſted his ſon Telemachus, to my care. The youth, impatient to learn the fortunes of his father, viſited you at Pylos, and you received him with all the kindneſs he could expect from a faithful friend of his father; you even gave him your own ſon to conduct him on his way. He afterwards undertook long voyages by ſea, and has been in Sicily, Egypt, the iſland of Cyprus, and that of Crete. The winds, or rather the gods, have thrown him on this coaſt, as he was endeavouring to return to Ithaca. We arrive in a happy minute to prevent the horror of a cruel war. It is no longer Idomeneus, it is the ſon of the wiſe Ulyſſes, it is I who am anſwerable to you for every thing which ſhall be promiſed.

While Mentor was diſcourſing thus with Neſtor in the midſt of the confederate troops, Idomeneus and Telemachus, with all the Cretans in arms, were looking at him from the walls of Salentum; carefully obſerving how all that Mentor ſaid was received, and wiſhing that they could hear the wiſe converſation of theſe two ſeniors. Neſtor had always been reputed the moſt experienced and the moſt eloquent of all the kings of Greece. During the ſiege of Troy, it was he that reſtrain-

ed the boiling wrath of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the fierceneſs of Ajax, and the impetuous courage of Diomed. Soft perſuaſion flowed from his lips like a ſtream of honey; his voice alone was heard by all theſe heroes; all were ſilent as ſoon as he opened his mouth, and there was none but he who could appeaſe the fierce diſſentions of the camp. He began to feel the infirmities of chilly age; but his words were ſtill full of ſtrength and ſweetneſs. He related things paſt to inſtruct the youth by his experiences, and his relations were graceful though a little tedious.

This ſenior, who was the admiration of all Grecce, ſeemed to have loſt all his eloquence and majeſty, as ſoon as Mentor was ſeen in his company. He looked withered and broken with age; whereas time ſeemed to have reſpected the ſtrength and vigour of Mentor's conſtitution. Mentor's words, though grave and plain, had a vivacity and authority which began to be wanting in the other. All that he ſaid was conciſe, exact and nervous. He never ſaid the ſame thing twice, nor ever related any thing but what was neceſſary to the deciſion of the affair in debate. If he was obliged to ſpeak ſeveral times of the ſame thing, to inculcate it, or to perſuade, he did it by new turns and lively compariſons. He had alſo I know not what of complaiſance and ſprightlineſs, when he would accommodate himſelf to the wants of others, and inſinuate any truth into them. Theſe two venerable men were an affecting ſight to this aſſembly of ſo many nations. Whilſt all the allies, who were the enemies of Salentum, preſſed one upon another to have a nearer view of them, and to hear their wiſe diſcourſes; Idomeneus and all his people endeavoured by their greedy eager looks to diſcover the meaning of their geſtures and of the air of their faces.

End of the Tenth Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS, The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the ELEVENTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, desirous of knowing what passes between Mentor and the allies, causes the gates of Salentum to be opened to him, and goes to Mentor. His presence helps to induce the allies to accept of the conditions of peace which Mentor proposed to them. Idomeneus, whom Mentor sends for from the city to the army, consents to all that had been agreed upon. Hostages are mutually given: a common sacrifice is offered between the city and the camp to confirm this alliance, and the kings enter as friends into Salentum.

AND now Telemachus being grown impatient, steals from the multitude that surrounds him, runs to the gate at which Mentor went out, and with authority commands it to be opened. Idomeneus, who thought him by his side, is presently surprised to see him running across the plain, and already near to Nestor. Nestor knows him again, and advances, though with slow and heavy steps, to meet him. Telemachus embraces and holds him locked in his arms without speaking. At length he cries, O my father, (I do not scruple to call you so) the misfortune of not finding my real father, and

Pl. VI.

R. Cooper Sculp.

BRITISH MUSEUM
II
56
OCT

the benefits you have conferred upon me, give me a right to make uſe of ſo endearing a name. O my father, my dear father, do I ſee you again? O may I thus behold Ulyſſes! If any thing could make me amends for the loſs of him, it would be the finding another Ulyſſes in you.

At theſe words Neſtor could not retain his tears, and he felt a ſecret joy at ſeeing thoſe which flowed with wonderful grace adown the cheeks of Telemachus. The beauty, ſweetneſs and noble confidence of this young ſtranger, who without any precaution paſſed through ſo many troops of enemies, ſurpriſed the allies. Is he not, ſaid they, the ſon of the old man who is come to ſpeak to Neſtor? They without doubt have both the ſame wiſdom, though their ages are very different. In one, ſhe as yet but blooms; in the other, ſhe bears an abundance of the ripeſt fruits.

Mentor, who was pleaſed to ſee the affection with which Neſtor received Telemachus, made his advantage of this happy diſpoſition. Lo the ſon of Ulyſſes, ſaid he, ſo dear to all Greece, and ſo dear to you yourſelf, O ſage Neſtor! Lo! I deliver him up to you as an hoſtage and as the moſt precious pledge which can be given you of the ſincerity of Idomeneus's promiſes. You will eaſily ſuppoſe that I ſhould not be willing that the ſon's deſtruction ſhould follow that of the father, nor that the unhappy Penelope ſhould reproach Mentor with ſacrificing her ſon to the ambition of the new king of Salentum. With this pledge, who is come voluntarily to offer himſelf, and whom the gods, who are lovers of peace, ſend to you, I begin, O aſſembly of ſo many nations, to make you propoſitions for eſtabliſhing a ſolid and everlaſting peace.

At the word peace, a confuſed noiſe was heard from rank to rank. All theſe different nations murmured with rage, thinking that it was all loſt time while the combat was delayed, and that all theſe ſpeeches were made only to blunt their fury, and to let their prey eſcape. The Man-

durians in particular were enraged that Idomeneus ſhould hope to deceive them again; they often attempted to interrupt Mentor through an apprehenſion that his wiſe diſcourſes might draw off their allies, and began to be ſuſpicious of all the Greeks in the aſſembly. Mentor perceiving this, immediately increaſed their jealouſy, in order to ſow diſcord in the minds of all theſe nations.

I confeſs, ſaid he, that the Mandurians have cauſe to complain, and to demand ſome reparation of the wrongs they have ſuffered; but it is not juſt on the other hand that the Greeks, who ſettle colonies on this coaſt, ſhould be ſuſpected and hated by the old inhabitants of the the country. On the contrary, the Greeks, ought to be united together, in order to make themſelves well treated by the other nations; their only buſineſs is to be moderate, and never to attempt to uſurp the territories of their neighbours. I know that Idomeneus has had the misfortune to give you umbrage, but it is eaſy to cure you of all your ſuſpicions. Telemachus and I offer ourſelves as hoſtages who will be anſwerable to you for Idomeneus's ſincerity; we will remain in your hands, 'till all the things which ſhall be promiſed you, be faithfully performed. What provokes you, ye Mandurians, cried he, is that the Cretan troops have ſeized on the defiles of your mountains by ſurpriſe, and are thereby able to enter, as often as they pleaſe, into the territories to which you retired, in order to leave to them the flat country on the ſea-ſhore. Theſe defiles, which the Cretans have fortified with high towers that are full of ſoldiers, are therefore the true grounds of the war. Pray tell me, is there any other?

Hereupon the chief of the Mandurians advanced, and ſpoke thus: What have we not done to avoid this war? The gods are our witneſſes that we did not renounce peace, 'till peace was irrecoverably baniſhed from us by the reſtleſs ambition of the Cretans, and by their making it impoſſible for us to rely on their oaths.

infatuated nation! to reduce us againſt our will to the ſad neceſſity of acting a deſperate part againſt them, and of ſeeking our ſafety in their deſtruction! While they keep theſe defiles, we ſhall always think that they deſign to uſurp our territories, and to reduce us to ſlavery. Were it true that they only deſigned to live in peace with their neighbours, they would be contented with what we readily gave up to them, and not perſiſt in preſerving the keys of a country, on whoſe liberty they had no ambitious deſigns. But you know them not, O wiſe ſenior; it is our great misfortune to know them. Forbear, O beloved of the Gods, to retard a juſt and neceſſary war, without which Heſperia could never hope for a laſting peace. Ungrateful, falſe and cruel nation, whom the angry Gods ſent amongſt us to trouble our repoſe, and to chaſtiſe us for our crimes! But having puniſhed us, ye Gods! you will revenge us: you will not be leſs righteous with regard to our enemies than to us.

At theſe words the whole aſſembly was greatly agitated, and Mars and Bellona ſeemed to go from rank to rank, re-kindling in their hearts the rage of war, which Mentor endeavoured to extinguiſh. He thus reſumed his diſcourſe.

Had I nothing but promiſes to offer you, you might refuſe to rely upon them; but I offer you an undoubted and preſent ſecurity. If you are not ſatisfied with having Telemachus and me for hoſtages, you ſhall have twelve of the moſt eminent and valiant Cretans. But it is reaſonable that you alſo ſhould give hoſtages on your part; for Idomeneus who ſincerely deſires peace, deſires it without fear or cowardice; he deſires it, as you yourſelves ſay that you deſired it, through wiſdom and moderation; but not through the love of an effeminate life, or a want of reſolution at the proſpect of the dangers with which war threatens mankind. He is ready to die or to conquer, but he prefers peace to the moſt ſhining victory; he would be aſhamed to be afraid of being vanquiſhed, but he is afraid to be unjuſt, and is not aſhamed

to rectify what he has done amiſs. With ſword in hand he offers peace, and does not deſire imperiouſly to preſcribe the conditions of it; for he values not a forced peace. He wiſhes for a peace with which all parties may be ſatisfied, which may put an end to all jealouſies, allay all animoſities, and remove all diffidence. In a word, Idomeneus entertains ſuch ſentiments as I am ſure you deſire he ſhould. Nothing remains but to convince you of this, which will be no difficult matter, if you will hear me with a calm and an unprejudiced mind.

Hear then, ye valiant people, and you, ye ſage and well-united chiefs, hear what I offer you on the part of Idomeneus. As it is not juſt that he ſhould have it in his power to enter into the dominions of his neighbours, nor that they ſhould have it in their power to enter into his; he conſents that the defiles which he has fortified with high towers, ſhall be guarded by neutral troops. You, Neſtor, and you, Philoctetes, are Greeks by birth; but on this occaſion you have declared againſt Idomeneus: you cannot therefore be ſuſpected of being too favourable to his intereſts. What animates you, is the common cauſe of the peace and liberty of Heſperia; be then the truſtees and guardians of theſe paſſes which are the cauſe of the war. It is not leſs your intereſt to hinder the ancient inhabitants of Heſperia from deſtroying Salentum, a new colony like thoſe which you have founded, than to hinder Idomeneus from uſurping the territories of his neighbours. Hold the balance between them, and inſtead of carrying fire and ſword among a people whom you ought to love, reſerve to yourſelves the glory of being their judges and mediators. You will tell me that you ſhould think theſe conditions admirable, if you could be aſſured that Idomeneus would faithfully perform them: I am going to ſatisfy you as to that.

The hoſtages I have mentioned will be a mutual ſecurity, until all the paſſes are pledged in your hands. When the ſafety of all Heſperia, when that of Salentum itſelf and of Idomeneus, is in your power, will you not

be ſatisfied? Whom afterwards can you miſtruſt, except you miſtruſt yourſelves? You are afraid to confide in Idomeneus, and Idomeneus is ſo far from deſigning to deceive you, that he deſires to confide in you. Yes, to you will he entruſt the repoſe, the lives and liberties of himſelf and all his ſubjects. If it be true that you only wiſhed for a good peace, lo! ſhe offers herſelf to you, and leaves you no pretence to draw back. Once again, imagine not that fear reduces Idomeneus to make you theſe offers; it is wiſdom and juſtice which engage him to take this ſtep, without being in any pain whether you impute to weakneſs what he does out of a regard to virtue. At firſt he committed ſome errors, and he glories in acknowleging them by theſe propoſals, wherein he prevents you. It is weakneſs, it is vanity, it is groſs ignorance of our own intereſt, to hope to conceal our faults, by endeavouring to maintain them with pride and haughtineſs. Who owns his errors to his enemy, and offers to make ſatisfaction for them, thereby ſhows that he is become incapable of committing them, and that his adverſary has every thing to apprehend from ſo wiſe and reſolute a conduct, unleſs he concludes a peace. Take care leſt you in your turn give him cauſe to lay the blame upon you. If you reject peace and juſtice which court you now, peace and juſtice will be revenged. Idomeneus, who had reaſon to fear that he ſhould find the Gods incenſed againſt you, will now have them on his ſide againſt you. Telemachus and I will fight in his juſt cauſe. I call all the Gods of heaven and hell to be witneſſes of the equitable propoſals I make you.

This ſaid, Mentor lifted up his arm to ſhew theſe numerous nations the olive-branch, which he held in his hand as a ſign of peace. The chiefs, who viewed him near, were ſurprized and dazzled at the divine fire which darted from his eyes. He appeared with a certain majeſty and authority ſuperior to every thing that is ſeen in the greateſt of mortals. The enchantment of his ſweet and powerful words raviſhed their hearts; they

were like thoſe ſpells, which in the profound ſilence of the night, ſuddenly arreſt the moon and the ſtars in the midſt of Olympus, calm the enraged ſea, ſilence the winds and the waves, and ſuſpend the courſe of the moſt rapid rivers.

Mentor was in the midſt of theſe furious nations, like Bacchus when he was ſurrounded by tygers, which forgetting their fierceneſs, and drawn by the force of his enchanting voice, came to lick his feet, and to fawn upon him. At firſt there was a profound ſilence through all the army. The commanders looked one on another, unable to withſtand this man, or to conceive who he was. All the troops were motionleſs and faſtened their eyes upon him, not daring to ſpeak leſt he ſhould have ſomething more to ſay, and they ſhould prevent his being heard. Though they could think of nothing to add to what he had ſaid, they wiſhed that he had ſpoken longer. All that he had uttered was as it were engraved on every heart. As he ſpoke, he commanded at once the eſteem and aſſent of his hearers; every one was eager and waiting as it were to catch the leaſt ſyllable that iſſued from his mouth.

At length after a pretty long ſilence, there was heard a hollow noiſe that ſpread itſelf by degrees; it was no longer the confuſed clamour of people raging with indignation, but on the contrary a gentle friendly murmur. There was already ſeen in every face I know not what of ſerenity and mildneſs. The Mandurians, who were ſo much irritated, felt that their arms were dropping out of their hands. The fierce Phalantus and his Lacedæmonians were ſurpriſed to find their hearts ſo ſoftened. The reſt began to long for the happy peace which had been diſplayed before them. Philoctetes, having a quicker ſenſe than others by the experience of his own misfortunes, could not ſuppreſs his tears. Neſtor, who was ſo much tranſported with Mentor's diſcourſe as not to be able to ſpeak, tenderly embraced him; and all the people at once, as though it had been an appointed ſignal,

immediately cried out, O wiſe old man, you diſarm us! peace! peace!

Neſtor preſently attempted to ſpeak; but all the impatient ſoldiers fearing that he was going to ſtart ſome difficulty or other, cried out once again, Peace! peace! Nor could they be ſilenced until all the chiefs of the army joined their cry of peace, peace.

Neſtor ſeeing that he had not the liberty to make a ſpeech in form, contented himſelf with ſaying, You ſee, Mentor, the force of the words of a man of probity. When wiſdom and virtue ſpeak, they calm all the paſſions. Our juſt reſentments are changed into friendſhip and deſires of a laſting peace; we accept of the peace you offer us. At the ſame time all the commanders held up their hands as a ſign of conſent.

Mentor run to the gate of Salentum to order it to be opened, and to let Idomeneus know that he might come out of the city without uſing any precautions. Neſtor in the mean time embraced Telemachus, ſaying, Amiable ſon of the wiſeſt of all the Greeks, may you be as wiſe and more happy than he. Have you diſcovered nothing of his fortunes? The remembrance of your father, whom you reſemble, has been a means of ſtifling our indignation. Phalantus, though obdurate and ſavage, though he never ſaw Ulyſſes, was moved by his misfortunes and by thoſe of his ſon. They were preſſing Telemachus to relate his adventures, when Mentor returned with Idomeneus and a train of all the Cretan youth.

At the ſight of Idomeneus, the allies felt that their reſentment was kindling again; but the words of Mentor extinguiſhed the fire when it was juſt ready to break out. Why do we delay, ſaid he, to conclude this holy alliance, of which the Gods will be both witneſſes and defenders? May they avenge it, if ever any impious wretch ſhould dare to violate it, and may all the terrible evils of war, inſtead of cruſhing the faithful and innocent people, fall on the perjured and execrable head of the ambitious man who ſhall trample under foot the ſacred

rights of this alliance! May he be deteſted by Gods and men! May he never enjoy the fruits of his perfidy! May the infernal furies, in the moſt hideous forms, provoke his rage and deſpair! May he drop down dead without hopes of ſepulture! May his body become a prey to dogs and vulturs, and may he in hell, in the deep gulph of Tartarus, be for ever more cruelly tortured than Tantalus, Ixion and the Danaids! Or rather, may this peace be as unſhaken as the rocks of Atlas which ſupport the heavens! May all theſe nations revere it, and enjoy its fruits from generation to generation! May the names of thoſe who ſwear to it, be mentioned with love and veneration by our lateſt poſterity! May this peace, founded on juſtice and integrity, be the model of every peace which ſhall hereafter be made in all the countries of the world; and may all nations that deſire to make themſelves happy by uniting together, imitate the nations of Heſperia!

This ſaid, Idomeneus and the other kings ſwore to the peace on the conditions that had been agreed upon. Twelve hoſtages were given on each ſide. Telemachus inſiſts on being one of the number of thoſe given by Idomeneus; but Mentor is not permitted to be one, becauſe the allies deſire that he may remain with Idomeneus, in order to be anſwerable for his conduct and for that of his counſellors, until the entire execution of the things which were promiſed. An hundred heifers as white as ſnow were ſacrificed between the city and the army, and as many bulls of the ſame colour, whoſe horns were gilt and adorned with garlands. The neighbouring mountains rung with the frightful bellowings of the victims, which fell beneath the ſacred knife. The ſmoaking blood ſtreamed every where. Exquiſite wine was poured forth in abundance for the libations. The Haruſpices conſulted the yet-panting entrails, and the prieſts burnt incenſe on the altar, which formed a thick cloud, and perfumed the whole country with its odors.

Mean while the ſoldiers on both ſides, ceaſing to

view each other with hoſtile eyes, began to diſcourſe together of their adventures; they already refreſhed themſelves after their toils, and had a foretaſte of the ſweets of peace. Several who had been with Idomeneus at the ſiege of Troy, knowing thoſe of Neſtor again who had fought in the ſame war, tenderly embraced each other, and mutually related what had befallen them, ſince they had deſtroyed the haughty city, which was the ornament of all Aſia. They were already laid down on the graſs, were crowned with flowers, and drank the wine together which was brought in large veſſels from the city, to celebrate ſo happy a day.

Of a ſudden Mentor ſaid, O princes, O aſſembled captains, you ſhall henceforth be but one people under different names and different chiefs: So the righteous Gods, who love mankind whom they made, are pleaſed to be the bond of their perfect union. All the human kind is but one family, diſperſed over the face of the whole earth; all men are brothers, and ought to love each other as ſuch. Curſe on thoſe impious wretches who ſeek a cruel glory in the blood of their brothers, which is their own blood! War indeed is ſometimes neceſſary; but it is the ſhame of the human race that it is unavoidable on ſome occaſions. Say not, princes, that it is deſirable in order to acquire glory: true glory is not to be found beyond the limits of humanity. Who prefers his own glory to the feelings of humanity, is a monſter of pride, and not a man: he will not even obtain more than a falſe glory; for true glory is found only in moderation and goodneſs. Men may flatter him to gratify his fooliſh vanity; but they will always ſay of him in private, when they will ſpeak ſincerely, He merited glory ſo much the leſs, as his paſſion for it was unreaſonable. Mankind ought not to eſteem him, ſince he ſo little eſteemed mankind, and was prodigal of their blood through a brutal vanity. Happy the prince who loves his people, and is loved by them; who confides in his neighbours, and is confided in by them; who in-

ſtead of making war againſt them, prevents their having wars with each other, and cauſes all foreign nations to envy the happineſs of his ſubjects in having him for their king! Be mindful therefore to aſſemble together from time to time, O you who govern the moſt powerful cities of Heſperia; let there be a general meeting every three years of all the kings here preſent to renew this alliance by a freſh oath, to confirm your plighted friendſhip, and to conſult about your common intereſts. While you continue united, you will enjoy, in this fine country, peace, glory and abundance: abroad you will always be invincible. Nothing but diſcord, which came from hell to plague mankind, can diſturb the felicity which the Gods are preparing for you.

Neſtor replied, You ſee by the readineſs with which we make peace, how far we are from deſiring to make war through vain-glory, or an unreaſonable luſt of aggrandizing ourſelves at the expence of our neighbours. But what can we do when we border on a violent prince, who knows no law but his intereſt, and who loſes no opportunity of invading the territories of other ſtates? Think not that I ſpeak of Idomeneus; no, I no longer entertain ſuch a thought of him; it is Adraſtus king of the Daunians, from whom we have every thing to fear. He deſpiſes the Gods, and imagines that all men who are born into the world, are born only to promote his glory by their ſervitude. He will have no ſubjects, of whom he may be the king and the father; he will have ſlaves and adorers. He cauſes divine honours to be paid him. Hitherto blind fortune has favoured his moſt unjuſt enterprizes. We made haſte to attack Salentum, to get rid of the weakeſt of our enemies, who had only begun to eſtabliſh himſelf on this coaſt, in order to turn our arms afterwards againſt this more powerful foe. He has already taken ſeveral cities from our allies. The Crotonians have loſt two battles againſt him. He makes uſe of all ſorts of means to gratify his ambition: Force and fraud, all is equal to him, provided he cruſhes his

enemies. He has amaſſed great treaſures; his troops are diſciplined and inured to war; his captains are experienced; he is well ſerved; he continually has his eyes himſelf on all who act under him; he puniſhes the leaſt faults ſeverely, and liberally recompenſes the ſervices which are done him. His own valour ſupports and animates that of all his troops. He would be a moſt accompliſhed prince, if juſtice and integrity were the rules of his conduct; but he fears neither the Gods nor the reproaches of his conſcience; he even reckons reputation as nothing; he looks upon it as a vain phantom, which reſtrains only weak minds; he deems nothing a real and ſolid good, but the poſſeſſion of great riches, the being dreaded, and the trampling all mankind under foot. His army will ſoon appear upon our territories; and if the union of ſo many nations does not put us in a condition to oppoſe him, all hopes of liberty will be taken from us. It is Idomeneus's intereſt as well as ours, to reſiſt this neighbour, who can ſuffer nothing in his neighbourhood to be free. Were we vanquiſhed, Salentum would be threatened with the ſame fate. Let us all therefore make haſte to prevent him. While Neſtor was ſpeaking thus, they advanced towards the city; for Idomeneus had invited all the kings and principal commanders to go and paſs the night there.

End of the eleventh Book.

THE ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,

The Son of ULYSSES.

BOOK the TWELFTH.

The ARGUMENT.

Neſtor, in the name of the allies, aſks aſſiſtance of Idomeneus againſt the Daunians their enemies. Mentor, who is deſirous to regulate the polity of the city of Salentum, and to inure the people to agriculture, orders matters ſo that they are ſatisfied with having Telemachus at the head of an hundred noble Cretans. After his departure, Mentor makes an exact ſurvey of the city and the port, informs himſelf of every thing, and cauſes Idomeneus to make new regulations with regard to trade and government, to divide the people into ſeven claſſes, whoſe rank and birth he diſtinguiſhes by a diverſity of habits, and to ſuppreſs luxury and uſeleſs arts, in order to imploy the artificers in agriculture, which he renders honourable.

THE whole army of the allies had now erected their tents, and the plain was covered with rich pavilions of all ſorts of colours, in which the weary Heſperians were waiting for ſleep. When the kings with their retinue were come into the city, they ſeemed ſurpriſed that ſo many magnificent edifices had been raiſed in ſo ſhort a time, and that the incumbrance of ſo conſiderable a war had not hindered this infant city from riſing and being embelliſhed all at once.

They admired the wiſdom and vigilance of Idomeneus, who had founded ſo fine a kingdom; and every one concluded that peace being made with him, the allies would be very powerful, if he would enter into their league againſt the Daunians. This was propoſed to Idomeneus; he could not reject ſo reaſonable a propoſition, and promiſed a ſupply of troops. But as Mentor was not ignorant of any thing which is neceſſary to make a ſtate flouriſh, he knew that the forces of Idomeneus could not be ſo conſiderable as they ſeemed to be; he took him aſide, and addreſt him thus.

You ſee that our cares have not been uſeleſs to you. Salentum is preſerved from the evils which threatened her: it will be your own fault if you do not raiſe her glory to the heavens, and equal the wiſdom of your grandfather Minos in the government of your people. I continue to ſpeak to you freely, ſuppoſing that you deſire it, and that you abhor all flattery. While the kings were extolling your magnificence, I was thinking within myſelf of the raſhneſs of your conduct. At the word raſhneſs, Idomeneus's countenance changed, his eyes were diſordered, he reddened and could hardly help interrupting Mentor, to expreſs his reſentment. Mentor ſaid to him with a modeſt and reſpectful, but free and undaunted voice, I plainly ſee that the word raſhneſs offends you. It would have been wrong in any body but me to have uſed it; for kings ought to be treated with reſpect, and their delicacy tenderly handled, even when we reprove them. Truth of itſelf ſhocks them enough without the addition of harſh terms; but I imagined that you could bear me to ſpeak to you without any ſoftenings, in order to ſhow you your error. My deſign was to accuſtom you to hear things called by their name, and to perceive that when others give you advice about your conduct, they never dare to ſpeak all that they think. It is neceſſary, if you would not be deceived, always to underſtand more than they ſay concerning things which are not to your advantage. For my part,

I will ſoften my words according to your neceſſities; but it is uſeful to you, that a man of no intereſt or conſequence ſhould talk a rough language to you in private. No-body elſe will ever preſume to do it: you will ſee the truth but by halves, and under fair diſguiſes.

At theſe words, Idomeneus, who had already recovered his temper, ſeemed aſhamed of his delicacy. You ſee, ſaid he to Mentor, the effects of an habit of being flattered. To you I owe the ſafety of my new kingdom, and there is no truth which I ſhall not think myſelf happy in hearing from your mouth; but pity a prince who has been poiſoned by flattery, and has not been able, even in his misfortunes, to find men generous enough to tell him the truth: No, I have never met with one who loved me enough to diſpleaſe me, by telling me the whole truth.

As he ſpoke theſe words, the tears came into his eyes, and he tenderly embraced Mentor: upon which that wiſe old man ſaid, It is with pain that I force myſelf to ſay ſome harſh things to you; but can I betray you by hiding the truth from you? Put yourſelf in my place. If you have hitherto been deceived, it was becauſe you were willing to be ſo; it was becauſe you were afraid of counſellors who were too ſincere. Have you ſought for men who were the moſt diſintereſted and the moſt likely to contradict you? Have you been careful to chuſe ſuch as were the leaſt aſſiduous to pleaſe you, the leaſt ſelfiſh in their conduct, and the beſt qualified to cenſure your unreaſonable paſſions and opinions? When you have met with flatterers, have you baniſhed them from your preſence? Were you miſtruſtful of them? Did you repoſe no confidence in them? No, no, you have not done what they do who love truth, and deſerve to know it. Let us ſee if you will now have the courage to be humbled by the truth which condemns you.

I was ſaying then, that what draws ſo much applauſe upon you, deſerves to be cenſured. While you had ſo

many enemies abroad, who threatened your not yet well-eſtabliſhed kingdom, you attended to nothing in your new city but the erecting of magnificent buildings. It was that, as you yourſelf have owned to me, which coſt you ſo many reſtleſs nights. You have exhauſted your riches; you have not turned your thoughts to the increaſe of your people, nor to the cultivation of the fertile lands of this coaſt. Are not theſe two things, a multitude of good ſubjects, and well-cultivated lands to maintain them, to be looked upon as the two eſſential baſes of your power? A long peace was neceſſary at firſt, to favour the multiplication of your people. You ſhould have applied your thoughts only to agriculture, and to the enacting of the wiſeſt laws. Vain ambition has puſhed you to the very brink of the precipice. By endeavouring to appear great, you have well nigh ruined your true greatneſs. Make haſte to retrieve theſe errors; put a ſtop to all your magnificent buildings; renounce this pomp, which would ruin your new city; let your people breathe in peace, and bend all your thoughts to make them abound, in order to facilitate marriages. Know that you are not a king but in proportion to the ſubjects which you have to govern; and that your power is to be meaſured, not by the extent of the territories you poſſeſs, but by the number of men who inhabit them, and are jealous to obey you. Poſſeſs a fertile though ſmall tract of land; ſtock it with multitudes of laborious and well-diſciplined inhabitants, and behave ſo as to win their affection; and you are more powerful, more happy and more glorious, than all the conquerors who ravage ſo many kingdoms.

What ſhall I do then with regard to theſe kings, replied Idomeneus? Shall I confeſs my weakneſs to them? It is true that I have neglected agriculture, and even trade which is ſo eaſy to me on this coaſt; I have thought only of erecting a magnificent city. Muſt I therefore, my dear Mentor, diſgrace myſelf in an aſſembly of ſo many princes, and diſcover my imprudence? If I muſt,

I will; I will do it without heſitation, whatever pain it may coſt me; for you have taught me that a true king, who is born for his people, and owes himſelf entirely to them, ought to prefer the welfare of his kingdom to his own reputation.

This ſentiment is worthy of the father of his people, replied Mentor; it is by this goodneſs, and not by the magnificence of your city, that I perceive in you the ſoul of a true king. But your honour muſt be ſaved even for the intereſt of your kingdom. Leave this matter to me; I will go and inform theſe kings that you are engaged to eſtabliſh Ulyſſes, if he be ſtill living, or at leaſt his ſon, in the regal ſway of Ithaca, and that you are reſolved to expel from it by force all Penelope's ſuitors. They will eaſily conceive that this war will require a great number of troops, and will therefore conſent to your furniſhing them only with a ſmall ſupply at firſt againſt the Daunians.

At theſe words Idomeneus looked like a man eaſed of an heavy burden. You, my dear friend, ſaid he to Mentor, ſave my honour and the reputation of this riſing city, by concealing my weakneſs from all my neighbours; but what probability would there be in ſaying, that I will ſend troops to Ithaca to eſtabliſh Ulyſſes there, or at leaſt his ſon Telemachus, ſince Telemachus himſelf is engaged to go to the war againſt the Daunians? Be not uneaſy, replied Mentor; I will ſay nothing but the truth. The ſhips which you will ſend to eſtabliſh your trade, ſhall go to the coaſt of Epirus, and do two things at once; they ſhall invite back to your coaſt the foreign merchants whom too high duties keep from Salentum, and endeavour to learn news of Ulyſſes. If he be ſtill living, he cannot be far from the ſeas which divide Greece from Italy, and it is confidently reported that he has been ſeen among the Phæacians. And though there were no hopes of ſeeing him again, your veſſels will do a ſignal piece of ſervice to his ſon, by ſpreading in Ithaca and all the neighbouring countries

the terror of the name of the young Telemachus, who is thought to be dead as well as his father. Penelope's wooers will be ſurpriſed to hear that he is ready to return with the ſuccours of a powerful ally; the Ithacans will not dare to ſhake off the yoke; Penelope will be comforted, and perſevere in refuſing to make choice of a new huſband. Thus will you ſerve Telemachus, while he ſupplies your place among the confederates of this coaſt of Italy againſt the Daunians.

Hereupon Idomeneus cried out, Happy the prince who is ſupported by wiſe counſels! A prudent and faithful friend is of more worth to a king than victorious armies! But doubly happy the king who is ſenſible of his happineſs, and knows how to make his advantage of it by a right uſe of wiſe counſels! For it often happens that he removes from his confidence men of wiſdom and integrity who awe him by their virtue, in order to liſten to flatterers whoſe treachery he does not apprehend. I myſelf have fallen into this error, and I will tell you all the evils which were brought upon me by a falſe friend who flattered my paſſions, in hopes that I in my turn would flatter his.

Mentor eaſily convinced the confederate kings, that Idomeneus ought to charge himſelf with Telemachus's affairs, whilſt he went with them. They were ſatisfied with having the young ſon of Ulyſſes in their army, with an hundred Cretan youths, who were ordered by Idomeneus to accompany him, and were the flower of the young nobility whom the king had brought from Crete. Mentor had adviſed him to ſend them to this war. It is neceſſary, ſaid he, to take care in times of peace to multiply the people; but leſt the whole nation ſhould grow effeminate and ignorant of military affairs, the young nobility muſt be ſent to foreign wars: they will ſuffice to keep up in the whole nation an emulation of glory, a love of arms, a contempt of fatigues and of death itſelf, and a knowlege of the art of war.

The confederate kings departed from Salentum well

ſatisfied with Idomeneus, charmed with the wiſdom of Mentor, and overjoyed at taking Telemachus with them. But Telemachus could not moderate his grief when he was to part from his friend. Whilſt the allies were taking their leave, and ſwearing to Idomeneus that they would maintain an eternal league with him; Mentor held Telemachus faſt in his arms, and felt himſelf bedewed with his tears. I feel no joy, ſaid Telemachus, in going to acquire glory; I am ſenſible of nothing but the grief of our parting. Methinks I ſee that fatal time again, when the Egyptians ſnatched me out of your arms and ſent me far from you, without leaving me any hopes of ſeeing you again.

Mentor made a kind reply to theſe words, in order to comfort him. This, ſaid he, is a very different ſeparation; it is voluntary, it will be ſhort; you are going in purſuit of victory. You muſt love me, my ſon, with a leſs tender and more manly affection. Accuſtom yourſelf to my abſence; you will not always have me with you. It muſt be wiſdom and virtue, rather than Mentor's preſence, which ſuggeſt to you what you ought to do.

As ſhe ſpoke theſe words, the Goddeſs, concealed under the form of Mentor, covered Telemachus with her ægis, and infuſed into him a ſpirit of wiſdom and foreſight, intrepid valour and gentle moderation, which are ſo ſeldom found together. Go, ſaid Mentor, into the midſt of the greateſt dangers, as often as your going into them will be uſeful. A prince diſhonours himſelf more by ſhunning dangers in battles, than by never going to the war. The courage of him who commands others, muſt not be doubtful. If the preſervation of a chief or king be neceſſary to a people, it is ſtill more neceſſary to them that his reputation, as to valour, be unqueſtionable. Remember that he who commands, ought to be a pattern to all others; his example ought to animate the whole army. Fear not, therefore, O Telemachus, any kind of danger, but periſh in battle rather than raiſe a doubt of your courage. Flatterers, who

will be the moſt eager to hinder you from expoſing yourſelf to danger when it is neceſſary, will be the firſt to accuſe you of cowardice in private, if they find you eaſily with-held on theſe occaſions: but then do not go in queſt of needleſs dangers. Valour cannot be a virtue, unleſs it be governed by prudence; it is otherwiſe a ſenſeleſs contempt of life, and a brutal ardor; raſh valour is never ſafe. Who is not maſter of himſelf in dangers, is rather fiery than brave; he muſt be beſide himſelf in order to be raiſed above fear, becauſe he cannot get the better of it by the natural temper of his heart. In this condition, if he does not run away, he is at leaſt confounded; he loſes that freedom of mind which is neceſſary to give proper orders, to improve opportunities, to rout the enemy, and to ſerve his country. If he has all the heat of a ſoldier, he has not the diſcretion of a commander: nay, he has not the real courage of a common ſoldier; for the ſoldier is to preſerve in battle that preſence of mind and temper which are neceſſary to obey. Who raſhly expoſes himſelf, diſturbs the order and diſcipline of the troops, ſets an example of temerity, and often expoſes the whole army to great diſaſters. They who prefer vain ambition to the ſafety of the common cauſe, deſerve to be puniſhed, and not to be rewarded.

Take heed therefore, my dear ſon, of purſuing glory with too much eagerneſs. The true way to find it is calmly to wait for a favourable opportunity: virtue attracts ſo much the more reverence, as ſhe appears the more plain, the more modeſt, the more averſe to all oſtentation. As the neceſſity of expoſing ourſelves to danger increaſes, we need freſh ſupplies of forecaſt and courage, which continually become greater. For what remains, remember that you muſt not draw upon yourſelf the envy of any man. On your part, be not jealous of the ſucceſs of others; praiſe them for all that merits praiſe, but praiſe them judiciouſly; relate the good with pleaſure, conceal the ill, and do not even think of it

without pain. Be not peremptory before old commanders, who have the experience which you want; hear them with deference, aſk their advice, deſire the moſt able of them to inſtruct you, and be not aſhamed to attribute all your beſt actions to their inſtructions. Never liſten to diſcourſes which may be deſigned to excite your diffidence or jealouſy of the other commanders. Converſe with them with confidence and frankneſs. If you think they have been wanting in reſpect to you, unboſom yourſelf to them, and lay all your reaſons before them. If they are capable of perceiving the generoſity of ſuch a conduct, you will charm and draw from them every thing which you have any grounds to expect: if on the contrary, they are not reaſonable enough to come into your opinion, your own experience will teach you what injuries may be expected from them; you will take your meaſures ſo as not to be again expoſed to the danger of having any more diſputes with them as long as the war laſts, and will have nothing to reproach yourſelf withal. But above all, take care not to impart to certain flatterers, who are ſowers of diſſention, the grounds of the uneaſineſs which you may think you have againſt the chiefs of the army you are in. I will ſtay here, continued Mentor, to aſſiſt Idomeneus in the neceſſity he is under of toiling for the welfare of his people, and to cauſe him to put the finiſhing ſtroke to his reparation of the errors, which ill counſels and flatterers have induced him to commit in the eſtabliſhment of his new kingdom.

Hereupon Telemachus could not forbear diſcovering to Mentor ſome ſurpriſe and even ſome contempt of Idomeneus's conduct; but Mentor rebuked him for it in a ſevere tone. Are you ſurpriſed, ſaid he, that the worthieſt men are but men, and betray ſome remains of the weakneſſes of humanity among the innumerable ſnares and difficulties which are inſeparable from royalty? Idomeneus indeed has been bred up in notions of pomp and haughtineſs; but what philoſopher could have defended

himſelf againſt flattery, had he been in his place? It is true, that he ſuffered himſelf to be too much biaſſed by thoſe in whom he confided; but the wiſeſt princes are often deceived, whatever precautions they take to prevent it. A king cannot do without miniſters to lighten his burden and to confide in, ſince he cannot do all things himſelf. Beſides, a king is much leſs acquainted than private men with thoſe who are about him; they are always maſked in his preſence, and practiſe all kind of artifices to deceive him. Alas! my dear Telemachus, you will experience this but too much! We find in mankind neither the virtues nor talents which we look for in them. In vain do we ſtudy and ſound them, for we are daily miſtaken in them. Nay, we can never make the beſt of men, ſuch as we want to make them for the public good. They have their prejudices, their inconſiſtencies, their jealouſies; they are rarely to be perſuaded or corrected.

The more people a prince has to govern, the more miniſters he will want, in order to do by them what he cannot do himſelf; and the more men he is obliged to truſt with authority, the more liable he is to be deceived in the choice of them. The man who to-day unmercifully cenſures kings, would to-morrow govern worſe than they, and commit the ſame faults with others infinitely greater, were he entruſted with the ſame power. A private condition, when it is attended with a little wit and a fluency of ſpeech, hides all natural defects, brightens dazzling talents, and makes a man ſeem worthy of all the poſts to which he is not advanced; but authority brings all qualifications to a ſevere teſt, and diſcovers great imperfections. Greatneſs is like certain glaſſes which magnify all objects; all defects ſeem to grow bigger in thoſe elevated ſtations, where the minuteſt things have important conſequences, and the ſlighteſt overſights violent effects. The whole world is hourly employed in obſerving a ſingle man, and in judging him with the utmoſt rigor. They who judge him, have no

experience of his condition; they are not ſenſible of the difficulties of it, and require him to be ſo perfect, that they will not permit him to be a man. And yet a king however good and wiſe he may be, is ſtill a man; his genius has bounds, and his virtue alſo; he has humours, paſſions, habits, of which he is not the abſolute maſter. He is beſet with artful and intereſted perſons; he finds not the aſſiſtance he ſeeks for, and falls daily into miſtakes, ſometimes through his own paſſions, and ſometimes through thoſe of his miniſters. Hardly has he repaired one fault, but he relapſes into another. Such is the condition of the wiſeſt and moſt virtuous princes.

The longeſt and beſt reigns are too ſhort and imperfect to rectify in the end, the miſtakes which have been inadvertently committed in their beginnings. All theſe miſeries are inherent in a crown. Human weakneſs ſinks under ſo heavy a burden; we ſhould pity and excuſe kings. How are they to be pitied in having ſo many men to govern, whoſe wants are infinite, and who give ſo much trouble to thoſe who endeavour to govern them well. To ſpeak freely, men are very much to be pitied in that they are to be governed by a king who is but a man like them; for it would require Gods to reform men. But kings are not leſs to be pitied, ſince being but men, that is, weak and imperfect, they are to govern this innumerable multitude of corrupt and deceitful men.

Telemachus replied with ſome warmth, Idomeneus by his own fault loſt the kingdom of his anceſtors in Crete, and but for your counſels he would have loſt a ſecond at Salentum. I own, anſwered Mentor, that he has been guilty of great faults; but look in Greece, and in all the other beſt governed countries, for a prince who has not committed inexcuſeable ones. The greateſt men have in their temper and in the turn of their mind, certain defects which give them a wrong bias, and the moſt praiſe-worthy are they who have the courage to acknowlege and correct their errors. Do you think that

Ulyſſes, the great Ulyſſes your father, who is the pattern of all the kings of Greece, has not likewiſe his weakneſſes and failings? Had not Minerva conducted him ſtep by ſtep, how often would he have ſunk under his dangers and difficulties, when fortune made him her ſport? How often has Minerva reſtrained him or ſet him right, that ſhe might continually lead him to glory by the path of virtue? Do not even expect, when you ſee him reigning in all his glory in Ithaca, to find him without imperfections; you will undoubtedly ſee ſome in him. Greece, Aſia, and the iſlands of every ſea have admired him notwithſtanding theſe failings; a thouſand admirable qualities cauſe them to be forgotten. You will be very happy in having an opportunity to admire him alſo, and continually to ſtudy him as a pattern.

Accuſtom yourſelf, Telemachus, not to expect from the greateſt men more than humanity is capable to perform. Inexperienced youth gives a looſe to preſumptuous cenſures, which give it a diſguſt of all the examples which it ought to follow, and brings it into an incurable ſtate of indocility. You ought not only to love, reſpect, and imitate your father, though he be not perfect, but you ought alſo to have an high eſteem for Idomeneus. Notwithſtanding all that I have found amiſs in him, he is naturally ſincere, upright, equitable, liberal, beneficent; his valour is perfect; he deteſts fraud when he perceives it, and follows the real diſpoſition of his heart. All his external qualifications are great and adequate to his ſtation. His ingenuity in owning his miſtakes, his good-nature, his patience in ſuffering me to ſay the harſheſt things to him, his reſolution to do himſelf the violence of a public reparation of his errors, and thereby to place himſelf above the cenſures of men, diſcover a truly great ſoul. Good luck, or the advice of others, may preſerve a man of a very mean capacity from ſome particular faults; but an extraordinary virtue only can engage a king, ſo long ſeduced by flattery, to rectify his errors: it is much more glorious thus to riſe

again, than never to have fallen. Idomeneus has committed the faults which almoſt all princes commit, but no prince does what he has done to correct himſelf. For my part, I could not forbear admiring him, at the ſame time that he permitted me to contradict him. Do you admire him alſo, my dear Telemachus; it is leſs for his reputation than your benefit, that I give you this advice.

By this diſcourſe Mentor made Telemachus ſenſible, what danger there is of being unjuſt, when we ſuffer ourſelves to paſs ſevere cenſures on others, eſpecially on thoſe who are charged with the cares and intricacies of government. He afterwards ſaid to him, It is time for you to depart; farewell. I will wait for you here, my dear Telemachus! Remember that they who fear the Gods, have nothing to fear from men. You will be in the greateſt dangers, but know that Minerva will never forſake you.

At theſe words Telemachus thought that he felt the preſence of the Goddeſs, and he would certainly have known that it was Minerva who was ſpeaking in order to fill him with confidence, if the Goddeſs had not recalled the idea of Mentor by ſaying; Forget not, my ſon, all the pains which I have taken in your infancy, to make you as wiſe and valiant as your father. Do nothing which is unworthy of his great example, and the virtuous maxims which I have endeavoured to inſtil into you.

The ſun was riſing, and gilt the tops of the mountains, when the kings went out of Salentum and rejoined their troops, which had encamped about the city, and now began to march under their commanders. On all ſides were ſeen the heads of briſtling pikes; the flaſhing of the ſhields dazzled the eye, and a cloud of duſt aſcended to the heavens. Idomeneus and Mentor conducted the confederate princes from the city to the plain. At length they parted, having interchanged the marks of a true friendſhip; and the allies no longer doubted that the peace would be laſting, now they knew the good diſpoſition of Idomeneus's heart, which had been repre-

ſented to them very different from what it was, becauſe a judgment had been formed of him not from his natural temper, but from the flattering and unjuſt counſels to which he had given himſelf up.

After the army was gone, Idomeneus led Mentor into every quarter of the city. Let us ſee, ſaid Mentor, how many men you have both in the city and in the country; let us number them, and examine how many huſbandmen you have amongſt them. Let us ſee how much corn, wine, oil, and other uſeful things your lands produce in the leſs fruitful years. By this means we ſhall know whether the country furniſhes wherewithal to ſubſiſt all its inhabitants, and whether it yields a ſurplus beſides to carry on a profitable trade with foreign nations. Let us enquire likewiſe into the number of your ſhips and ſeamen; it is by them that an eſtimate muſt be made of your power. He viſited the port, went on board every particular ſhip, and informed himſelf to what country every veſſel traded; what merchandize it carried out, what it took in return, and what was the expence of its voyage; what were the loans of merchants to each other; what companies they formed amongſt themſelves, to know if they were equitable and faithfully managed; and laſtly what were the hazards of ſhipwreck and other miſchances of trade, in order to prevent the ruin of merchants, who through a greedineſs of gain often undertake things which are above their abilities.

He appointed ſevere puniſhments for all bankrupcies, becauſe thoſe which are not fraudulent are almoſt always cauſed by raſh undertakings. At the ſame time he laid down rules to make it eaſy to prevent them. He appointed magiſtrates to whom the merchants gave an account of their effects, profits, expences and enterprizes. They were never permitted to riſk the goods of others, nor could they riſk more than a moiety even of their own. Again, what they could not undertake ſingly, they undertook in companies; and the laws of theſe companies were inviolable, by the ſevere puniſhments

appointed for those who should not observe them. Moreover, trade was entirely free, and so far from being cramped by taxes, that rewards were promised to all merchants who could draw the commerce of any new nation to Salentum.

People therefore quickly flocking hither from all parts, the trade of this city resembled the flowing and ebbing of the sea, and riches poured into it, as the waves roll one upon another. Every thing here was imported and exported free of all duties. All that came in was useful; all that went out, left behind it other riches in its room. Strict justice presided in the port in the midst of so many nations. Frankness, integrity, candour, from the top of these lofty towers seemed to invite hither the merchants of the remotest countries. Every one of these merchants, whether he came from the eastern shore, where the sun daily springs from the bosom of the deep, or from the vast ocean, where, tired with his course, he extinguishes his flames, lived in the same peace and safety at Salentum as in his own country.

As for the inside of the city, Mentor visited all the magazines, all the tradesmens shops, and all public places. He prohibited all foreign commodities which might introduce pomp and luxury. He regulated the apparel, food, furniture, dimensions and ornaments of the houses for all the different conditions. He banished all ornaments of gold and silver, and said to Idomeneus; I know but one way to make your subjects frugal in their expences, which is to set them an example of it yourself. It is necessary for you to have a certain majesty in your appearance; but your authority will be sufficiently denoted by your guards, and the attendance of your principal officers. Be satisfied therefore with a purple robe of superfine wool; let the officers of state next to you be clad in the same wool, and all the difference consist in the colour, and a small embroidery of gold on the border of your own robe. Different colours will serve to distinguish the different conditions, without your

having any need of gold, ſilver or other precious ſtones. Regulate the conditions by their birth. Place in the firſt rank thoſe of the moſt ancient and noble deſcent. Such as have the merit and authority of places, will be well ſatisfied to come next to theſe ancient and illuſtrious families, who have long been in the poſſeſſion of the firſt honours. Men who are not ſo nobly born, will readily give place to them, provided you accuſtom them not to forget their former conditions in a too high and a too ſudden elevation, and praiſe the moderation of thoſe who are humble and modeſt in proſperity. The diſtinction which excites the leaſt envy, is that which proceeds from a long ſeries of anceſtors.

As for virtue, it will be ſufficiently excited, and men will be eager enough to ſerve the ſtate, provided you beſtow crowns and ſtatues on illuſtrious actions, and make them the ſource of nobility to the children of thoſe who perform them.

Perſons of the firſt rank after you may be clad in white, with a gold fringe at the bottom of their garments. They may wear a gold ring on their finger, and a gold medal with your effigy on their neck. Thoſe of the ſecond rank may be clad in blue, and have a ſilver fringe and the ring, but no medal. The third in green, without the ring and fringe, but with the medal. The fourth in yellow. The fifth in a pale red or roſe-colour. The ſixth in a changeable white and red. The ſeventh, which will conſiſt of the loweſt of the people, in a mixture of white and yellow.

Let theſe be the habits of the ſeven different degrees of freemen; the ſlaves may be clothed in a dark grey. Thus without any expence will every one be diſtinguiſhed according to his rank, and all arts which only ſerve to cheriſh pride and vanity, will be baniſhed from Salentum. All the artiſts who may be employed in theſe pernicious arts, will be uſeful in the neceſſary arts which are few in number, or in trade, or agriculture. No change muſt ever be ſuffered either in the ſort of the cloth or

fashion of the cloaths; for it is unworthy of men, destined to a serious and noble life, to amuse themselves with contriving affected attire, or to suffer their wives, in whom these amusements would be less scandalous, ever to be guilty of this extravagance.

Mentor, like a skilful gardener, who lops off the useless branches of fruit-trees, did thus endeavour to suppress pomp and vanity which corrupted their manners; he brought every thing back to a noble and frugal simplicity. He likewise regulated the food of the citizens and slaves. What a shame, said he, that men of the highest rank should make their greatness consist in ragoes, whereby they enervate their minds, and continually ruin the health of their bodies! They ought to make their happiness consist in their temperance, in their power to do good to others, and in the reputation which their good actions will procure them. Temperance renders the plainest food very agreeable; it is that which bestows the most vigorous health, and the purest and most lasting pleasures. Your repasts therefore must be confined to the best meats, but drest without any sauces: the art of irritating mens appetites beyond their real wants, is an art of poisoning them.

Idomeneus was very sensible that he had been wrong in suffering the inhabitants of his new city to soften and corrupt their manners, by violating all the laws of Minos concerning sobriety: but the wise Mentor let him know that the laws themselves, though they were revived, would be useless, if the example of the king did not give them a sanction which they could not derive from any thing else. Whereupon Idomeneus regulated his table; admitting nothing to it but excellent bread, a little wine of the growth of the country, which is strong and pleasant, and such plain food as he used to eat with the other Greeks at the siege of Troy. No body presumed to complain of a law which the king imposed upon himself; and so every one retrenched the superfluities and

delicacies in which they began to plunge themſelves at their repaſts.

Mentor afterwards ſuppreſſed ſoft and effeminate muſic which corrupted all the youth. Nor did he with leſs ſeverity condemn the Bacchanalian muſic, which is little leſs inebriating than wine, and is productive of riots, debauchery, and lewdneſs. He confined all muſic to the feſtivals in the temples, there to celebrate the praiſes of the Gods, and of heroes who had left examples of the moſt extraordinary virtues. Nor did he but for the temples allow of the grand ornaments of architecture, ſuch as columns, pediments, porticoes. He drew plain and beautiful plans for building an houſe, that was pleaſant and commodious for a numerous family, on a ſmall ſpot of ground; always taking care that the ſituation of it was healthful, that the apartments were independent on each other, that its œconomy and neatneſs might be eaſily preſerved, and that it might be repaired at a ſmall expence. He ordered that every houſe which was at all conſiderable, ſhould have an hall and a little periſtyle, with ſmall rooms for all perſons that were free; but he prohibited under ſevere penalties ſuperfluous and magnificent apartments. Theſe different models of houſes, according to the largeneſs of each family, ſerved to embelliſh one part of the city at a ſmall expence, and to make it regular; whereas the other, already finiſhed according to the caprice and vanity of private perſons, was diſpoſed, notwithſtanding its magnificence in a leſs agreeable and leſs commodious manner. This new city was built in a very ſhort time; becauſe the neighbouring coaſt of Greece furniſhed good architects, and a very great number of maſons were ſent for from Epirus, and ſeveral other countries, on condition that after they had finiſhed their works, they ſhould ſettle about Salentum, ſhould take lands to clear there, and help to people the country.

Painting and ſculpture appeared to Mentor to be arts which it was not right to lay aſide; but he ordered that

very few ſhould be permitted to apply themſelves to theſe arts at Salentum. He founded a ſchool, wherein preſided maſters of an exquiſite taſte who examined the young ſtudents. There muſt, ſaid he, be nothing low or lifeleſs in arts which are not abſolutely neceſſary, and of conſequence none ought to be admitted to ſtudy them but youths who have a promiſing genius, and who bid fair to arrive at perfection. Others who are born for leſs noble arts, may be uſefully employed in the ordinary ſervices of the republic. Sculptors and painters ſhould never be made uſe of but to preſerve the memory of great men and great actions; and it is in public edifices and places of burial, that the repreſentations ought to be preſerved of what perſons of extraordinary virtue have performed for the ſervice of their country. However Mentor's moderation and frugality did not hinder him from authoriſing all thoſe large ſtructures which are deſtined for horſe and chariot-races, wreſtling, combats of the cæſtus, and all other exerciſes which improve the body, and render it more active and vigorous.

He ſuppreſt a prodigious number of tradeſmen who ſold wrought ſtuffs of remote countries, embroideries of an exceſſive price, gold and ſilver vaſes emboſſed with figures of Gods, men and animals; and liquors and perfumes. He ordered alſo that the furniture of every houſe ſhould be plain, and made ſo as to laſt a long while. So that the Salentines, who uſed to complain loudly, of their poverty, began to be ſenſible what a ſuperfluity of riches they had. But they were falſe riches which made them poor, and they became really rich, in proportion to their reſolution to ſtrip themſelves of them. It is enriching ourſelves, ſaid they, to deſpiſe ſuch riches as drain the ſtate, and to leſſen our wants by reducing them to the real neceſſities of nature.

Mentor made haſte to viſit the arſenals and all the magazines, to ſee if the arms, and all the other things which are neceſſary to war, were in a good condition. For one muſt, ſaid he, be always ready to make war, in

order never to be reduced to the misfortune of making it. He found that ſeveral things were wanting every where. Whereupon he aſſembled artificers to work in iron, ſteel and braſs. Burning forges were ſeen to riſe, and whirlwinds of ſmoke and flames, like the fiery eruptions of mount Etna. The hammer rung on the anvil that groaned beneath its reiterated ſtrokes, which the neighbouring mountains and ſea-ſhores reſounded. One would have thought one's ſelf in that iſland, where Vulcan, animating the Cyclops, forges thunder-bolts for the father of the Gods; and one ſaw all the preparations of war made by a wiſe foreſight during a profound peace.

Mentor afterwards went out of the city with Idomeneus, and found a great extent of fertile lands which remained uncultivated. Others were only half manured through the negligence or poverty of the huſbandmen, who wanting hands and cattle, wanted reſolution and the means of bringing agriculture to its perfection. Mentor ſeeing this deſolate country, ſaid to the king, The ſoil here is ready to enrich the inhabitants, but the inhabitants are not ſufficient for the ſoil. Let us therefore take all the ſuperfluous artificers in the city, whoſe trades would only corrupt good manners, and employ them to cultivate theſe plains and hills. It is indeed a misfortune that theſe men, who have been trained up to profeſſions which require a ſedentary life, are not inured to labour; but here is a way to remedy this. Theſe unoccupied lands muſt be divided amongſt them, and their neighbours called to aſſiſt them, and to do the hardeſt of the work under them. And thoſe people will do this, provided rewards are promiſed them in proportion to the produce of the lands they clear. They may afterwards poſſeſs a part of them, and ſo be incorporated with your own ſubjects, who are not numerous enough. If they are laborious and obedient to the laws, they will prove as good ſubjects as any you have, and increaſe your power. Your city artificers, being tranſplanted into the country, will train up their children to the toils

and hardſhips of a country life. Beſides, all the maſons of foreign countries, who are at work in building your city, are engaged to clear part of your lands, and to become huſbandmen; incorporate them with your own people as ſoon as they have finiſhed their works in the city. Theſe workmen will be overjoyed to paſs their lives under a government which is now become ſo mild. As they are robuſt and laborious, their example will be a ſpur to the induſtry of the tradeſmen, who will be tranſplanted from the city to the country, and with whom they will be intermixt. In proceſs of time the whole country will be peopled with families that are vigorous, and addicted to agriculture.

For what remains, be not in pain with regard to the multiplication of theſe people; they will ſoon become innumerable, provided you facilitate marriages. Now the way to facilitate them is very plain. Almoſt all men have an inclination to marry, and nothing but poverty hinders them from it. If you do not load them with taxes, they will eaſily live with their wives and children; for the earth is not ungrateful; ſhe always maintains with her fruits thoſe who carefully cultivate her, and refuſes them to none but ſuch as are afraid to beſtow their labour upon her. The more children huſbandmen have, the richer they are, if the prince does not impoveriſh them; for their children from their tendereſt youth begin to aſſiſt them. The youngeſt tend the ſheep in the paſtures; others who are more advanced in years, look after the herds, and the oldeſt go to plough with their fathers. Meantime the mother with the reſt of the family prepares a plain repaſt for her huſband and her dear children againſt they return, fatigued with the toils of the day; ſhe milks her cows and her ſheep, which pour whole rivers into her pails; ſhe makes a good fire, about which the harmleſs peaceful family divert themſelves with ſinging every evening till the time of ſoft repoſe; ſhe prepares cheeſes, cheſnuts, and preſerved fruits as freſh as if they were juſt gathered.

The ſhepherd returns with his pipe, and ſings to the aſſembled family the new ſongs which he has learnt in the neighbouring hamlets. The huſbandman comes in with his plough, and his weary oxen advance, hanging down their heads, with a ſlow and tardy pace notwithſtanding the goad which urges them on. All the evils of labour end with the day. The poppies, which ſleep by the command of the Gods ſheds over the earth, ſoothe all gloomy cares by their charms, and hold all nature in a ſweet enchantment; every one ſleeps without anticipating the cares of the morrow. Happy theſe unambitious, miſtruſtleſs, artleſs people, provided the Gods give them a good king who does not diſturb their innocent joys! But how horribly inhuman, to raviſh from them, through motives of pride and ambition, the ſweet fruits of the earth, for which they are indebted only to the bounty of nature, and the ſweat of their brows! Nature alone out of her own fruitful boſom would draw all that is neceſſary for an infinite number of temperate and laborious men; but the pride and luxury of particular perſons reduce multitudes of others to a frightful ſtate of indigence.

What ſhall I do, ſaid Idomeneus, if theſe people whom I ſhall diſperſe over a fertile country, neglect to cultivate it? Do, replied Mentor, quite the contrary of what is commonly done. Rapacious and unthinking princes make it their ſtudy to load thoſe of their ſubjects with taxes, who are moſt diligent and induſtrious to improve their eſtates, becauſe they hope to be paid by them with the greateſt eaſe; and they at the ſame time lay lighter burdens on thoſe whom their own idleneſs renders more indigent. Invert this evil method, which oppreſſes the good, rewards vice, and introduces a ſupineneſs as fatal to the king himſelf as to the whole ſtate. Lay taxes, mulcts, and even other ſevere penalties, if neceſſary, on thoſe who neglect their eſtates, juſt as you would puniſh ſoldiers who ſhould forſake their poſt in war. On the contrary, grant favours and exemptions

to growing families, and increaſe them in proportion to their diligence in cultivating their lands. Their families will quickly multiply, and they will all ſpirit up each other to labour, which will even become honourable. The profeſſion of an huſbandman, being no longer born down by its numerous preſſures, will be no longer deſpiſed. The plough will be again eſteemed and held by victorious hands which have ſaved their country. It will not be leſs glorious for a man to cultivate the patrimony of his anceſtors during an happy peace, than to have bravely defended it in the troubles of war. The whole country will bloom again. Ceres will wear her crown of golden ears; Bacchus, preſſing the grapes beneath his feet, will cauſe rivers of wine, ſweeter than nectar, to ſtream down the ſides of the mountains; the hollow valleys will echo with the concerts of ſwains, who beſide tranſparent brooks, will unite their pipes and their voices, while their ſkipping flocks, fearleſs of wolves, crop the flowery herbage.

Will you not be exceedingly happy, Idomeneus, in being the ſource of ſo many bleſſings, and in cauſing ſo many people to live under the ſhelter of your name in ſuch a delightful tranquillity? Is not this glory more affecting than that of ravaging the earth, and ſpreading every where, almoſt as much at home, even in the midſt of victories, as among vanquiſhed foreigners, ſlaughter, confuſion, dejection, horror, conſternation, cruel famine and deſpair?

Happy the king, who is ſo beloved of the Gods, and has a ſoul great enough to attempt thus to become the delight of his people, and to preſent to all ages ſo charming a proſpect in his reign! The whole earth, inſtead of fighting againſt his power, would throw itſelf at his feet, and beſeech him to reign over it.

Idomeneus anſwered, But when the people ſhall thus live in peace and plenty, pleaſures will corrupt them, and they will turn againſt me the very arms with which I had furniſhed them. Be not afraid, ſaid Mentor, of

this inconvenience; it is only a pretence which is conſtantly alleged, to flatter prodigal princes who are deſirous to load their people with taxes, and it may be eaſily remedied. The laws which we have juſt eſtabliſhed relating to agriculture, will render the life of your ſubjects laborious; and they will have neceſſaries only in the midſt of their abundance, becauſe we ſuppreſs all ſuch arts as furniſh ſuperfluities: Nay, this very abundance will be leſſened by facilitating marriages and by the great increaſe of families. Every family being numerous and having but little land, will be obliged to cultivate it with inceſſant labour. It is luxury and idleneſs which make people inſolent and rebellious. They will have bread indeed and enough of it, but they will have nothing but the bread and the fruits which their own lands produce and they earn with the ſweat of their brows.

To keep your people in this moderation, you muſt forthwith ſettle the extent of ground which each family ſhall poſſeſs. You know that we have divided all your ſubjects into ſeven claſſes, according to their different conditions. Now no family in any claſs muſt be allowed to poſſeſs more land than is abſolutely neceſſary to maintain the perſons of whom it is compoſed. This rule being inviolable, the nobles will not be able to make purchaſes from the poor: all will have lands; but each will have but very little, and be thereby excited to cultivate it well. If in length of time lands ſhould be wanting at home, you may ſettle colonies abroad, which would extend the limits of this ſtate.

I think alſo that you ought to take care not to let wine become too common in your kingdom. If too many vines have been planted, they muſt be plucked up. Wine is the ſource of the greateſt evils among the people: it is the cauſe of diſeaſes, quarrels, ſeditions, idleneſs, an averſion to labour, and family diſorders. Let wine therefore be preſerved as a kind of cordial, or very choice liquor that is uſed only in ſacrifices and on very extraordinary feſtivals; but expect not to make ſo

important a rule obſerved, unleſs you yourſelf ſet an example of it. Moreover, you muſt cauſe the laws of Minos relating to the education of children, to be inviolably obſerved. Public ſchools muſt be eſtabliſhed, in which they muſt be taught to fear the Gods, to love their country, to reverence the laws, and to prefer honour to pleaſures and to life itſelf.

Magiſtrates muſt be appointed to have an eye upon families and the manners of private perſons. Have an eye upon them yourſelf, for you are not the king, that is the ſhepherd of your people, but to watch over your flock both night and day. Thereby you will prevent an infinite number of diſorders and crimes. Thoſe which you cannot prevent, puniſh immediately with ſeverity. It is clemency to make examples at firſt which may ſtop the tide of iniquity. By a little blood ſhed in due time, a great deal is afterwards ſaved, and it makes a prince feared without being often severe. But how deteſtable a maxim is it for him to think to find his ſafety only in the oppreſſion of his people? Not to inſtruct them, not to guide them to virtue, not to make himſelf beloved by them, to terrify them into deſpair, to lay them under the dreadful neceſſity either not to breathe with freedom, or to ſhake off the yoke of his tyrannical ſway; is this, I ſay, the way to reign eaſy? Is this the path which leads to glory?

Remember that the countries in which the power of the ſovereign is moſt abſolute, are thoſe where the ſovereigns are leaſt powerful. They ſeize, they ruin every thing, they alone poſſeſs the whole ſtate; but then the whole ſtate languiſhes. The fields are untilled and almoſt deſert, the cities dwindle away daily, the ſprings of trade are dried up, and the king, who cannot be a king by himſelf, and who is great but by means of his people, waſtes away gradually by the inſenſible waſting away of his ſubjects from whom he derives his riches and power. His kingdom is drained of money and men, and this laſt loſs is the greateſt and the moſt irreparable.

His abſolute power makes as many ſlaves as he has ſubjects: they flatter him, they ſeem to adore him, they tremble at the leaſt glance of his eyes: but when the leaſt revolution happens, this monſtrous power which was carried to too violent an exceſs, cannot continue. It has no reſſource in the hearts of the people; it has wearied out and provoked the whole body politic; it conſtrains all the members of that body to pant after a change. At the firſt blow that is given it, the idol is thrown down, daſhed in pieces, and trampled under foot. Contempt, hatred, fear, reſentment, ſuſpicion; in ſhort, all the paſſions unite againſt ſo odious a power. The king who in his vain proſperity did not find a ſingle man bold enough to tell him the truth, will not find in his misfortunes a ſingle man who deigns to excuſe him, or to defend him againſt his enemies.

After this diſcourſe, Idomeneus at Mentor's perſuaſion made haſte to diſtribute the waſte lands, to ſtock them with all the uſeleſs artificers, and to execute every thing that had been reſolved upon; reſerving only for the maſons the lands which he had allotted for them, and which they could not cultivate until they had finiſhed their works in the city.

End of the twelfth Book.

BRITISH MUSEUM
11
56
OCT